Commentary

Volume Seventy-three, Number Two, February 1982

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EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

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Commentary

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Letters from Readers

"Human Rights and American Foreign Policy"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

COMMENTARY's symposium, "Human Rights and American Foreign Policy" [November 1981], expresses a wide range of opinions and criticisms. No matter how cogent these are, it is time to get beyond this level and begin to describe American policies that can build a world with brighter prospects for human rights. It will be an experimental undertaking—as were the efforts of previous administrations—but if we remember our mistakes and keep our eye on the eventual objective of a freer and more just world, even the misguided efforts of the past will have been worthwhile.

The policy must be based on the realization that the origin and bastion of human rights is the world of democratic states defended militarily by the United States. Human-rights organizations exist almost exclusively in this democratic world. The concept of separate and powerful legal institutions that can undergird individual and group rights of any kind has been developed by and thrives almost exclusively in this world. Only countries bound together by the common understandings of democracies and their respect for law can ever hope to build a world of law or a world of peace.

The first essential of a human-rights policy is to maintain the strength, viability, and dedication to human rights of the democracies. Unfortunately, since our democratic and legal principles are universalistic, based on the dignity of all individuals, and since only a reliable world order can insure the peace that the future of democracy requires, we cannot maintain our dedication to these principles without competing in their terms for the allegiance of all peoples.

We compete in two complementary ways. We try to educate the peoples of the world in the possibilities of a more humane existence (the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the publications of Amnesty International or Freedom House, State Department reports on human rights, and the Voice of America are examples of such educational efforts), and we arrange to defend and expand the areas ruled by a democratic order (World War II, the democratization of the Axis powers, and the establishment of NATO and OECD are examples of this effort). Most discussions of human rights as an aspect of American foreign policy are discussions of education or communication for human rights. But the focus of education and communication should in the last analysis be on supporting the extension of the democratic world.

Although there have been many setbacks, nations that fit into and potentially form a part of a worldwide democratic community have been proliferating since World War II. There are now more independent democracies than ever before in history. The recent institutionalization of democracy in Spain, Portugal, and Greece extends significantly the consolidation of democracy in Europe that occurred at the end of World War II. The small republics of the Caribbean and the South Pacific are functioning democracies, as are most of the Andean countries. The largest non-Communist countries of Africa and Asia are functioning if imperfect democracies. Democratic freedoms are accepted as standards to be worked toward in many countries in the world in which they have not been fully institutionalized, especially in Brazil, Thailand, and Malaysia. Democracy is the accepted standard of government of the dissident opposition to tyranny almost everywhere, as in the two Chinas and Iran.

In this context, the focus of American human-rights policy should be on strengthening the expansion of democratic systems. First, this means that the nascent "community of democracies" (see James Huntley, *Uniting the Democracies*) should be given additional form and cohesiveness through expanding its common economic, military, and cultural institutions; and that improving American relations with often estranged democracies (from France to India and Nigeria) should receive such priority that these states eventually become fully functioning members of the community. Secondly, all members of the community should make special efforts to help provisional democracies (such as Spain, Greece, Peru, and Ghana) succeed economically and politically. There should be no

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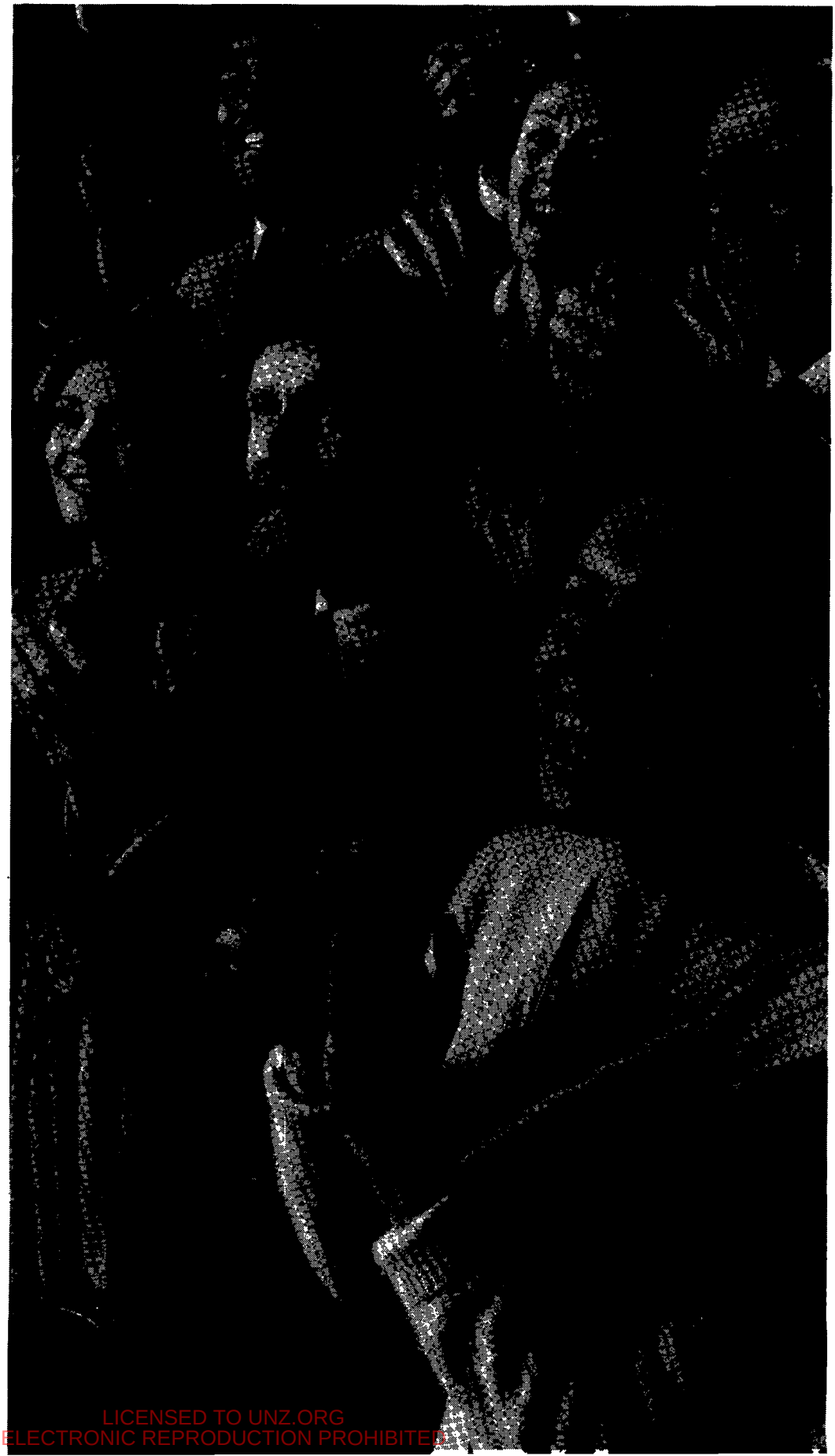

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quixotic endeavor to transform all states suddenly into democracies, but opportunities occur in all states to support positive experience with more democratic forms. Finally, the United States, as the leader and thus chief ideological model or lightning rod of the democracies, must explicitly support adherence to the highest ideal of human rights everywhere in the world. The American government's condemnation of such crimes as apartheid, forced labor, torture, or of such denials of rights as those to union organization, free movement, or a free press should be clear and firm, wherever these occur. Private and democratic-community efforts to eliminate these practices through the glare of publicity or legal sanctions should receive American government encouragement. (Pursuing human rights through universalist structures like the UN which are dominated by non-democratic governments is unlikely to result in a reliable extension of human rights.) Open governmental pressure or quiet diplomacy to achieve improvements in human rights in all countries should be a part, but not necessarily the most important part, of this effort. Whatever the mode of action, it should be remembered that the main reason for such efforts is to validate consistently the claim of the democratic community that its extension will serve the interest of human rights in all countries, for these interests are basic to its own structure.

In the American struggle for human rights, the central goal of our political history and the condition of our survival, there are many twists, tactical retreats, Pyrrhic victories, and lessons learned, but we must continue to remember what our mission is, let others know what it is, and be unashamed of standing up for our universal ideal. Far from imperialist, democracy and human rights are the bitter enemies of imperialism. Only through them can the people of every nation and sub-nation choose to preserve those parts of their past that they cherish and yet at their own pace choose to change into the future they design. With continued effort eventually every people will come to respect and then realize this possibility.

RAYMOND D. GASTIL
Director, Comparative Survey
of Freedom
Freedom House
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The symposium on "Human Rights and American Foreign Policy" is evidence of a deep soul-searching process. Perhaps you might be interested in the views of someone who for almost fifty years has lived in Latin American countries.

The human-rights question should be seen as part of the general problem of whether and to what extent U.S. foreign policy finds it necessary to limit its political and economic cooperation in the Third World to countries which are in line with the concepts of Western democracy.

As Howard J. Wiarda has observed in *The Continuing Struggle for Democracy in Latin America* (Westview Press, 1980), if almost no country in Latin America is in line with these concepts, the question must be raised whether something is wrong with the overall formulation, at least in its application to the Third World.

What is wrong is, in my opinion, the obvious fact that in Latin America (as in most of the other Third World countries) the realities are fundamentally different. Without disregarding the dissimilarities among the twenty republics of Latin America, they nevertheless hold certain things in common. The attitude and behavior of their people have been formed by ethnic aspects and magic-tribal allegiances rather than by features characteristic of the people of the Western world. As to their political views and behavior, the Enlightenment, which had a decisive influence in the political development of the Western democracies, never played a part in Latin America.

The inability of Latin American countries to cope with their economic and social problems resulted in a degeneration of their political life. Their apparently democratic structures became subject to heavy pressures and manipulation. This has become more accentuated during the last thirty years with the explosive increase of population. In 1900 the population of Latin America amounted to 60 million; in 1950 it was 160 million. In 1980 the figure was 330-340 million, and it will be 650-670 million in the year 2000. . . . The Soviet Union and Cuba took advantage of this vulnerable situation to infiltrate on all economic, social, and political levels. In many cases, when a country was on the verge of economic and political collapse, this led to the intervention of the armed forces—often at the invitation of the political parties who had proved unable to handle the problem.

Again, making the necessary allowances for great differences among the different countries, the basic problem was (and still is) a problem of survival against Marxist infiltration and subversion organized by Cuba and of finding a way to accommodate the social and economic pressures of the new masses. The first need of these masses is to come into this world under adequate hygienic conditions, to receive medical assistance, and to grow up and live their lives in accordance with their abilities and education. The chance for ordinary people to lead their daily lives under reasonable human conditions is the first human right with which the Latin American countries are vitally concerned.

The modern challenge of a demographic explosion in countries that have been underdeveloped since they entered modern history 150 years ago can be met only with extraordinary measures of super-rapid development on all levels: natural resources, education and job training, higher education, and the creation of incentives for investors and workers, which will make production and achievement attractive to them.

The question is, therefore, whether a country faced with these problems of survival under the pressure of external subversion and internal underdevelopment is justified in taking extraordinary measures of self-defense.

The intervention of the armed forces in Latin America should be seen as precisely this: as self-defense in the interest of the survival of their countries. The armed forces are the only institution that is able and willing to defend the nations of Latin America against Marxist infiltration and subversion and to lead a process of rapid economic development. The problem of authoritarian governments should be seen in this context, and it is at this point that the distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism becomes of decisive importance. The authoritarian governments of Latin America do not intend to stay in power permanently. They have taken over for a necessary emergency period of transition—generally between eight to ten years. According to the published plans—

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i.e., in Chile and Brazil—toward the end of this period at the latest general elections are to take place and parliamentary democracy in the Western sense of the word is to be restored.

During this period of transition, devoted exclusively to a forceful program of political and economic modernization by strong governments of an authoritarian type, a gradual process of political liberalization begins: freedom of the press is restored and newspapers of the opposition are freely published (although with a continuation of the restrictions on Communist propaganda), the judicial mechanisms for the protection of the individual through due process are gradually reestablished, and the administrative authority of the government becomes gradually subject to and limited by legal norms. At the same time, steps toward a true (as distinct from manipulated) participation of the people are taken on the basis of the principle of subsidiarity: the self-administration of individuals is developed at first on the level of small communities and villages. Local activists are given preference over rhetorical programs from the central government, which frequently do not reach remote communities. The next step will be local and then provincial elections as a first stage before reestablishing general national elections.

When parliamentary elections are reestablished it will be essential to bring elements of longer-term economic and social thinking into the political process. Preferably this is to take place through the establishment of a second chamber (Senate) in which a certain number of seats are given to personalities of recognized ability and merit. . . .

What is, therefore, at stake in Latin America (and most of the Third World) is an overhaul and redefinition of democracy. An indigenous understanding of realities and political practices is necessary for a reformation and reassessment of democracy, which perhaps might be termed "authoritarian democracy" (see David Collier, ed., *The New Authoritarianism in Latin America*, Princeton University Press, 1979).

The question of human rights is part of this "new democracy." But in Latin America, as in most of the Third World, the most basic human right is the right of ordinary people to lead their lives without being poor and hungry and without being

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subject to terrorism—from guerrillas or from arbitrary government officials. Other human rights, like exercising political activities not restricted by any government interference, periodical parliamentary elections open to all parties (even those who negate state and society), etc., are also important. But here, perhaps, a distinction must be made between the human right of survival and other rights which belong to categories of the Western quality of life. The priority given to some rights and not to others is a difficult question of relative value judgments: to balance the good that we can do for the human right of survival against the negative costs of (temporarily) limiting other rights.

The future of so-called "authoritarian democracy" in Latin America will depend on the speed of economic and social progress and on the success of the value-balancing procedures. It will depend, above all, on an early liberalization of the "quality-of-life" rights.

In many Latin American countries which live under authoritarian governments, results are already visible. Brazil and Chile, for instance, have restored freedom of the press to an almost total degree: the only limitation is on the preaching and practice of violence and Communist propaganda. The guarantees of the rights of the individual vis-à-vis the power of the police have advanced. The individual can appeal to independent law courts against measures of the police. There are only some measures of "protection of democracy" left: against violence and Communist subversion when it is used to overthrow democracy. The speed and degree of the total restoration of due process will depend on the continuation and intensity of terrorist activities. When these are abandoned, measures to repress them will be suspended.

There is evidence that the population is more interested in the elimination of poverty and in being able to participate in economic progress (in 1979 in Chile 50.7 percent of the total budget was used for social purposes against 40.5 percent in 1970), than in the frequently hypocritical practices of pseudo-democracy under previous governments.

The least that the countries of Latin America can expect from the U.S. and Europe after many years of frustration under such pseudo-democratic governments is to be given a chance to try their present experiment.

GERHARD WOLFGANG GOLDBERG
Institute for Sociology
Würzburg University
Würzburg, West Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Universal respect for human rights is, undoubtedly, a worthy goal in itself. If, however, we conceive of human rights as one of several foreign-policy goals, all equally important, . . . then making it a cornerstone of our foreign policy could constrain our freedom of maneuver considerably. Human rights ought not to be pursued at the expense of our main goal, which is to deter Soviet expansionism. . . .

Democracy is not a plant that thrives equally well everywhere; instead, it grows out of a particular historical-intellectual tradition, one that has taken centuries to develop in the Western world. Although there are obviously some exceptions, . . . the overwhelming majority of democratic states are advanced industrial countries; therefore, a reasonable degree of affluence seems to be a necessary, but not sufficient, condition for the existence of this form of government. To think that the United States can easily succeed in imposing its own form of democracy, and its own concept of human rights, on every country of the world, no matter how poor or backward, is to fall victim to a peculiarly American, and dangerously naive, form of optimism. To that extent, I certainly agree with the position that seems to have been adopted by the Reagan administration.

I disagree strongly, however, with the attempt, currently being made by some members of the administration, to provide a theoretical justification for following elementary rules of prudence in foreign policy. To create an elaborate theoretical structure based on the distinction between "totalitarian" and "authoritarian" governments, as Jeane Kirkpatrick has attempted to do, seems to me to be both unnecessary and self-serving. Mrs. Kirkpatrick has apparently made this distinction in order to differentiate the Communist from the non-Communist world. She wants to make clear who our potential enemies are: Marxist-Leninist states, she argues, are by nature militarily expansionistic. Yet when have Albania or Romania—both staunchly Stalinist regimes—recently attacked any of their neighbors? . . . What Mrs. Kirkpatrick seems to mean is that the expansionism of the Soviet Union and Cuba represents a potential threat to the security of the United States, while such dictatorships as Brazil and Chile pose no such threat; if this is what Mrs. Kirkpatrick means, she should say precisely that.

What I have suggested, furthermore, is not to be construed as saying that we should not be concerned with human rights; we should indeed be concerned with them, but as an adjunct to our foreign-policy interests. If we are concerned with human rights, we should be concerned with them all over the world: the fact that an innocent person is in pain should anger us, regardless of where the pain is generated. . . .

The difficulty, of course, is in implementing such a policy while still conducting our diplomacy in a prudent and rational way. Wherever feasible, the United States should draw away from dictators. We should not automatically assume that all so-called "liberation movements," fighting against oppressive regimes, are inevitably threats to United States geopolitical interests. If we are going to be perceived as too closely associated with oppressive regimes, then people throughout the world will, in the long run, I believe, turn against us. Thus we ought to be more wary of supporting such governments than we have been in the past, even if it is in our short-run interests to support such regimes.

If our enemy is Soviet military expansionism, it can indeed be stopped by force of arms; if, however, the "Marxism-Leninism" against which we are fighting is a "fire in the minds of men" in the Third World, as Max Lerner suggests, then it can only be combatted by lighting a "counter-fire": the ideal of liberty.

In our defense of American interests abroad through diplomacy and through persuasion, we must, as the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr once reminded us, be both as wise as serpents and as innocent as doves. In other words, it is necessary to combine realism and idealism, rather than stressing one at the expense of the other.

JOHN KOMLOS
Chicago, Illinois

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Noam Chomsky, in his effort to be a hard-headed realist, makes a mistake common to leftist ideologues. He assumes that no government action can be rooted in a humane intention. He is as myopic as those who insinuate that all government actions are intended to propagate human rights.

Midge Decter, along with other conservative ideologues, identifies U.S. interests with liberty: ". . . the U.S. position, so definitively important in the maintenance of liberty on earth. . . ." She appears to confuse congruence with identification, much as GM once held that the nation's welfare was one with its own. She mistakes an associative relationship for a causal one. The U.S. has not transcended the need to struggle to preserve its own liberty. Our social system rests upon an abundance of fuel (notably oil), food, and industry. International instability threatens our oil supply; massive erosion of topsoil threatens our food supply; short-term greed (corporate and middle class), coupled with governmental unwillingness to use interventions in the industrial sector creatively, threaten production.

Massive backruptcies and large-scale unemployment at a time when food is short could result in chaos. This could strain the American political system as no other crisis in our history. Our own political liberty, which Miss Decter takes for granted (i.e., threatened only by external or subversive forces), could become a casualty. Most certainly it will unless measures are taken to provide for contingencies. Miss Decter seems blind to democracy's internal fragility. No nation can justifiably identify itself with liberty, only the struggle for liberty. Our national short-sightedness precludes optimism at this time.

Jeane Kirkpatrick is Noam Chomsky's liberal opposite. She portrays President Carter and human-rights advocates as mindless moralists. In fact the Carter approach is as rational and "hard-headed" as the conservative one. Mrs. Kirkpatrick asserts that "the human-rights establishment of the Carter period believe[d] that because authoritarian regimes such as those found in Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay tolerate social injustice and sometimes use violence arbitrarily, they perpetrate the gravest offenses against human rights." She implies that human-rights advocates believe

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totalitarian regimes perpetrate "less grave" injustices. . . .

Mrs. Kirkpatrick ignores a far more plausible rationale for emphasizing human rights in American foreign policy, a rationale whose prime concern is identical with the conservative agenda: national interest. This rationale presupposes that domestic injustice in any nation causes civil unrest and political instability. The United States depends heavily on many regimes that use gross repression to maintain their power. But logistics and limited resources inhibit America's capability to counter insurgency with military support. . . . When U.S. policy is limited to encouraging repression, it rests on a very shaky foundation: continued support for repression only increases the chances of and opportunities for subversion. . . .

Alliances are only as stable as the regimes which make them. U.S. support for human rights in a consistent and reasoned fashion would give authoritarian leaders the incentive to reduce some of the grosser injustices and their people some cause to work toward reform without bloodshed. And it would give the Soviets far less room to maneuver with their primary tool, revolutionary ideology. . . .

In this age of liberation movements, the democratic ideal retains its moral authority. America needs to use this actively instead of passively hoping it will become a touchstone for other non-democratic nations. This is the rational basis for asserting human rights as the cornerstone of our foreign policy. . . .

It is reasonable to assume that if America can support repression to maintain an authoritarian ally in power, it can also support reform. Currently America's sole demand seems to be that our beneficiaries will be our enemy's enemy. This is absurd; whatever support we provide protects their interests even more than our own. The government of El Salvador has far more to lose than the U.S. if the rebels overthrow it; its leaders can lose their power and their lives. The U.S. could support reforms which the Salvadorans would have to accept if they wish to retain political power. This, I believe, must have been the thinking of the Carter administration. One need not accept a Marxist notion of historical inevitability to see that civil discontent has destabilized political systems all over the world. I know of no instance where an authoritarian regime has clearly secured its long-term authority through repression.

In fact, given the ideological climate in the Third World, political development seems more likely to be socialistic than democratic. The neoconservative assumption that authoritarian governments are more likely to become democratic than are totalitarian governments is true. But this assumption ignores the plausibility that the former will become totalitarian instead of democratic. Discontented people are more likely to embrace an ideology which opposes those who support their repression than a philosophy which dismisses it as an unfortunate necessity. States ruled by an authoritarian system are more likely to be pushed into socialism than they are to develop into democracy simply because the democratic system is not at present offering the people any concrete hope for reform.

A rational response to Soviet subversion should aim to convert people to a democratic ideal. Soviet success in propagandizing the socialist ideal attests to the viability of such a course. This does not mean that authoritarian regimes will work selflessly to develop democratic institutions; that is patently absurd. Institutions do develop gradually. But democratic institutions can only develop in the presence of a democratic ideal. Conservatives and liberals alike should keep this in mind. . . .

KENRICK W. HACKETT, JR.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Obtaining concessions on trade agreements to aid Soviet Jewry is vastly different from refusing to negotiate arms-control agreements. Zbigniew Brzezinski should be capable of making that distinction. His implication that concern for Soviet Jewry might block arms negotiations with the Soviet Union . . . reveals an eagerness to create a scapegoat for the failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy.

BERNARD SOSNICK
Melville, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

When Noam Chomsky holds the U.S. responsible for the present pitiable state of the Vietnamese people, he is right, but not in the way he supposes. Had we been able, as Mr. Chomsky still is not, to perceive that the South Vietnamese authoritarian regime, with all its iniquities, held a better prospect than the totalitarian North for democratic change and economic prosperity, and had we been able to act upon this understanding, the outcome for these unfortunate people would have been more salutary.

In this respect, we must indeed bear responsibility for the tragic results.

FREDERIC WILE
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Some years ago I initiated a brief but frustrating correspondence with Noam Chomsky, challenging outrageous accusations he had been making against the U.S. and Israel. A long, drawn-out reply from him was bitter in tone. . . . He engaged in an exhaustive tirade, excoriating America's "aggression" against South Vietnam (no mention of Hanoi and its surrogate, the Vietcong). He continued with a withering attack on Israel. My protest that the PLO was not a national-liberation front as he had claimed earned me a sharp rebuke. Again and again he offered to supply me with well-documented proof exposing the alleged wickedness and aggressiveness of the U.S. and Israel, "if," as he wrote, "you are interested." Then he ended on an unexpected note: "But I do not get the impression from your letter that you are interested so I will not proceed." . . .

So before I turned to Mr. Chomsky's contribution to your November issue, I had the strong feeling he would not be able to resist the opportunity to use the symposium as a sounding board for a renewed attack on the U.S. and Israel in the area of human rights. The irascible professor ran true to form.

JULES D'ARNCOURT
Rockville, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read with interest the symposium on "Human Rights and American Foreign Policy." With the predictable exception of Noam Chomsky, Richard Falk, and (to a lesser extent) Charles William Maynes there appears to be widespread agreement about the necessity of recognizing the inherent tension between *Realpolitik* and morality; this is best summed up in Peter L. Berger's statement: "The Machiavellian resolution [of the tension] would destroy the very legitimacy of the American state; the

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resolution of abstract idealism would likely destroy its empirical survival." The real enemy is Soviet totalitarianism, and where authoritarianism is the only feasible bulwark against the Soviet threat, then violations of human rights by these regimes must be tolerated.

Despite the weighty arguments against any kind of indiscriminate crusade for human rights (because the totalitarian model is *intrinsically* an assault on human rights), there are aspects to this debate that are virtually ignored by the contributors to the symposium, although Max Lerner's emphasis on establishing a counter-mystique of anti-revolutionary ardor . . . and Robert Nisbet's telling argument that a totalitarian dogma makes it necessary to destroy all traditions, . . . strike me as particularly relevant—and closer to the points I am about to raise.

1. If we are going to make the case that totalitarianism is *a priori* an evil, and against the very nature of existence itself, . . . then we must explain why the authoritarian alternative cannot seem to draw the quality of leadership and nobility of character that would justify an anti-democratic, elitist, hierarchical form of authority. . . . The Shah and Somoza may have identified strongly with anti-Communism, but, I suggest, they invited their own destruction because they affirmed no values that could compete with those of the Left or the religious Right.

2. If you catch someone standing outside an oven at Auschwitz, ready to turn on the gas, or if you corner a thug who has just assaulted a helpless old lady, you may be sure your adversary finds little inspiration in defending his moral right to oppose your threats of retaliation. By definition he is committing a crime. . . . . But what about Fidel Castro, as he watches Alexander Haig threaten to take "unspecified action" against his own country if shipments of arms continue to El Salvador (the proof is as yet inconclusive)? Castro feels no compunction for his deeds; on the contrary, when he senses the innate belligerence of Haig's stance, he feels the justification of the beleaguered martyr, whose cause becomes just that much more intensified. Indeed, I suggest that merely the threat of military action, the warlike rhetoric, betrays an appalling ignorance of the psychological level on which this debate is taking place. Castro does not think of himself as a Mafia gangster; nor does he consider himself to be deliberately destroying the foundations of civilization (although his actions may in fact be producing this effect). . . . In the case of the extreme Left, the assumption that military coercion is the best antidote to the spread of revolutionary ideas is wrongheaded in the extreme. . . .

3. The Soviet experiment (at a cost of 30 million lives) must be seen against the background of a metaphysical reality: that the subjective ego, the private self-consciousness of the individual, means little in comparison to the rights of the community, and that the final push for power comes not from that egoism, or lust, we associate with tyrants like Hitler or Genghis Khan, but from a terribly distorted idea of the effacement of the individual, a collectivist substitute for the religious idea of ego-transcendence—the giving up of one's personal self for the whole. . . . I think it most important that we recognize this metaphysic in our dealings with the Soviets, and that we seek to understand the different manner in which the Soviets react to this struggle. . . .

4. The human-rights violations in authoritarian countries which are identified with the United States take place not because the authorities there do not share our values; they take place because in the considered opinion of those who know, this is the most efficacious means of dealing with the threat from the Left. The violations, then, take place with the covert sanction of American experts in counter-insurgency warfare. This is where the real hypocrisy lies: Pinochet does not torture or liquidate his opponents because he is a beast; he chooses these means because they work. Period. If the United States really cared about these violations, it should be able to offer alternative means of combatting dissent. It does not; therefore Noam Chomsky gets a hearing with his devastating (but one-sided) exposé, *The Political Economy of Human Rights*. The action of the CIA in hiring the Mafia to assassinate Fidel Castro seriously compromised those forces of morality which work to warn the world of Stalinist Gulags. And the death squads in El Salvador represent the worst manifestation of the Kirkpatrick doctrine. . . .

5. Our tolerance for the Chinese version of totalitarianism proves

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conclusively that it is not so much the ideological aberrations of Communism (with their consequent dismissal of the rights of millions of people) that we fear, but that we feel an unconscious and irrational revulsion toward Communism as it projects itself through the Russian character. There is something that goes much deeper in our reaction to the Russian bear than mere fear of Communism; it is the cold, faceless, monolithic form of the Soviet commissar that represents the very antithesis of what is American, individualistic, vulnerable, and diverse. . . .

6. It is important to realize the significance of what is happening in Iran today. We are both consciously and unconsciously secularized. It is difficult for us to understand a mythology that by its very nature is absolutist and in constant reaction to Western values. The vast majority of the masses in Iran are proud of their fundamentalism; for them God Himself is in charge of the country, and they take comfort in the myth that it is God's will that every form of opposition is destroyed. . . . The arguments of an Alexander Haig against those of a Khomeini amount, at least in the minds of dedicated Iranians, to the arguments of Satan in opposition to Allah. By this I do not mean we should necessarily condone the actions of the present regime in Iran, but we must, as in the other instances I have adumbrated, recognize the moral and psychological elements that make the issue a little bit more complicated than assuming that all would have been well had we backed the Shah more forcefully, or that the Muslim revival in the Middle East can be solved by strictly punitive measures.

7. Finally, I should like to pose the question: if Marx had not hallucinated his way to a view of human history and civilization that has threatened to wreck the foundation of pluralism and tradition . . ., what would take the place of the great struggle in which the eminent writers of COMMENTARY are now engaged? Is it not possible to see the Communist menace as the means to challenge our Western tradition, and to see that if we conceive of this struggle purely in terms of exposing the evils of Soviet totalitarianism, we will miss out on the discovery of the allegorical significance of this challenge? . . . I believe the fundamental weakness in the whole approach of the Committee on the Present Danger (and all such thinking) is that it does not properly address itself to the urge within man to seek his perfectibility. While it seems tragically obvious that external systems such as Communism have abjectly failed to deliver up this perfection, nevertheless, within man's psyche still resides the quest for a transcendent wholeness (of which Communism is a distorted substitute) and a flourishing individuation (of which American capitalist pluralism is but the unfinished model).

ROBIN WOODSWORTH CARLSEN
Victoria, British Columbia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The use of the terms totalitarian and authoritarian is misleading. A common and serious error is to regard the political spectrum as a straight line from Left through Center to Right. Rather, the political spectrum is a circle with complete oppression at one end of the diameter and relative individual freedom at the other. There is no substantive difference whether total or severe oppression is reached by traveling this circle to the Right or to the Left. Stalin's leftist Communism and Hitler's rightist fascism produced equally devastating results for individual freedom. Oppression is equally reprehensible whether perpetrated by Communism under Stalin, Mao, Kim Il Sung, Pol Pot, Castro, or Brezhnev or by fascism as perpetrated by Hitler, Amin, Pahlavi, Mustafavi (a/k/a Khomeini), the Ku Klux Klan, or a Latin American junta or dictator.

Currently there is one major difference. Not since the defeat of Nazism in 1945 has a right-wing dictatorship moved outside its own borders. But Communism, since its ascendancy in 1917, has followed with dedication and success its stated goal of world domination and subjugation. Unfortunately, it is often abetted in the West and particularly in the United States by those who most vociferously claim to be champions of individual freedom.

The Reagan administration seems to be on the right course. It is to be hoped that it has the will to persevere and the essential public support to override the selfishness and stupidity of professional politicians. In any event, the tergiversation and weakness of the Carter administration were nearly fatal—and may yet prove to be so.

I applaud the opinions of Oscar Handlin, Sidney Hook, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Max Lerner, Seymour Martin Lipset, and Michael Novak. The contributions by Midge Decter and Robert Nisbet are outstanding.

JAMES T. CONNELL
St. Louis, Missouri

Wilfred Burchett

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In an article about Wilfred Burchett ["A Scandalous Journalistic Career," November 1981], Stephen J. Morris writes that in the course of my visit to North Vietnam in 1966-67 I reported that the United States was "deliberately bombing not military but civilian targets" and that I "did not tell [my] readers that [my] source for this charge was not direct observation but North Vietnamese officials and one of their published propaganda booklets."

Mr. Morris is evidently unaware of the fact that I visited Nam Dinh (the city where the controversial bombing occurred) and made an extensive personal examination of the locale and the bomb damage which was extremely extensive. As my dispatches noted, whatever the cause, large numbers of houses and apartment house blocks had been destroyed.

The actual controversy over Nam Dinh related not to destruction but to civilian casualties. The Pentagon contended that the figures I reported were the same as those contained in a Hanoi handout which had been circulated in Moscow. The figures which I reported came from the mayor of Nam Dinh. As Clifton Daniel, managing editor of the *Times*, pointed out at the time, it is hardly surprising that the two figures were identical; nor, of course, was there any other source available.

The fact is that the casualty figures (89 dead, 405 wounded) were by no means very impressive considering the city's population, the number of raids, etc. In fact, a few days later the Pentagon took to citing the figures themselves as evidence of the care which was being taken to avoid hitting civilians in the course of attacks on military objectives.

For a clearer picture of the Nam Dinh affair I would refer Mr. Morris (and the reader) to the actual dispatches which I filed at the time from Hanoi and the comprehensive summary series filed from Hong

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Kong after my departure from Hanoi.

HARRISON E. SALISBURY
Taconic, Connecticut

STEPHEN J. MORRIS writes:

In my article on the Australian Communist journalist Wilfred Burchett I pointed to Harrison Salisbury as an important friend and promoter of Burchett. Since World War II Burchett has published countless books and articles defending and praising a series of murderous totalitarian regimes from Joseph Stalin's and Mao Tse-tung's to Ho Chi Minh's and Pol Pot's. In spite of this incontrovertible record of Burchett's odious public stands, Mr. Salisbury persisted in maintaining his friendship, even going so far as to write a laudatory introduction to Burchett's memoirs. In this introduction Mr. Salisbury described Burchett not as a Communist propagandist, but as a "humanist" and an "iconoclast" motivated by sympathy for the underdog.

In his letter, Mr. Salisbury has not mentioned, let alone explained, why he chose to be an accomplice in the scandalous career of Wilfred Burchett. Instead Mr. Salisbury deals with the side issue—albeit a serious one—of his own misleading reporting of the American bombing of North Vietnam. Even in dealing with this particular event, Mr. Salisbury skirts the central issue. I did not deny that he visited the bombed town of Nam Dinh. Nor did I deny that he witnessed bomb damage. What I did question were his grounds for suggesting that the United States was bombing purely civilian rather than military targets in North Vietnam. To substantiate such a charge something more was needed than figures of civilian casualties provided by the mayor of Nam Dinh and that mayor's assertion (which Mr. Salisbury cited in his dispatches but not in his letter) that the town contained "nothing of military significance" (New York *Times*, December 27, 1966).

But once again, my basic criticism of Harrison Salisbury concerned his long-standing and current support for Burchett's career and reputation. Does Mr. Salisbury believe that Burchett's writings are irrelevant to any evaluation of the man? Does Mr. Salisbury believe that KGB defector Yuri Krotkov was lying to a U.S. Senate subcommittee in 1969, and lying again to an Australian court in 1974, when he described how he helped recruit Burchett to the payroll of the KGB? Does Mr. Salisbury believe that seven former prisoners of war (from Australia, Britain, and the United States) were perjuring themselves in an Australian courtroom when they testified that during the Korean war Burchett had appeared in Chinese Communist-run POW camps wearing a Chinese army officer's uniform, or when they testified that Burchett had assisted their Chinese Communist captors in interrogations? Does Mr. Salisbury believe that British ex-POW Derek Kinne was perjuring himself when he testified that in those same camps in Korea Burchett threatened to have him shot?

If not, then Mr. Salisbury's role as a friend and promoter of Wilfred Burchett remains to be explained.

The Third World

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Peter L. Berger ["Speaking to the Third World," October 1981] explains that the United Nations' plea for a gratuitous transfer of wealth from the rich to the poor countries is based on fallacious neo-Marxist reasoning about past colonial "exploitation" and the debtor-creditor relationship it is supposed to impose on the present generation, an international version of hyperactive affirmative action. More important, Mr. Berger recognizes that foreign financial assistance is like giving a starving man a fish instead of inducing him to use a fishing rod. But his article does not go beyond this. The stubborn question remains: how can we get the starving to use fishing rods, or to participate effectively in the striving economic world of the democratic capitalism Mr. Berger so warmly recommends?

A fact that is so well known as to find a place in elementary textbooks is that poor countries are caught in a variety of "vicious circles of poverty." For example, poverty leads to low saving which leads to low investment which leads to low productivity which leads back to poverty. Specifically, poor countries stay poor when they continue to lack

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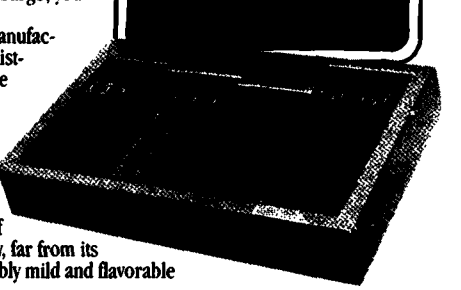

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capital, the enterprise with which to apply it, the technology and managerial skills with which to use it, the trained workers with which to man it, and the industrial discipline to keep it going. At best, foreign aid can give them only a meager portion of the first and almost none of the rest—and much of what they get in practice is dissipated in waste and corruption. But *all* of the building blocks of economic growth, recited above, are readily available from another source.

My own studies have shown (for example, in *Journal of Economic Issues*, June 1980) a very close relationship among Third World countries between success in economic growth and the volume of foreign investment welcomed from multinational corporations, especially those of United States origin which still overshadow all the rest. The multinationals offer profit-seeking capital that dwarfs the volume available from gifts or give-away "loans." Because they are profit-seeking, investments gravitate to their most productive uses, avoiding grandiose public buildings, showy airports, and impressive steel mills planted in deserts or jungles. The multinationals train workers because they need to, stimulate productive enterprise among local suppliers, processors, and traders, and generate higher incomes for consumers. They compete effectively against exploiting local monopolies despite the fact that they pay wages commonly two or three times as high.

The spectacular economic growth over the last quarter-century in Singapore, Taiwan, South Korea, Brazil, Greece, Hong Kong, Portugal, and Thailand was no accident. On a per-capita basis these countries received more foreign investment than any of the others. Nor is it a mere accident of fate, including available natural resources, that accounts for the still grinding poverty in countries like Angola, Bangladesh, Indonesia, India, Ethiopia, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Tanzania, Uganda, Chile, Nigeria, Peru, Zambia, Madagascar, Burma, Congo, and Morocco. All of the above, for most or all of the past twenty-five years, have not only received pitifully little foreign investment, if any, but have aggressively rejected more liberal offerings. They have erected barriers—at the worst, punitive programs of nationalization; at the least, restrictions on the repatriation or even retention of profits, on modes and places of investment, on personnel practices and imports, on disposition of ownership, and so on. Why the self-defeating barriers?

The answer lies in the mythical ogre of "dependence," an element of the New International Economic Order to which Mr. Berger gives only casual reference. In the doctrine of the NIEO, dependence is a curse word. That reaction may be understandable in countries with a colonial background and with a regrettable tendency to contrast the essential dependencies of free international interchange with the political *independence* they so recently achieved. But understanding the confusion does not excuse it, for its residues are a spirit of narrow nationalism, idle dreams of socialist "planning," and a futile pursuit of autarky that can lead only to economic disaster. Dependency, in short, is resisted in much of the Third World, vigorously and in effect masochistically. The most accessible target for that resistance is the multinational corporations. . . .

For the American economy, direct investment in the Third World extends our markets and insures supplies of raw materials. It provides substantial returns, otherwise lost, for our capital, technology, and managerial skills. On balance, it reduces the deficit in the flow of funds between the United States and our trading partners. Probably, though this is controversial, its net effect on our domestic employment is to increase it. But in the broader framework of international affairs, the potential contribution of the multinationals is immeasurably more critical. Where permitted to do so, they generate not only economic progress in the less developed countries but also the will and the strength to withstand Communist aggression and subversion. In an era in which the Soviet Union has made spectacular imperialist gains through force, this is far from a negligible consideration. If we allow the preservation and extension of individual freedom to enter our calculations, it is crucial.

MELVILLE J. ULMER
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Having spent most of my government career in the U.S. aid program at home and abroad, I write in criticism of Peter L. Berger's position. . . .

Mr. Berger states accurately that those who are temporarily in control of the governments of less developed countries (LDC's)—frequently after a seizure of power by force—are not true spokesmen for their countrymen. Thus, the billions of souls of the underdeveloped world have no spokesman other than those of us who accept moral responsibility for mankind, and because of our positions of leadership in our own society can discharge this responsibility, if only in a small way.

To be strictly factual, Mr. Berger is wrong when he asserts that the Western world bears no responsibility, or only mitigated responsibility, for the plight of the Third World. . . . In my work I was often saddened by the rapaciousness of foreign businessmen in underdeveloped countries and critical of the actions of foreign governments—our own as well as those of other seemingly enlightened countries.

It is not, however, because of our past sins of omission and commission that we ought individually to accept moral responsibility for the plight of the Third World, but because we bear a moral responsibility to create a better world. . . .

It fits our public style to advise friendly dictators and oligarchs now in control of LDC's to create the social, political, and economic conditions which would make democratic capitalism eventually possible in their countries. Our private style requires us to improve their police and military power and to use their territory to improve our strategic or political position. There may be an isolated country or two, with which I am not familiar, in which we genuinely attempt to conduct a development program, but in my own experience, the constraints imposed on U.S. aid programs by our national and private-sector interests make such genuine development programs rare. Still, we occasionally accomplish some good. . . .

Our present international position is dominated by our relations vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, and our relations with the Third World are largely constrained by that relationship. If it were possible to resolve our relations with the Soviet Union so that stability reigned, we could undertake genuine development programs in LDC countries. . . . Professional sociologists, as well as political scientists, economists, educators, and other professionals

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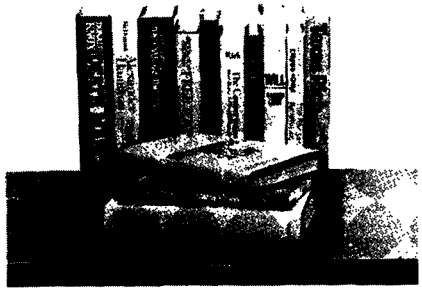

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could then make genuine contributions. . . .

MONROE BURK
Columbia, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter L. Berger's attempt to ridicule those of us who have spent the better part of their adult lives working in Third World nations smacks of an infantilism I have not come to expect from COMMENTARY. Many of us *have* commuted to these distant places but not so "haplessly" as Mr. Berger implies. Is he saying that *all* workers in remote nations who originate in the major nations are simplistic nomads in search of the intangible? As a biologist, I have commuted to the South Pacific nation of Fiji for thirteen years in search of plants that heal. Many of the species have shown remarkable activity against tumors in trials at the U.S. National Cancer Institute. . . . Would Mr. Berger have us believe that these "peasants" have *nothing* to teach us? Looking at the field of medicine, I will remind him that even in an age of synthetic drugs, over 27 percent of all prescriptions written in the United States are derived, in part, from plants, many of which were first introduced to world medicine from "peasant" medicine in the Third World. . . .

I know of many other people who have lived and worked in these "peasant" nations, who are anti-nuclear advocates, "advocates of solar energy and holistic healing," and believe strongly in "alternate energy.". . . All of these workers are dedicated to their task, have made major contributions to our understanding of social and environmental realities, and have shown themselves to be more sensitive to the offerings of "peasants" than Mr. Berger.

The inane generalizations about people Mr. Berger has never met ("Needless to say, these people have contributed little if anything to the countries to which they have come . . . while at home their main contribution has been to legitimate various tyrannies") strike me as the impotent gestures of an academic whose view of the Third World comes from textbooks and the interior lounge of too many foreign Hilton hotels.

MICHAEL WEINER
University of California
Santa Cruz, California

The Ninth of Ab

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

With so much trash being published all around us, I picked up, tentatively, the mysteriously titled article "On the Ninth of Ab" [October 1981] and was much moved by the work of this extraordinary scholar—Frank Talmage. He recreates a large slice of forgotten history with deep feeling and poetic grace. His profiles of the ancient Jews and the Catalonians (many of whom my late husband Bertram D. Wolfe and I have known and admired and some of whom we have loved) are the warmest tributes I have seen in print. He is a joy to read!

ELLA WOLFE
Palo Alto, California

M*A*S*H

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Recently, I had the chance to leaf through some back issues of COMMENTARY, and on the strength of exactly three of Richard Grenier's pieces—particularly "Arms & the Movies" [October 1981], in which he discusses *M*A*S*H*—I strongly suspect that he is the best film critic alive. . . . In 1970, when I sat through *M*A*S*H* scowling at the laughter around me, I thought I was alone in failing to find Gould and Sutherland lovable. Now I'm delighted to discover that there is someone with similar views, someone who, in fact, has been able to clarify my own feelings about the film. . . .

TED KLEIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It was both a surprise and a relief, after ten years, to come across a like-minded opinion of the film *M*A*S*H*. When I saw the film I experienced the same acute embarrassment Richard Grenier did at the sadistic malice on the screen posing as an anti-war comedy. I walked out of the film after about an hour or so. . . . [But] most, if not all, of the acquaintances with whom I discussed the film could not comprehend my objections to it. . . . Mr. Grenier has articulated my disgust and outrage far better than I could have done.

MORDECAI SHELEF
Birmingham, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was pleased to run across Richard Grenier's acute and perceptive comments on the original *M*A*S*H*. All that he says about it . . . can be applied to the TV series spin-off—with interest! The "cute" sadism of the former has become the staple of the latter. For a long time I thought I was the only one around who noticed the dishonesty and phony iconoclasm of both the film and its TV successor. . . .

SAM BLUEFARB
Desert Hot Springs, California

"Hollanditis"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

At last Walter Laqueur ["Hollanditis," August 1981] has found a word . . . to replace the unfortunate term "Finlandization" as a description of what is, or might be, happening to Western Europe. "Hollanditis" is a crisis of the spirit afflicting nations which have the material means of defending their vital interests but choose instead to support unilateral disarmament or ignore defense issues altogether. While the nations of Western Europe grapple with this spreading paralysis of will, Finland endures as a parliamentary democracy, a market economy, a nation which takes defense of its territory very seriously. If a nation of five million people must occasionally accommodate its foreign policy to the interests of a superpower neighbor, that is hardly a fatal breach of national sovereignty.

Hollanditis is a specter that is haunting Western Europe, but Finlandization is a prospect that tantalizes the nations of Eastern Europe.

JOSEPH J. KRUZEL
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Walter Laqueur's analysis of the new stage in European neutralism is too important to suffer the appellation "Hollanditis," which . . . would seem to indicate a condition found only in Holland. . . . What Mr. Laqueur desribes is not a specific Dutch disease, but an infestation to be found throughout Europe. . . .

E. F. SCHMERL
Piedmont, California

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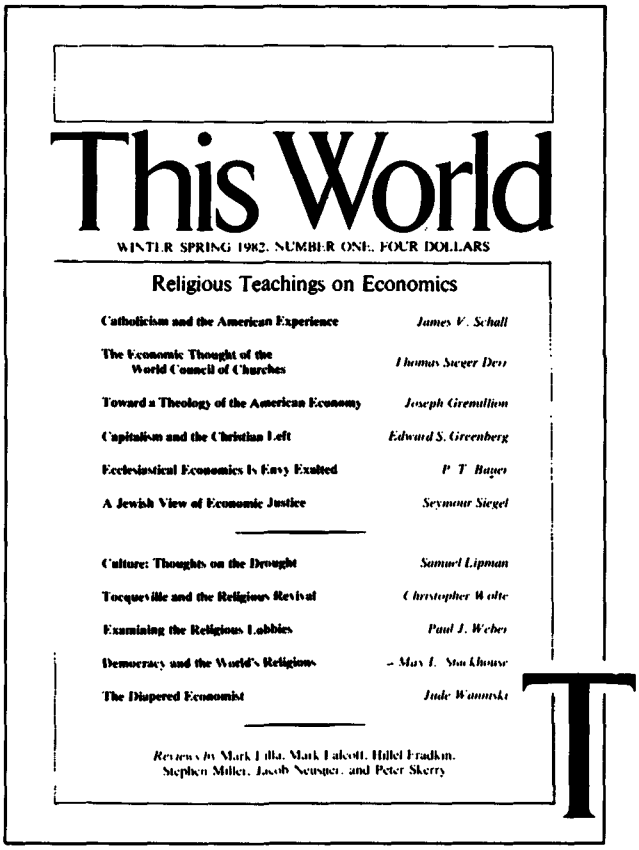

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Why We Need More "Waste, Fraud & Mismanagement" in the Pentagon

Edward N. Luttwak

In its revised budget the Reagan administration requested $214.1 billion for defense in the current (1982) fiscal year. Among those who object, some columnists and many TV personalities, full-time defense critics, disarmers, isolationists, and "concerned" churchmen and academics remain blessedly ignorant of the full dimensions of the Soviet military upsurge and of our own weakness. Others, who do have some fair notion of how the military balance stands, simply believe that the United States should be content with weakness, for that too can insure a kind of peace. And then there is the George F. Kennan school of thought, which still refuses to recognize the profile of a classic military empire in the Soviet Union of our days, and which holds that we should not oppose Soviet aims because they are merely "defensive," as in Afghanistan for instance (Kennan's own chosen example).

Of all the odd spectacles of our intellectual scene none is so dispiriting as the widespread respect still accorded to Kennan's view, for it is the theory of a historian and yet one which can only be persuasive to those who are wholly ignorant of history. *All* great empires expand "defensively," their last conquest being necessary to shield their penultimate acquisition. That Roman aims were always defensive, from the first conquest of the Latium (to protect Rome itself) until the final sallies into Scotland and eastern Mesopotamia, is a mere commonplace; and it was the same "defensive" necessity that induced the British to expand their Indian empire, with the North-West Frontier being reluctantly occupied to protect the Punjab, just as the Punjab had been regretfully annexed to shield Rajaputana and the Sind, and they in turn had unwillingly been taken earlier, to provide defensive depth for what had been occupied earlier still.

Edward N. Luttwak is senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies and research professor, Georgetown University. A professional defense consultant, he has written widely on strategic and military issues. His books include *The Strategic Balance, The U.S.-USSR Nuclear Weapons Balance, Strategic Power: Military Capabilities and Political Utility*, and, most recently, *Strategy and Politics* (Transaction Books).

Exactly the same sequence of defensive expansion has brought the Russians to invade Afghanistan—and now the Russians find their latest conquest insecure because of trouble that comes from across the frontier . . . just as, before the invasion, the violent popular resistance to the Russian-made Communist government in Kabul was making Soviet Central Asia insecure. This "defensive" expansion of the one great military empire of our days—which also happens to be the largest empire of all history—will quite obviously leave no country in a state of safety, except possibly New Zealand (and perhaps not even it, there being a latent territorial dispute over the Antarctic).

For practical politicians who must seek electoral support and who also oppose a serious level of defense spending, neither an obstinate denial of the need—against all the evidence—nor elegant obfuscation in the Kennan style will do the trick. Unlike many would-be experts, and the "concerned" this-and-that, a net majority of the American voting public understands far too much about the military balance and its consequences to tolerate an overt refusal to restore our strength before it is too late. The electors who replaced Jimmy Carter with Ronald Reagan did not do so for the sake of supply-side economics, but rather because having once known an America that was strong, and having seen the bitter consequences of a foreign policy of weakness, they decided that strength was after all far better than weakness.

Few indeed are the voters who can knowledgeably compare the intercontinental nuclear forces of the two sides, or those of continental range for that matter. But many can sense that Soviet conduct nowadays has become much more daring and more dangerous, because our long-standing superiority in those forces has been lost. Only the expert can estimate in detail the implications of a conventional balance in which the Soviet Union can spare as many as forty divisions for offensive war on a new front—*after* securing both its European and its Chinese frontiers—while we for our part would have no more than four or five divisions that could be sent to stop them. But again, the public understands what it must, namely, that the Soviet Union can now change the world map by

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war, and that we would have great difficulty in doing anything to stop its expansion, even if it happened to be vitally necessary to do so. Similarly, one does not need high skills in operational research to evaluate what the Soviet Navy's 110 nuclear attack submarines and 198 diesel boats could do to our diminished fleet, and what that in turn means for our power—which must reach across the oceans to be effective at all.

Since the public understands so much about our military predicament and its broad meaning, the politicians who still desire to oppose our belated rearmament must now do so in camouflage. Hence their pious insistence that they fully support a strong national defense, and that they merely object to "waste, fraud, and mismanagement" in the Pentagon.

There is no doubt whatever that some defense spending is wasted, and that there is some mismanagement—and it would be astonishing if there were no fraud at all when so many billions change hands for the purchase of a million different things. Nevertheless, when a politician nowadays wants to cut the defense budget on the grounds that it is the waste, fraud, and mismanagement that he really wants to cut, an informed public should see through the deception easily enough.

In the first place, the necessary detail is missing. We are not told where the waste and the rest occur—something that would be of great interest to the Secretary of Defense and his men, to Congress, to the General Accounting Office, and to the Office of Management and Budget.

Secondly, we have every reason to believe that the total amount of money that is wasted, mismanaged, or defrauded is very small—that is to say, it is small by the standards of government.

As numerous investigations have shown, the Defense Department and the armed forces are already subject to much tighter financial controls than the various health and welfare programs that nowadays account for a much larger share of the the federal budget. (Defense now accounts for *one-fifth* of total public spending.) Contractors who sell products or services to the Pentagon are subject to the relentless scrutiny of an army of accountants and investigators, both civilian and military. Even in contracts that run to the billions, each outlay of a few hundred dollars will promptly be investigated if grounds for suspicion arise. Nothing of the dimensions of the various medical-aid scandals would be possible, and such cases of fraud as have been uncovered are mostly very minor affairs involving marginalia like PX outlets and sergeants' messes. Thus it is not by accident, as *Pravda* would put it, that all the loose talk about fraud in defense spending is rarely decorated with any case histories.

MISMANAGEMENT, of course, is another matter, a question of opinion rather than law. When is it sensible to call off a development program for a new weapon that will not work? When should a shipyard be written off as unfit to do its work? When should an aircraft project whose cost keeps growing be stopped? In retrospect, to be sure, the answer is easy. A certain project having failed, one can go back a long way in its history to detect the point when the inevitability of failure should have been recognized. But that is not how matters would have looked at the time, when one could easily believe that a little more effort would cure the problem.

If one surveys, for example, the prolonged agonies of the first *Ohio*-class ("Trident") missile submarine which the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics has finally managed to complete in its Groton, Connecticut shipyard, years behind schedule, it seems obvious that the Navy would have been better off in financing the creation of a whole new shipyard somewhere else, and under different management. But when the "Trident" submarine program was first started, the Electric Boat shipyard at Groton was the obvious, indeed inevitable, candidate for the job, since the only other shipyard with recent nuclear-submarine experience was already fully employed. Certainly the Navy could not have anticipated the many problems that were to arise in the future, and all the many technical obstacles that would be encountered in the attempt to build the largest submarine ever, which was also supposed to be the quietest, and very fast too.

What happened at Groton during the years when the *Ohio* was being built has provided material for a number of major investigations by Congress, and for several journalistic exposés. The episode is indeed deserving of much scrutiny because it seems that all the dysfunctions of our society were visited upon the unfortunate shipyard: the overall decline in educational standards, which produced young workers with high-school diplomas but no literacy or numeracy; the influx of inexperienced women and minority workers that federal regulations imposed on the shipyard; the further decline in the quality of our industrial manpower brought about by the "dropping out" syndrome, and the furious quest for "meaningful" jobs; the deindustrialization caused by the inadequacy of savings and investment, and by clean-air and other novel restrictions which have forced hundreds of small casting and forging shops out of business; and finally the fiscal and legal complexities created by a legislative process itself dominated by lawyers and accountants, which favors the large multipurpose conglomerate with its own full staff of lawyers and accountants as opposed to the smaller specialized company with real industrial expertise—for one aspect of the whole sad story was that the Groton Yard passed from the control of shipbuilders (Electric Boat) to that of a conglomerate (General Dynamics) whose managers applied business-school techniques where craft and experience were needed.

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The fact remains, however, that as the literature on the affair itself testifies, the *Ohio* case is more exception than norm in our defense purchasing, the result of a rare conjunction between the most complicated weapon ever built and an exceptionally troubled contractor.

What passes for mismanagement in the common discourse of our press is often nothing more than inflation. Those who indulge their eloquence so greatly in mourning the "cost overruns" that have attended virtually every major weapon procurement of the last decade make great play of the combat aircraft that was supposed to cost $10 million and which comes in at $20, and point to the $2-million battle tank that was originally presented to Congress as an "austere" design for half that price—as if our grocery bills and our houses had not undergone a similar explosion in price over the same span of years.

THERE is, of course, the entirely distinct complaint that even without any irregularities to add to the bill, our weapons simply cost too much because their design is overambitious (or "gold-plated," as the jargon goes). Some in the "military-reform" movement, a loose gathering of strategic and technical experts as well as a number of Congressmen specializing in defense issues, have a straightforward solution for this problem. They advocate a general return to simplicity on the grounds that in real-life combat, sheer numbers count for more than unit quality, and that in any case the complexity of many weapons has become so great that they will not function properly in the harsh conditions of a real war.

Hence these "reformers" call for the production of small, one-seater fighter aircraft without radars or other complicated devices, which might cost $4 million each instead of $20 million; tanks that would be much lighter than the 50-ton M-1 and correspondingly cheaper; 2,000-ton destroyers in lieu of the 8,000-ton ships now being built; smaller non-nuclear carriers for vertical takeoff aircraft instead of the 90,000-ton nuclear-powered supercarriers of the *Nimitz* class that cost more than $2.5 billion apiece; 1,000-ton diesel-electric submarines in place of the very large nuclear submarines now being built at a cost of almost $1 billion each; and so on.

What makes the argument for simplicity so powerful is that the real difference between the simpler weapons that the reformers advocate and the more complicated weapons now being built is very much greater than mere arithmetic would suggest. In the first place, at any one budget level one can obviously buy many more of the simpler weapons; with more units being produced, industry can then have long production runs so that great economies can be achieved in fabrication and assembly; and then in turn, a much higher proportion of the simpler weapons will actually be maintained and available at any one time, and thus ready for combat when they are needed.

For example, a billion dollars spent on a complicated fighter will pay for, say, forty aircraft, and in war one may obtain from them at most, say, eighty combat sorties a day (often fewer). But the same amount spent on a very simple jet fighter might purchase 200 aircraft; with maintenance being correspondingly easier, that second force could provide as many as 800 combat sorties a day. And it is obvious that in equal combat (i.e., in daylight and at close range) the force of complicated fighters would be easily defeated, since it would have to fight under a crushing numerical inferiority of one to ten in actual sorties flown—and then all its advantages would count for nought.

On the other hand, the great weakness of the "simplicity" argument is that against worthy opponents and in demanding circumstances, fighters that are blind in the dark and have only visual-range missiles, tanks that are too lightly armored to withstand the pounding of the enemy's fire, warships that lack electronic brains, eyes, and ears for long-range surveillance and strike, as well as aircraft carriers that cannot launch powerful aircraft and submarines that lack endurance, will all fail to meet the test of combat.

In some war situations, the 800 sorties of the "cheap" fighter force would indeed be much more useful than the 60-80 sorties that the long-range, multipurpose fighters could provide. This would be so, for example, in a Battle of Britain setting, featuring the large-scale encounter of hundreds of aircraft all flying from bases nearby, and all fighting in confused daylight mass engagement. In such conditions, the ability of the heavyweight high-cost fighter to make long transits to battle would count for nothing, and equally its ability to fire radar-guided missiles would be useless, since the impossibility of identifying friend and foe would impose the need for visual combat. But as soon as we change the setting and demand long-range transits to the area of combat (as in the case, for example, of a war in the Persian Gulf), or if advanced weapons are needed to shoot down Russian bombers a long way away before they can launch their own missiles, the "cheap" fighter is revealed as almost entirely useless.

The same is true of all other manifestations of the simple weapon in whatever form. There is bound to be much overlap between the abilities of the complicated and costly weapon and those of its simple counterpart. If the specific form of combat corresponds to that area of capability where both kinds of weapons can be used, then the larger numbers of simple weapons will indeed prevail, as the "reformers" claim. But then there are the further areas of capability that only the more complicated weapons can offer. At that point there is no longer a contest to be evaluated at all, since the simple weapon is totally outmatched.

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It might therefore seem that both kinds of weapons should always be bought, and there is even a phrase in the jargon for such a practice, the "high-low mix." But the question cannot be resolved on technical and economic grounds alone, weapon by weapon, except in extreme cases—such as the weapon too complex to work at all, or too weak to survive in any combat whatever. The question is in fact strategic and one must begin at the beginning, in a consideration of national strategy. The right "high-low" mix for, say, Korea will not do for the United States, and vice versa, if only because American forces would almost everywhere fight alongside allies who are in place (often with large conscript forces), so that in general it is the allies who can best provide the numbers, while what they need from us is precisely the smaller high-quality force of special capabilities.

If this particular issue in our defense is pursued at all seriously, we find that only a fully strategical appraisal can yield a valid answer. Beginning at the level of *national* strategy, one must proceed level by level to the intended theater strategies, to the operational methods that are envisaged (do we fight the enemy in air combat, or do we attack the enemy's air power at its source, by attacking his airfields?), all the way down to the tactics of specific forces in particular situations. And the same, of course, is true of every other issue of significance, from the proper role of the Marine Corps to the proportion of our defense budgets that should be spent on intercontinental nuclear weapons.

THIS leads us to the third and most compelling reason for ignoring the politicians who campaign against "waste, fraud, and mismanagement." For there is indeed something wrong with our defense policy and with the workings of our armed forces, and what is wrong is very serious indeed. But far from being a failure to hunt out irregularities and waste, it is the very opposite. The obsessive attention now being devoted to micro-management is the root cause of an evil far greater than any marginal inefficiency or any thievery could possibly be. For it leads to the neglect of strategy, of the operational art of war, and of tactics. Our civilian defense leaders and our senior officers alike are systematically distracted from the pursuit that should be their dominant business by a wrong-headed quest for paper efficiencies and marginal savings.

Since too many of our military leaders share the national passion for technology and delude themselves that there is a "technical fix" for every tactical problem; since social pressures have forced the officer corps into a civilian mold, with the prescribed model being that of the bureaucrat-in-uniform; since antique fears have prevented the formation of a "general staff" dedicated to the serious planning and study of war; and since it remains the national illusion that smart lawyers and problem-solving pragmatism can do anything, circumstances are in any case most unfavorable for the serious pursuit of strategy. But it is the compulsion exercised upon the whole defense structure in the name of efficiency that finally strangles what potential there is for the pursuit of strategic wisdom, operational ingenuity, and tactical art.

Was it more important that the French before 1940 save 10 percent in building the fortifications of the Maginot Line, or would it have been more useful to consider—at the level of national strategy—whether a defensive orientation for the French army was compatible with a policy of alliance with the small powers around Germany—countries which would need the active protection of an offensive French army to protect France in turn? Was it more important to make sure that the most cost-effective of all guns were chosen for the forts of the line, or would it have been more productive—at the operational level—to consider what Panzer divisions, i.e., small groups of tanks spearheading truck columns, could do to French defenses if they found a gap to penetrate in depth? Was it more important that some Monsieur Dupont or other not steal a few bags of cement from the depot, or would it have been more fruitful to study—at the level of tactics—the problem of antitank defense, and to discover perhaps that antitank guns will destroy single tanks but will not defeat tank *forces* (the illusion of the 1930's) any more than the antitank missile can do so now (the illusion of the 1980's, and just as widely shared)?

Similarly, is our taxpayer better served by a saving of a few million dollars in the purchase of a particular kind of helicopter for the Marine Corps, or would the citizen in him benefit more from the development of an up-to-date operational method for the employment of our intervention forces as a whole? If so, perhaps we might win the next encounter, instead of staging a large-scale repetition of the Iran hostage-rescue attempt ("Desert One") with the Rapid Deployment Force. And so one could go on, in example after example, since the domination of micro-management is pervasive, and pervasively debilitating.

AN OBJECTION will undoubtedly arise at this point. Why should proper bookkeeping detract from strategy? Why should the necessary management of our budget preclude the study of the different operational methods to be used in war? And why, finally, should the praiseworthy effort to minimize fraud interfere with the development of good tactics? After all, junior officials, clerks, accountants, bookkeepers, and investigators should take care of that sort of work, leaving all the higher civilian officials and the senior military officers free to attend to the strategical purpose of our forces and weapons.

Those who are spared from the knowledge of

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the real conditions under which the Department of Defense must operate, will find this objection compellingly plausible. From those who know better, it will evoke sardonic laughter or pleasurable fantasy. For the sad truth is that the attention of the senior figures in the Pentagon is monopolized by the mass of detail of the budget-making process itself, which runs right through the year in a perpetual cycle.

Each year by late January the budget must be presented to both houses of Congress; then the most senior civilian officials and many military officers will have to justify each item in elaborate presentations and argue many points in detail before the two major committees of each house and numerous subcommittees, in a process that continues for months. To prepare that January budget, each service branch and defense agency must sort out its own priorities several months in advance, and then present its budget proposal for detailed review again and again, before a multiplicity of internal authorities culminating in the Secretary of Defense himself. For each item requested, fully detailed justifications have to be prepared complete with the cost figures, the fullest possible exploration of all other possible alternatives, and detailed evaluations of the performance expected from whatever is being bought—and these justifications must themselves be reconciled and amended step by step going up from the branch or department level to the service or agency level, and then through the scrutiny of the Pentagon's "systems analysts," engineers, comptrollers, and lawyers. As this process unfolds, the Secretary of Defense, his deputy, and their staffs will be called upon to intervene at various levels before presiding formally over the final decision—when each major item must be reviewed once again if internal disagreements persist, as they often do.

Since Congress will eventually examine each line of the budget in great detail with its own very large staff of experts, lawyers, analysts, and accountants (with major items being further investigated by the General Accounting Office, the Congressional Budget Office, and even the Office of Technology Assessment), there is a most powerful pressure on the Pentagon to pursue efficiency, and to minimize "waste, fraud, and mismanagement" by the most minute scrutiny of every single item.

Congressional oversight there must be, but as it now operates, Congress offers no rewards whatever for tactical or operational innovation or for the development of a better strategy, while it penalizes most severely any error in micro-management. By the logic of the situation, and also because of the personal inclination of most Congressmen and their staffs, the whole focus of the review to which the Pentagon's budget is subjected in the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees of each house (and their numerous subcommittees) is on the cost-accounting and legal details rather than on the purpose and meaning of our defense decisions. Five minutes of desultory conversation on the role of destroyer-sized warships in the present era of seapower may be followed by hundreds of hours of discussion on the merits of purchasing some weapon or other that is to be aboard a particular class of destroyers.

It is the great peculiarity of strategy that its issues can only be understood as a whole, that is, when matters are viewed in the broadest possible perspective—even if thereby the lesser detail is overlooked. But the nice young men and women who fill the greatly enlarged committee and personal staffs are not strategists, and they have found employment for themselves in arguing chosen points in minute detail and in trying to impose their own pet ideas, so that the Pentagon's senior officials, military officers, and civilian experts must be in attendance at hearings that go on for weeks on end, and sometimes for months. Even so, the Pentagon's decisions are not infrequently rejected, with staffs imposing their own judgments even in matters exceedingly technical.* Inevitably, the knowledge that all these courts are waiting to judge its work affects the Pentagon most profoundly, and indeed it has been the decisive impulse in the gradual absorption of all energies in the budget-making routine itself.

THE Pentagon's priorities are certainly "distorted," then, just as the critics claim, but not in favor of waging war, preferably nuclear, at the slightest excuse. They are distorted rather in favor of micro-management for the sake of civilian efficiency, as opposed to military effectiveness—a thing altogether different. The great irony is that the defense establishment is under constant pressure to maximize efficiency, and that its own leaders earnestly believe in that goal, when all along they ought to be striving to achieve military effectiveness, a condition usually associated with the deliberate acceptance of inefficiency.

Consider the divergence between efficiency and effectiveness in the employment of military manpower. Efficiency dictates that each individual should serve where his individual skills are most productive. Thus, for example, if we discover three gunners too many in one tank battalion and a shortage of the same kind of gunner in another battalion, we should promptly reassign the three men to the latter. Similarly, if we discover that one company is somewhat over-strength while another is short of men, we should immediately move the bodies around from one to the other to achieve efficiency. Then, too, one-soldier efficiency calls for the frequent removal of men from their units to attend skill-enhancing courses of all kinds. As for the reserves, efficiency prescribes that men be kept

* E.g., for Fiscal 1982 the House Appropriations Committee recommended *inter alia* that the Air Force not proceed with parts replacement for the J57 engine for the KC-135 tanker; instead it proposed that JT3D engines be purchased until GE/SNECMA CM56 engines become available.

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in reinforcement "pools" for individual assignment.

But an army's companies and battalions are not production units. Their goal is not to make the most efficient use of their equipment but rather to fight—and men will not fight unless they are motivated in combat by the cohesion built up through the slow growth of comradeship and small-group solidarity. Military effectiveness therefore requires us to tolerate all manner of inefficiencies in order to keep the men together for as long as possible.

All who know anything at all about the essential nature of warfare will know that much; and indeed the vital necessity of achieving cohesion by forming fighting men into stable and intimate groups was already old hat by the time of the Romans—and was even given actual statistical proof more than a generation ago. But our "manpower managers" do not seem to know this, even though they are serving officers. Their pursuit of one-soldier efficiency (along with short volunteer enlistments and too many course assignments) has been keeping our forces in a crippling state of turbulence, which means that our soldiers are condemned to live among shifting bands of strangers—an environment that alienates, and which positively encourages violence and outright crime. Moreover, training becomes repetitive and boring for those few who do serve longer in a unit, since the same routines have to be practiced over and again every few months, to train the influx of new arrivals. In combat the price to be paid must be much higher.*

Quite recently, the Chief of Staff of the Army, General E. C. Meyer, reinvented this particular wheel, and has instituted daring new practices whose aim is to keep soldiers together for longer, in units that would be more stable—not without encountering much resistance from those who decry the inefficiency that will inevitably result.

The conflict between civilian efficiency and military effectiveness is so pervasive that it even applies to defense production where, one would think, efficiency should indeed be the only true guide. But consider a common case. Two firms are competing for a weapon-production contract on the usual basis, that is, cost plus fee. One firm is highly efficient: its floor-space is just about the right size, and all its machine tools will be fully utilized by working three shifts around the clock. The second firm is just as obviously inefficient: it is burdened by excessive capacity and it would work only one shift on the expensive machinery. Under present efficiency criteria, the first company will undoubtedly get the contract. But what happens if we actually *need* the equipment, that is to say, if we find ourselves at war? Then, surely, we would wish that we had given the contract to the second, "inefficient" producer, keeping it in business, for the latter would have an inherent industrial-mobilization potential in all that extra floor space and underutilized machinery. As it is, the greatest weakness of our overefficient military-industrial complex is precisely that we lack the ability to expand production quickly enough to meet the needs of a war situation—and even in a very short war we would need to produce such things as torpedoes and tactical missiles, to reload all those expensive submarines, ships, and aircraft. At present our stocks are absurdly small,† and our industrial-mobilization potential is minimal.

But the crucial divergence between efficiency and effectiveness is most clearly manifest when we consider the central question of how the armed forces should be structured and equipped. Efficiency demands homogeneity and commonality, as opposed to what Congressmen would decry as wasteful diversity and duplication. Thus in the pursuit of mythical economies of scale and irrelevant efficiencies, our Air Force and Navy have repeatedly been pressed to accept a single standard fighter aircraft, even though the specific effectiveness of both the Air Force and Navy fighters would thereby be lost. In this one case, narrow-minded bureaucratic impulses have served us well (the "common" fighter yet remains to be seen), but the pursuit of standardization in combat units and in equipment has otherwise done much harm, by restricting our combat repertoires (we have no mountain infantry and no arctic infantry, although each is needed), and by depriving us of the safety against technical countermeasures that only a diversity of equipment can provide.

Compare, for example, our antiaircraft forces with those of the Soviet Union. We equip all our ground forces with only one type of antiaircraft gun, one type of shoulder-fired antiaircraft missile, and just one type of full-size missile, which is supposed to intercept enemy aircraft in a wide band of altitudes, from the very low to the medium-high. The Russians, by contrast, have a wide variety of antiaircraft guns and missiles, each specialized in some way or other, with the low-altitude SAM-7's, SAM-8's, SAM-9's and SAM-10's, the high-altitude SAM-2's and SAM-5's, and medium-altitude SAM-3's, SAM-4's, and SAM-6's.

* In Vietnam, a feckless military leadership was content to treat the fighting units as mere organizational aggregates filled by an endlessly rotating flow of individuals each serving his own twelve months—so that our soldiers were asked to fight and die among strangers. Considering this atrocious practice, what is amazing is that the troops fought at all, not that there were some desertions or acts of violent indiscipline. In the Iranian rescue attempt the fundamental error was willfully repeated. In that parody of a commando operation, men of four different services were involved (Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps)—when serious planners would have hesitated greatly before even mixing the men of two different companies from the same battalion.

† In 1973 the Israelis seeking emergency resupply could not believe how little we had in hand. Since then, underestimated budgets have continued to be balanced during the fiscal year by cuts in the purchase of ordnance and ammunition, and our stocks of such "consumables" remain very small.

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Our efficiency-oriented defense establishment, which has been spending vast sums for a decade to develop a truly optimal, all-purpose missile ("Patriot"), would recoil in horror before such wasteful diversity, and our congressional committees would never for a moment tolerate the gross inefficiency of all those different weapons and launchers, each of which requires its own expensive stock of spare parts and its own costly training and maintenance provisions.

But now consider not peacetime efficiency but rather effectiveness in combat. The Russian pilot who has to cope with our one missile may save himself if he has the right package of radar countermeasures, or else if he can fly too low for its specifications, or too high. But the American pilot is faced by a bewildering variety of weapons and has little chance indeed of evading them all. Even with the best of countermeasures he is not safe, since there are just too many different radar devices working against him; and some of the Russian missiles are guided by heat-seeking sensors, or even by plain visual guidance. And neither can the American pilot hope to fly high enough or low enough to evade the whole array of weapons, since with such diversity the Russians can have a missile specialized for very high altitudes, as well as shoulder-fired SAM-7's, various cannon, and a vast number of simple antiaircraft machine guns, which threaten even the pilot who dares to fly at treetop height.

Bookkeeping is one thing and strategy another—and we have too much of one and too little of the other. For example, "interservice rivalries" have given us three quite different aircraft for the close air-support role: the Army's attack helicopter, the Air Force's A-10 (grossly overdesigned but still useful), and the Marine's vertical takeoff Harrier. Instead of appreciating the value of this diversity for different terrains and different enemies, many in Congress are campaigning against the "wasteful duplication" of the three aircraft.

One could go on in this vein, but it should by now be obvious that the contradiction between civilian efficiency and military effectiveness is truly fundamental. The former belongs to the world of cooperative and constructive things, and is guided by the pursuit of optimality under benign assumptions (design a car that will work off the road, at extreme heights and in extreme weathers, and whatever else it may do it will not be fuel-efficient). The latter, by contrast, belongs to the world of conflict, where things must work under great stress (to go from A to B is easy enough, until one must do so under fire), and where above all there is an active will systematically seeking to undo all that one tries to achieve.

It is only when we fully recognize this central fact that the enormity of the defect built into our system of defense can be recognized. Under the pressure of a vast congregation of external agencies, of which Congress itself is only the most important; and under the internal pressure of civilian officials who know not war and think that it is reducible to economics, as well as of "demilitarized" military men who have lost sight of the essentials of their profession, our Defense Department and the armed forces themselves are not merely distracted from the large issues of strategy by the petty questions of micro-management, but they are in addition directed to pursue the wrong goal, namely, civilian efficiency. It is not surprising to find, therefore, that the best of our forces are precisely those which are most obdurately traditional and least "intellectual" (such as the Marine Corps in general and parts of the Army). For they have been the least affected by those pressures, and by the advent of "systems analysis," which in effect institutionalizes the fatal displacement of war-effectiveness by mere efficiency. In the meantime, while so much attention is given to the 5 percent or 10 percent that efficiency issues define (and that wrongly), the core questions that only strategy can answer continue to be neglected—and they of course determine the utility of our entire effort.

· II

One need not at this late stage belabor the poverty of our strategy—which after all reflects our beneficial national emphasis on individualism and welfare. Nor can we repudiate our preference for one-thing-at-a-time pragmatism, which indeed works so well for us in most areas of life, with strategy being almost alone in requiring the contrary method. But even if our nation is too constructive to be greatly strategical, even if we are too happy and too safe to devote earnest attention to the uses of force in peace and in war, there is a minimum of strategic competence that we must attain, and unfortunately we have not achieved even that for a long time.

It is, for example, amazing to contemplate the fact that we have not managed to frame a naval strategy worthy of the name now that the Soviet Union is actively challenging our ability to use the oceans in the event of war. In the pronouncements of our naval leaders one finds, to be sure, the odd reference to Mahan's works and to his central theory—fittingly enough a theory long ago refuted. One finds also the frequent reiteration of the obvious: that sea transport remains indispensable for the United States since the American continent is bounded by wide oceans, while air transport can only carry small quantities (the entire 1973 airlift to Israel delivered less than one fair-sized ship could have done). But after that, what passes for "strategy" comes to an end, and there are only long lists of *desiderata* in the way of men and machines.

None of this can tell us what we urgently need to know: how can the United States recover that genuine naval supremacy which is one of the premises of our entire world policy? Since our

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chief antagonist on the planet happens to be lodged in the core of Eurasia, and does not strictly need to use the oceans while we must cross them to protect our vital interests, it is a true, outright supremacy that we need: anything less would mean defeat.

But we cannot hope to regain our naval power just by building ships. It is so much easier to deny the use of the sea than to assure safe passage that for each unit of resources the Soviet Navy spends we might have to spend ten or more. It is only by strategy that the unfavorable exchange can be avoided—just as the British so successfully did. Since our naval personalities are fond of evoking the memory of Britain's once decisive naval supremacy, they might usefully begin to learn its real lessons. What Mahan celebrated in his well-wrought prose was not the true mechanism that made Britain supreme at sea but merely its visible result—a superior fleet. Submarines aside, the superior force of battleships could indeed, by definition, keep the enemy's battleships impotent in port or sink them if they ventured out. Thus the enemy's cruisers could not challenge British cruisers for fear of the battleships. And the cruisers could in turn keep the enemy's destroyers from operating, so that finally a few British destroyers actually at sea would easily suffice to impose a stringent blockade on the enemy, even while Britain's own oceanic traffic would continue unmolested.

Until the advent of the submarine, the architecture of naval power that Mahan described was valid, and his work was useful insofar as it explained clearly why the handful of big battleships would actually make all the difference even if they remained in port, totally inactive throughout a conflict. But Mahan missed the fundamental point. How did Britain acquire its superior battle fleet in the first place? Certainly it was not by an economic superiority, for otherwise the era of British naval supremacy would have lasted a mere fraction of its long span, those few years when their early progress in the industrial revolution could actually have allowed the British to outbuild any European coalition ranged against them.

The true source of British naval supremacy, which Mahan missed, holds a lesson that is still valid for us. It was the statecraft that kept the major powers of Europe divided into hostile camps which made Britain supreme at sea, because the high cost of the Europeans' large armies precluded the building of powerful navies too. It was the ceaseless effort of diplomacy, the subsidies, the small but disruptive interventions, the bribes —and the willingness to change sides if their own allies became too powerful—that made the British so powerful at sea, and not the mere building of ships. (There was also a further and long-lived triumph of public relations in the successful advertisement of this policy as the "maintenance of the balance of power"—a phrase with benign connotations of parity and fairness which usefully disguised a policy that amounted to the stimulation of perpetual conflict.)

NEEDLESS to say, we cannot directly copy the British method, for neither our NATO allies nor the Chinese (let alone the Japanese) will seriously challenge the Russians on land and in the air to the point where they would have to restrict drastically their naval expenditures to pay for all else. But there is an alternative in our own domain, upon which a serious naval strategy might be soundly based.

Ever since 1945 the understandable Russian emphasis on the protection of the homeland from air attack has been manifest in the willingness to allocate huge resources for strategic air defenses. Our bomber forces of the 1940's, 50's, and 60's were not cheap for us, but it is safe to estimate that for every dollar of resources that went into those forces the Russians spent four or five times as much, for thousands of fighter-interceptors, elaborate radar networks spanning perimeters of thousands of miles, more than 12,000 antiaircraft missiles, and countless guns. But from the mid-1960's our bomber force has continued to decline in numbers, and in 1972, through the ABM treaty, we ourselves precluded a most useful drain on Russian resources. In the futile attempt to build defenses against ballistic missiles, the Russians would undoubtedly have spent vast resources which have gone instead into forces much more threatening to us, and notably their Navy. Acting in a fashion wholly unstrategical, we pursued for two decades the mirage of "strategic parity," losing in the process the very great reciprocal force-building advantage that the Russian propensity to defend their airspace was giving us.

Now that we are building a new bomber at long last, as well as developing the yet more advanced "stealth" aircraft, and also deploying large numbers of cruise missiles, we have an excellent opportunity to rekindle the Russian interest in strategic air defenses—although it is only the abrogation of the ABM treaty that would give us the more powerful benefit of diverting really huge Russian resources into ballistic-missile defenses.

Since even for a Soviet Union that has finally become a military empire there are limits on the proportion of total resources that can be allocated to the armed forces; since the Soviet economy no longer grows at all rapidly; and since strategic defense has the highest priority while the Soviet Navy must have the lowest, there is every reason to believe that an energetic build-up in our own strategic-offensive forces would result in a sharp decline in the resources given over to the Soviet Navy.

What this means for our naval strategy is obvious enough. The key to the restoration of our supremacy is not to outbuild the Russians but to force them to build less altogether, since we must

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now spend several dollars for every dollar-equivalent spent on the Soviet Navy (whose role of sea-denial is naturally much easier than our role of sea control), while, on the other hand, every dollar spent on bombers and strategic missiles is likely to take away several dollar-equivalents of resources from the Soviet Navy.

Again, it is no accident that the appearance of substantially more ambitious and costly ships in the Soviet Navy (such as the *Kiev* aircraft carriers, the *Kirov* nuclear-powered cruiser, and the huge *Oscar* cruise-missile submarine) followed, with the usual ten-year building lags, our own disastrous renunciation of the competition in strategic-nuclear weapons—the one area of armaments where we have an inherent comparative advantage. And if we now want to recover that naval supremacy which remains indispensable, we have no other way to follow than the British scheme in a modern guise. But that is not the strategy we are offered; there is instead a call for a "600-ship Navy" on the grounds that our present "460-ship" Navy does not suffice. There is no doubt whatever that we need more ships, but to ask for numbers in so vapid a fashion only invites the still more vapid suggestion that we mass-produce large numbers of small ships. That would indeed be appropriate if our purpose were to defend our coasts or even shipping at sea. But it is not by small ships that our naval supremacy can be restored; it is only by forces so clearly dominant that they do not have to defend at all—and that is something that only a reciprocal strategy can achieve.

Those who know our Navy and are familiar with its relentlessly institutional outlook may regard with amusement the implied prescription that our naval leaders should themselves proclaim a strategy under which bombers and strategic missiles would have first priority—if need be at the expense of their very own ships. One may likewise doubt that the admirals of the Royal Navy in its great days ever understood why the Crown's ministers were so generous in offering British gold to foreign kings or even Spanish peasants in revolt, while being so miserly in outfitting their own ships. But then the Way of Strategy is not given to all—and certainly not to those who would approach its truths from the perspective of a narrow-minded bureaucratic interest.

Now that the United States faces a strategic predicament of unprecedented difficulty, partly because of the pervasive effect of our loss of nuclear superiority, and partly because the Soviet Union has leapfrogged the boundaries of containment with its array of long-range intervention forces, and client troops, and with its outposts of aggression in Cuba, South Yemen, Vietnam, and Angola, the time has finally come when we can no longer get by unless we can devise truly strategical solutions, not only for our naval problem but for all our most pressing security problems. The simple, straightforward "logistic" approach followed since 1941, whereby all threats were to be defeated by mustering a sheer superiority in matériel and firepower, can only now guarantee defeat in the face of an opponent that can outgun us in all areas of the world adjacent to its territory.

In the Persian Gulf, for example, the full consequences of being greatly outnumbered are now upon us. By conservative estimates, the Soviet Union could employ twenty-five divisions in a move to the sea across Iran. Assuming ample warning,* we could respond with a maximum of four divisions. It will be understood, of course, that the reality of Soviet intentions, whatever that may be, is scarcely relevant. Our problem would remain even if it could somehow be shown that not one member of the Politburo has ever suggested any move against the Gulf. For unless we can credibly counter the potential threat, it can all too easily become actual. And should the Soviet Union reach the Gulf it would *ipso facto* obtain control over the flow of oil from Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, and the rest. Those countries are not our allies but only our clients, and just as they look to us for protection now, they would promptly offer their clientship to the Russians, if Soviet power advanced to their doorstep across Iran uncontested by us. Since most nations in Western Europe, as well as Japan, Korea, and Taiwan, cannot do without the oil of Arabia, there would be little point in defending the security perimeters of Europe and East Asia if the Soviet Union were allowed to gain effective control over their oil supplies. In other words, the entire structure of Western security would be subverted by the extension of Soviet power to the Persian Gulf.

In such circumstances, it is essential that we insure that the region is well protected, and we certainly cannot risk our great stake on the presumption that for some reason or other the Soviet Union will refrain from doing what it could now do so easily. To be sure, some insist that the Russians will do nothing in Iran because they already have their hands full in Afghanistan. But one statistic suffices to demolish that theory, with its implied comparison between our own ruinous war in Vietnam and the leisurely imperial pacification now unfolding in Afghanistan: the ground forces now in Afghanistan amount to *2 percent* of the Soviet total.

In the event of a Soviet invasion of Iran, the obvious and necessary American response would be to establish coastal lodgements on the Iranian shore of the Gulf, with a forward shield in the long chain of Zagros mountains beyond the coast.

* Which would only be forthcoming if the Soviet Army chose to recall reservists to fill the ranks of the divisions already deployed nearby, as opposed to leading the advance with full-strength divisions brought in from elsewhere.

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But how can we make such a move with any confidence when our maximum of four divisions would have to face an offensive of twenty-five?

Characteristically, there is nothing new about this imbalance of forces. Given the geographic advantage of the Soviet Union and its long-standing possession of an army much larger than our own, the ratio of forces would have been just as adverse ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. The great difference, however, is that we cannot any longer seriously rely on nuclear deterrence—which in the past would alone have sufficed to make a Soviet invasion unthinkable. Moreover, we have lost the further advantages of an uncontested naval supremacy and of a crushing air superiority—which we would certainly have had ten, twenty, and thirty years ago.

True, our surface naval force could still clear the seas of any Soviet forces afloat (thanks to the much-criticized large aircraft carriers). But the Navy's ability to help out on land by giving air support is now prejudiced by the threat of missile attacks launched from Soviet long-range aircraft, and even more by the Soviet submarine fleet—these twin threats making all combat deployment in the region hazardous, and prohibitively so within the Gulf itself. Similarly, our first-line Air Force fighters still retain a wide margin of advantage in air combat, and given adequate bases nearby they could keep Soviet fighter-bombers from harming our ground troops. But again our airpower could not provide prompt, positive help for the ground battle because of the great strength of the Soviet antiaircraft units that would accompany each army formation. Our own ground forces have traditionally relied on powerful air support to make brute-force firepower tactics work, but in fighting the Soviet Army little of it would be forthcoming—unless and until the Soviet air defenses were first suppressed in a preliminary campaign.

Some will argue that we need not worry any further about the imbalance of forces and the resulting strategic and tactical problems. Any combat with the Soviet Army, some will say, would very quickly turn into a nuclear war, eventually intercontinental with weapons launched homeland-to-homeland until terminal destruction.

It is odd that those who dismiss the need to confront this and many other military problems by evoking the inevitability of a global nuclear war if any conflict occurs at all, still think of themselves as fervent advocates of peace and humanity. For in refusing to sanction an adequate effort in conventional defense they are in effect advocating our own immediate resort to nuclear weapons—which may indeed put us on the path to mass destruction.

Then there are those who believe—or affect to believe—that we need not prepare seriously for non-nuclear war with the Russians because they themselves would begin using nuclear weapons right away. It is certainly true that Soviet forces include nuclear weapons down to rather low echelons. But if it were their intention to fight us by tactical nuclear weapons from the very outset of a war, why do the Russians make the vast effort of updating and expanding their conventional forces?

The strategy that one may properly infer from the current pattern of Soviet force-building does not suggest an "all-nuclear" war scheme but precisely the opposite: the increasingly powerful intercontinental nuclear weapons of the Soviet Union are meant primarily to inhibit any use of our own. Similarly the greatly enhanced theater and tactical nuclear weapons are intended to deny us any resort to those weapons in protecting interests overseas. And finally, the Soviet Union's superior ground forces are to fight and win without having to rely on nuclear weapons themselves, while we for our part can no longer defeat them by air power or appeal to the "higher court" of nuclear weapons. Only this aim can explain the rapid (and very costly) upgrading of the Soviet conventional forces with much new equipment in a broad armament effort which has accompanied the equally impressive build-up in nuclear weaponry.*

These circumstances obviously call for a novel approach to the whole problem of defending Arabia and the Gulf. Since a conventional U.S.-style deployment of Army and Marine divisions would merely guarantee our eventual defeat by the sheer weight of numbers, we must either develop a novel theater-defense strategy based on drastically revised tactics, or else we must seek some indirect alternative, such as a naval offensive that would altogether remove the contest from a part of the world where the Soviet Union has the great advantage of a direct territorial contiguity.

Either solution calls for much concerted strategic thought and operational planning by senior civilian officials and military officers working in concert. For if one starts with the present tactical repertoire and takes it as the only possible set of tactics, it is impossible to construct a plausible strategy for a land defense. But on the other hand, the military hierarchy will not offer alternative tactics (such as, for example, a light-infantry mountain defense) unless a strategy is first formulated that demands those very tactics.

Conversely, for an indirect naval response (for which the desired tactical repertoire is already in place) it is the strategy of the option that must be fully explored in all ramifications, including for example the response of our allies. How would

* In the last ten years alone, we have seen the introduction of a whole new array of armored vehicles, the very expensive conversion of much Soviet artillery from classic towed pieces to self-propelled weapons, and the substantial (and especially costly) upgrading of antiaircraft forces already very strong. In the air, the mass of cheap day fighters of the 1960's has been replaced by much more capable aircraft with considerable offensive potential.

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they react to a defense of their oil supplies, if it required us to launch a *worldwide* attack on Soviet naval power?

Perhaps such solutions are feasible and desirable and perhaps they are not. But we must find some solution, and that will not happen until we can go beyond the minutiae of micro-management to focus instead on the intricate dialogue between strategy and tactics. It so happens we do have some excellent tacticians in the Army's Training and Doctrine command, but their novel ideas will not be employed in our plans until that dialogue can uncover the new strategies which tactical innovation makes possible.

IN THEORY we already have an institution dedicated entirely to such thinking and planning, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and their multiservice "joint" staff. But this organization embodies all the proclivities that one finds in an alliance of nations, whereby the severe choices that strategy imposes must always be compromised to accommodate a divergence of service interests. Officers detached for a tour in the joint staff from their parent service are under great pressure to take care of service interests in their work. After all, their career and promotion depend not on what they do for the Joint Chiefs, but what their own service thinks of them. Since every plan has some budgetary implications, since every force-decision and command arrangement will affect the bureaucratic interests of each service, obsessive attention is given to the allocation of fair shares for all. This is ruinous for our strategy. It precludes hard choices and all one-service solutions, even when these are most obviously needed.

Thus, for example, there is no reason why the Rapid Deployment Force should consist of units drawn from all four services under a multiservice command, with all the different layers of authority and all the complications thereby entailed—when in fact the Marine Corps alone could do the job, with other service elements attached if required, but under Marine command. That would greatly simplify the conduct of war operations, but it would also of course deprive the Army, Air Force, and Navy of a high-visibility and budget-enhancing role (and of numerous billets for generals and admirals). The "joint" system could never sanction such a thing: regardless of the patriotism of its members, the *institutional* purpose is not to plan for victory but rather to reconcile interservice rivalries—at any price.

The natural consequence of doing things "jointly" is to degrade everything to the lowest common denominator, for a meeting ground of diverse and competing institutions is no place for subtle strategic discourse or operational originality or tactical innovation. Worse, the "joint" system leads to the outright perversion of military plans and operations to accommodate divergent service interests. In this respect, the Iranian rescue attempt was the very model of what we can expect from the "joint" way of doing things: service interests were very fully safeguarded (only the Coast Guard went unrepresented in the gathering at Desert One), with each being present for its share of eventual glory; there was a luxurious abundance of commanders and command echelons, all set to argue with one another as unplanned events called for decisions; there was plentiful variety in such things as communication procedures, so that the Navy helicopters were under strict radio silence (some talk would have greatly helped in the sandstorm) while the Air Force crews chatted away; and finally the plan itself with its rare combination of unimaginative complexities could only have been formulated by the classic committee, its unique achievement being the violation of every single principle evolved in forty years of commando operations. The different services must of course be coordinated in some way; but there is a perfectly good alternative to the disastrous institution that civilians have built for our forces: it is called a General Staff,* and it works.

III

THE poverty of our strategy is not, however, entirely unrelieved. Quite recently, the much-publicized decision on the MX intercontinental ballistic missile demonstrated how much can be gained when the relentless progression of bureaucratic decision is interrupted and reversed by solid strategic thinking.

In January 1981, when the new administration arrived on the scene, the engineering bureaucracy in the Air Force and their colleagues in the Defense Research and Engineering Undersecretariat and, of course, the senior Air Force commanders and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs (an Air Force general) were all set to start the so-called "race-track" deployment scheme. Under this scheme each of 200 MX missiles was supposed to be provided with its very own ring-road in the desert, each road having 23 shelters among which the one missile could hide. This was the famous MX/MPS scheme chosen by Jimmy Carter. With a new administration known to be strongly "pro-defense" and whose leaders were also reputed to be inexpert, the engineers and bureaucrats and the Air Force chiefs were quite confident that the MX/MPS would be approved in short order.

Naturally the rumor had reached the Pentagon that President Reagan and his Defense Secretary, Caspar Weinberger, were less than euphoric over

* I.e., a body of officers who have risen high in their respective services to a given entry point; upon joining the General Staff, their future career is entirely within its own ranks and wholly independent of their services of origin. A sentimental affiliation will naturally remain, but soon enough the "non-service" General Staff would develop its own corporate spirit, and thus a substantial independence from service particularism.

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the MX/MPS scheme, but it was assumed that those gentlemen would soon come around to the view that there really was no alternative. The scheme, to be sure, was rather expensive (estimates floated between $30 and $50 billion, both too low), and it did look rather absurd, with all those costly roads and shelters for only 200 actual missiles.*

But even if costly and very intrusive, the MX/MPS was *mechanically* sound. By moving about between the 22 shelters, each MX missile could be masked by 22 decoys at any one time, which meant that the Russians would need 4,600 accurate warheads on target to destroy the system—and indeed many more, to allow for malfunctioning warheads and those off course.

As far as the bureaucracy was concerned, there was no other way of preserving the American land-based ballistic missile force, with its special virtues of accuracy (as compared to submarine-launched missiles), promptness, and assured penetration (as compared to bombers), and ready controllability (submerged submarines are sometimes hard to reach, and their missiles cannot be retargeted as freely and reliably as in land-based forces). In sum, the bureaucratic process had offered up the MX/MPS and no other alternative was ready, so that an administration that proclaimed the urgency of closing the "window of vulnerability" would have only that one choice.

Actually the MX/MPS was the conjoint product of two great forces, each of which grew ever more powerful during the 1960's and 1970's, usurping the place of strategy itself. The first of these was the quest for arms control in the American style—that is, as an end in itself rather than as a tool of strategy. This great urge was propelled both by the internal pressure of the government's own arms-controllers (many of whom have dedicated their whole professional life to that pursuit) and even more by the external pressure of media and public opinion. Forever seduced by the alluring prospect of breaking the "mad momentum" of the "arms race"—as if it were some physical phenomenon and not the natural symptom of a competition between two systems of power and of values—the public remains insistent in its delusion, even while recognizing that there has been no "arms race" at all for many years, but only a one-sided Soviet military aggrandizement to which we have made a feeble and always belated response.

It was the imminent prospect of an arms-limitation treaty which would limit numbers that determined the size of the MX missile itself, making of it a large weapon with ten warheads, since only a "limited" number would be allowed. And similarly, it was the necessity for "verification" by satellite photography that shaped the specific features of the MPS deployment. In fact, that scheme was designed to cope with two separate Russians. The Good Russian, the sincere arms controller, had to be helped to identify each genuine MX missile, so that he could count them to insure our compliance with the treaty. But then there was the Bad Russian who would also want to identify each genuine MX missile, not to count them but rather to attack them with his own increasingly powerful missile warheads.

The MX missiles would thus have to be both visible and invisible, and the MPS scheme was an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable: first, by allowing the missile to move between the shelters—but only within a closed-loop road, whose entrance would eventually be blocked by a great mound of earth once the system was assembled; second, by providing 23 shelters and decoy missiles for 22 of them—but then also having a sliding roof for each shelter, so that with prior notification all the roofs could be slid back in one ring-road at a time, thus allowing the Good Russian to "verify" that each 23-shelter site did indeed contain only one true missile.

The other great force that shaped the MX/MPS scheme was the unguided engineering ambition that luxuriates in the absence of sustained strategical discipline, or the serious pursuit of the operational art of war. An Air Force that has abandoned strategy to civilian experts, and which at the senior level has only a pro-forma interest in tactical and operational matters, has naturally become a science-and-engineering organization, devoted to the increase of technical performance for its own sake. As the only long-range ballistic missile in the Air Force's keeping, the MX became the vehicle for all the various innovations that were found to be technically exciting over the years, from carbon-carbon fiber structures to all the latest refinements in propulsion and guidance.

The weapon thus produced by the perverse intercourse of arms controllers and engineers is naturally a very large missile, much too large to be moved about on normal roads by normal vehicles. Although usually described as "mobile," it is merely movable, and then only by means of a huge transporter of special design.

This shortcoming of the MX is of crucial importance because in the presence of a Soviet missile force powerful enough to destroy thousands of targets even if both small and well-protected (and notably our missile "silos"), the simplest response would be precisely to build small and truly mobile missiles. Technically unexciting, but also cheap and reliable, a one-warhead missile (the MX has ten warheads, each separately targetable) could easily be made small enough to be moved about freely by truck, rail, helicopter, or by the common run of transport aircraft as well as by barge, large boats, all ships, or for that matter converted ice-cream vans. Thus the protection of the weapon

* These missiles would have provided 2,000 separate warheads, in direct succession to the 2,100 warheads present on the 1,000 Minuteman missiles, now made vulnerable by the inexorable increase in the number of Soviet warheads, and their accuracy.

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by mobile concealment could be most easily and cheaply provided.

This path of development, however, was resolutely blocked by the arms controllers. Faithful to the pretense that the Russians would have to "verify" our missile force by satellite photography alone—as if they could not know just exactly how many missiles we were building by reading the *Congressional Record*, the technical or general press, or merely Pentagon news releases—the arms-control lobby insisted on having a large missile of classic form, which could *not* be hidden easily in the general flow of civilian traffic, or even moved about freely by ordinary military aircraft. And of course the engineering fraternity in the Air Force would have despised the notion of a missile that would be totally prosaic and entirely simple by the standards of such things (and also of course inefficient, since the ten warheads of the MX make it very "cost-effective"—until one faces the problem of deployment).

Finally, our senior military leaders also opposed the small missile. They recoiled before the public-relations problem of what they described as the "civilian interface," namely, the possibility of protests if nuclear missiles being moved about were involved in road accidents and so on. Since safety devices and arming restraints on our nuclear weapons are so highly reliable that the danger of a detonation is truly negligible, that should have been a manageable difficulty—given a willingness to confront the matter squarely and to educate the public (the very thing that we are now asking European leaders to do for the theater nuclear forces, which would also have to move about in civilian areas).

With the natural solution of small, truly mobile missiles thus long ago closed off, Caspar Weinberger and his advisers were offered the MX/MPS as their only choice, a scheme mechanically sound and bureaucratically desirable but also strategically disastrous.

First, the cost of the 200 ring-roads, 4,600 shelters, and 4,400 decoys would have absorbed a great part of all the added money that the administration could hope to provide to restore our entire military strength across the board. Secondly, the cost-overruns and scandals that 200 separate major construction projects would unfailingly entail would have brought that much nearer the day of the inevitable reaction against higher defense spending.*

But the MX/MPS also had a third defect so fundamental that it alone should have sufficed to condemn the scheme. The very first rule of strategy is to evade the major and special strengths of an enemy (and then seek to attack his weaknesses). Yet the MX/MPS would have done precisely the opposite, by erecting an array to stand directly in the path of the greatest Soviet strategic strength. By building the 4,600 shelters, we would have provided the very targets that best suit Soviet land-based ballistic missiles, which are in turn the most powerful element in their strategic-nuclear array.

At present, to be sure, the Soviet missile forces could not yet destroy all the 4,600 separate aiming points of the MPS. But as we know full well, once the rigid industrial structure of the Soviet Union is finally geared up, it does produce very effectively indeed. By starting work on the MX/MPS, we would therefore have invited the Russians to do what they do best: mass-produce weapons of established design. Having thus stacked the deck against ourselves, we were then supposed to cope with the threat by negotiating arms-control limits that would have kept the number of Soviet silo-killing warheads under the danger line—and that, of course, was precisely the great virtue of the MX in the eyes of some. It is often said that the advent of nuclear weapons has invalidated all the old wisdoms of war, but in this case, the most elementary of tactical principles would have served us well. In the presence of massed, accurate firepower, wide dispersal and free mobility are called for (i.e., many small missiles), and not the aggregation of valuable forces into a system of fixed targets.

Finally, the MX/MPS had the well-advertised defect of requiring large amounts of land (or rather several thousand small plots across vast areas). And this land would have been needed in a part of the country where the national defense is held in high regard—but where the preservation of the wilderness is equally valued.

Had Caspar Weinberger walked the path that the defense bureaucracy had marked out for him, and then settled down into the usual routine of micro-management, to seek marginal cost savings in the building of roads and shelters and to insure that no one would steal the odd bag of cement, the nation would have been provided with a solid if short-lived solution to the problem of Minuteman vulnerability. Our strength in land-based ballistic missiles would then have been reliably preserved, at least for several years—but only at ruinous cost. All our other military forces would have been deprived of funds greatly needed, and the loss would eventually have been compounded, since political support for defense in general would have been seriously eroded had the MX/MPS been built. The enormity of spending tens of billions of dollars for the housing of just 200 missiles, and the grotesquerie of all those roads and shelters (and sliding roofs) could not truly have been explained away by skillful public relations because the fundamental idea behind it all was it-

* We do have a clear record in such matters: the five-year surge of World War II, which was followed by a disastrously abrupt abandonment of effort; the three-year Korean-war upsurge, which might well have prevented that war had it come sooner; and the Kennedy build-up that was exhausted by 1964—more or less when the Russians began to build their strategic-nuclear forces in earnest.

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self strategically unsound. By adding strength in one narrow sector of capability while undermining our military strength across the board, the MX/MPS was in fact a sublime example of a weapon scheme that the engineer might find irresistible, but which the strategist must refuse.

In the circumstances the crucial move was to reject the MX/MPS, even if no fully satisfactory alternative could be found. The small missile certainly could not be available soon enough: it takes years to engineer such a weapon, even if based entirely on proven technology, while the time of danger is now upon us. As for the other genuine long-term solution, the provision of ballistic-missile defenses, it was ruled out by the 1972 ABM treaty—and even if that unwise agreement is to be repudiated, that could not be done abruptly and so early in the life of the new administration.

Hence the MX itself had to be built, for it was the only new land-based missile actually ready for production; but without the MPS, there was no fully plausible way of basing the new missile. Weinberger attracted much criticism and some ridicule by proposing a bundle of technically dubious solutions, from the super-hardening of missile silos, to the exploration of deep-hole basing, to the "big bird"—a long-endurance aircraft which could keep MX missiles safe from attack, on airborne alert.

None of these schemes was a known quantity, for none had been engineered and studied in detail. None was likely to be cheap, though of course any and all would have to be cheaper than the MPS. None perhaps was seriously meant, but in the meantime even if placed in vulnerable Minuteman silos, the MX would offer some residual strike-back capability. If fifty MX missiles were built, and no more than five would survive a Soviet attack, those five could still launch fifty warheads, and that alone would be a not insignificant force for retaliation.

Eventually, either the small missile or a silo-defense ABM will inevitably be accepted to preserve our land-based missile capability over the long term. But in the interim, Secretary Weinberger's makeshifts will do, just as in wartime the fight against German submarines was waged by converted fishing boats and improvised merchantship carriers, and not by the optimal antisubmarine vessels that the Navy might have desired, and which could not have been ready until long after the war.

Now that the predicament of weakness is upon us, now that we must finally pay the bill for the scientific mismanagement of the McNamara years, for all the bureaucratic follies of our armed forces in Vietnam, and for the carnival of self-hatred and elite irresponsibility that followed, we cannot assure our security by means of large defense budgets alone. Without them nothing can be done at all, but we also need a fundamental reappraisal of our strategy since our plans, our fossilized alliance arrangements, and the very structure of our armed forces are all based on outdated premises—and notably the implicit assumption of superiorities that we will not soon regain. New strategic solutions must therefore be found, and often they will only be suggested by new operational methods and new tactics—which only the active and persistent interest of our most senior officials can elicit.

But this great and urgent task cannot be accomplished unless the Congress in its wisdom drastically redirects its own attention, from the small issues to the large, from micro-management to strategy. The Constitution prescribes that Congress should manifest the will of the people in our defense policy as in all else, but surely the will of the people is more subverted than exercised when it is delegated to staff members who in turn seek to interfere in the most minute matters, upon which no body of electors could possibly hold any opinion at all. No great harm is done when a Congressman intervenes to protect constituency interests, but once the military base back home is well secured, once the contract for the needy producer is duly obtained, let the remaining time be given over to the broad issues that truly count, and not to the petty matters that Congress now belabors, thus compelling the Pentagon to do likewise.

What this republic badly needs in its defense establishment is the wisdom of strategy and certainly not better "management" or yet more "efficiency." That is why we must reject the suspect prescriptions of James Fallows and his ilk, who would launch us on a quest for cheap solutions to problems that admit none, and for more things to cut from the budget (that being the purpose all along). And that is why we must firmly resist those politicians who refuse to fund our greatly overdue rearmament even while proclaiming their new-found enthusiasm for a "strong America," and who resolve the contradiction between true opinion and public stance by claiming that it is the "fat" they want to cut.

If the price of a wise strategy, of better operational methods, and of more ingenious tactics is indeed the neglect of micro-management, then so be it. We would then have good reason to welcome a little more "waste, fraud, and mismanagement" in the Pentagon.

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Reform Judaism and the Bible

Robert Alter

JEWISH culture, it has often been remarked with considerable justice, is a peculiarly exegetical one. Though some notable efforts have been made over the centuries to systematize the ideas and values implicit in Judaism, it has been far more typical for Jews to articulate such ideas and values through textual commentary and often, indeed, through commentary on commentary.

This use of exegesis as a vehicle for the declaration of principles has been especially evident in the modern age, in which Jewish life has become so ideological in character. Thus, to cite a signal instance, a formative document of the Hebrew Enlightenment is the *Biur*, or commentary, on Moses Mendelssohn's German translation of the Bible. But the phenomenon is equally perceptible in the traditional exegetes, who differ sharply among themselves not only in method but in basic outlook. To mention just the three most prominent commentaries that typographically surround the text in the standard *Miqra'ot Gedolot* (Bible with traditional commentaries): Abraham Ibn Ezra's commentary represents a bold analytic enterprise of rationalist inquiry; Nachmanides articulates a much more conservative and mystical view of the tradition; Rashi beautifully synthesizes the homiletic insights of the early rabbis with a philological scrutiny of the text's plain sense.

The appearance, then, of a commentary on the Torah sponsored by the American Reform movement* is an event of considerable interest, not only for what new light it may throw on the biblical texts but also for what it reveals of the state of Reform Judaism a century after its classic American manifesto in the 1885 Pittsburgh Platform. The commentary is the work of seventeen years, originally undertaken together by Rabbi W. Gunther Plaut of Toronto and the late Rabbi Bernard J. Bamberger, a past president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the principal collaborators being aided by a large panel of advisers, most of them from the Reform movement. The completed volume is chiefly a Plaut product, Rabbi Bamberger having been responsible only for Leviticus.

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Before venturing any interpretive speculations, let me say that as an annotated text for synagogue and home use, *The Torah: A Modern Commentary* is a splendid achievement. For Jewish readers of the Bible, nothing like it exists in English or, indeed, in any language. The very organization of the volume testifies to the eminent good sense with which it has been put together with an eye to its practical use. Each of the five books of the Torah is introduced by an essay concisely establishing its historical context, literary structure, thematic and theological emphases, and other salient traits. Each of these introductions is followed by a brief essay written by William W. Hallo, the Yale cuneiform expert, on the sources, relevant parallels, and instructive analogies in other ancient Near Eastern literatures. Hallo's essays are models of wide learning and good judgment, two qualities that do not always come together so happily as here. Hallo scans the surrounding ancient literatures for everything from peculiarities of idiom to large literary structures that might illuminate the biblical text in question, but, free of the simplifications of the old *Bibel und Babel* scholars, he is admirable in his ability to use the comparative perspective mainly in order to define biblical uniqueness in historical context. Much the same could be said of the Plaut commentary, where considerable space is also devoted to ancient Near Eastern backgrounds and parallels, although this is not, as I shall explain, where the chief weight of emphasis lies.

After the introductions, each book of the Torah is divided into literary units of varying lengths, and each unit is set in perspective for the reader by a prefatory note of three or so paragraphs. The text itself then follows—the original Hebrew text, under that the new Jewish Publication Society translation, and under that, brief annotations, mostly confined to explicating unclear terms and references, noting word-play or other features of the Hebrew, or otherwise glossing the translation. After the section of text, there are two or three pages of more discursive commentary dealing with a wider range of issues, from purely historical ones through the applications in later Jewish tradition to the charged questions of the contemporary im-

* *The Torah: A Modern Commentary*, Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1,787 pp., $25.00.

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plications of the text. Finally, each section is completed by a page or two, entitled "Gleanings," of brief excerpts of reflections, both ancient and modern, on the text just studied. These excepts represent a wide variety of viewpoints, including even some Christian and Muslim materials, and ranging all the way from the Gaon of Vilna to A.J. Heschel and Thomas Mann, but, notably, the preponderance of excerpts is from midrashic sources. This abundance of guideposts and starting points for discussion is supplemented by graphic aids: maps showing the migrations of the Patriarchs, the various conjectured routes of the Exodus from Egypt, the expedition of the spies into Canaan; a diagram of the Tabernacle; a comparative chart of the poetic representations of the Twelve Tribes in Genesis 49, Deuteronomy 33, and Judges 5.

An extraordinary amount of thought, then, has been devoted to the formal organization of *The Torah: A Modern Commentary*, and I would voice only two reservations about it. Perhaps it would have been more fitting to have the book read from right to left, since that would have accorded nicely with the constant and commendable implication of the commentary that neither it nor the translation is a substitute for the original Hebrew, which remains primary. The Hebrew text, moreover, though handsomely printed, does not include the traditional trope-marking for cantillation, either for the Torah or for the accompanying selections from the Prophets. That seems to me regrettable, for there surely are a good many Reform synagogues where the texts are chanted in the traditional manner, and, indeed, one might hope that use of the volume would not be wholly restricted to Reform congregations.

QUITE naturally, the assumptions of modern biblical criticism underlie this entire treatment of the Torah, but they do not overwhelm it—as happens, for example, in some of the volumes of the Anchor Bible. Perhaps what most fundamentally distinguishes this new commentary from the outdated Hertz Pentateuch, the annotated Torah done by the late chief rabbi of England in the 30's and used in many Orthodox and Conservative synagogues, is the totally unapologetic sense here that analytic historical scholarship is in fact relevant, but also not primary, to a Jewish understanding of the Bible.

W. Gunther Plaut is remarkable for the judiciousness with which he handles the vast body of biblical criticism. He sensibly sorts out competing theories, nicely distinguishing between more and less plausible, being quite candid about what we do not really know and may never know, alerting the reader to textual problems without letting such problems finally intervene between reader and text. It seems appropriate that any non-fundamentalist modern reader should be directed, among other issues, toward those aspects of the biblical text that appear to be composite or even internally contradictory in nature, but the Plaut commentary never forgets that the Jews possess a received text which, whatever the intricate steps of its production, constitutes a significant unity in its own right. This observation on the Book of Deuteronomy is characteristic of the commentary throughout: "For a variety of traditions have here been brought together, and this amalgam forms in itself a fitting conclusion to the Torah as we now have it in its totality. For, though the whole book was the product of different times and sources, it became in the course of centuries one book, the repository of Israel's faith and of its struggle with and for God."

This last remark points directly toward the larger issues of the theology and the view of Jewish history and law implicit in the *The Torah: A Modern Commentary*. It is fortuitous in this regard that the commentary on Leviticus should be the work of another hand, for the late Rabbi Bamberger's contribution to the volume has the effect of providing within the book a detailed expression of the older Reform outlook from which the Plaut commentary in several respects departs. Since I will perhaps seem to overdraw the contrast, let me say that as an exegete, Rabbi Bamberger often exhibits virtues similar to Rabbi Plaut's, though I do not think he has quite the same sense of exegetical tact about what to comment on and when to stop commenting. What most marks him off from his collaborator, however, is the feeling of distance he frequently projects between himself as Reform commentator and the text, or often, the text as it is embedded in later Jewish practice and exegesis. Repeatedly, he speaks of the "Orthodox" point of view, even in regard to medieval settings where the term is an anachronism—Rabbi Plaut's preferred term is "traditional," which is not only more accurate in most contexts but has the great advantage of not designating an ideology or party conceived as the enemy camp.

The fact is that Rabbi Bamberger interprets his mandate in sectarian fashion, frequently bringing the Reform view on a particular practice into elaborate focus, with the assumption that it is the enlightened view, and at one point even quoting at length from the Pittsburgh Platform. He is enough of a contemporary to encourage his reader to avoid the more facile modern condescensions toward the ancient text, but at moments he also can be abrasively aggressive toward the text he is explicating, as when he insists so confidently on the ethical wrongness of the Levitical view of sin and punishment. Obviously, a non-Orthodox commentator cannot be expected to accept unquestioningly the timeless truth of every verse he discusses, but Rabbi Plaut, by contrast, is able to raise moral issues in our encounters as moderns with these ancient notions while preserving a certain reverence for the text, a respect for the complexity with which it engaged unfathomable problems in its own historical context.

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Finally, what often accompanies Rabbi Bamberger's stress on his standpoint as a Reform Jew is a homiletic insistence in the way he extracts from the text the meaning for modern man. (In this respect, his commentary provides a perfect Reform counterpoint to the Orthodox pulpit tones in the Hertz Pentateuch.) "Its message for our time," he says in characteristic style of the biblical Sabbatical Year, "rings out with clarity and power." Such emphases are suspect on two grounds —because the relationship between modern reality and biblical text is usually more multifarious and more ambiguous than they suggest, and because they interpose the moralizing modern rabbinical voice as mediator between the text and the lay reader. Fortunately, the Plaut commentary, on which I shall now concentrate, manages to be intellectually honest and sensitive about the possible contemporary relevance of the text without these touches of preacherly exhortation.

THE most striking feature of the Plaut commentary as a document of American Reform Judaism in the late 20th century is its refreshingly unsectarian character. Rabbi Plaut affirms in his preface that the work of the volume "reflects a liberal point of view," but there is a deliberate semantic slide from Liberal (capital L) as a synonym for Reform to liberal in the sense of undogmatic, empirical, intellectually open. (In Germany and England, it might be noted, Liberal was always the preferred term, except by the most radical Reform factions; in America, where the movement tended to swerve more sharply from tradition, Reform was for a long time the generally used designation.) In fact, the illustration of the volume's liberal character immediately offered in the preface is the discrepancy in outlook between the Bamberger Leviticus and the rest of the commentary. The volume is liberal, that is, in the sense that it does not represent a single orthodoxy (lower-case o), something that could also be said of the traditional *Miqra'ot Gedolot.*

Like Rabbi Bamberger, Rabbi Plaut does from time to time cite Reform practice and how it may differ from the biblical injunctions, but he rarely brings these sections so far into the foreground as his colleague does, and there is no clear implication that they represent the "correct" application of the Torah. On the contrary, the Plaut commentary tends to present instances of Reform practice as one option that Jews have taken—varieties of Orthodox and Conservative practice are also frequently cited—and that it behooves Jews to consider, whatever choices of observance they themselves make. There are even places in the commentary where certain of the more radical examples of Reform practice are presented entirely in the past tense—as though the author, perhaps unconsciously, were inviting us to see such sharp departures from tradition as instructive historical curiosities rather than as possible practical guides. The volume is properly entitled *A Modern Commentary,* for it addresses itself to all modern Jews except those who conceive the Torah in fundamentalist terms, and its most basic assumption is that the Torah is the prime possession of *klal yisrael,* of the whole variegated spectrum of the Jewish people.

Now, there was a time when the notion of Jewish peoplehood would have been anathema to Reform thinkers. The Pittsburgh Platform put it with uncompromising succinctness: "We consider ourselves no longer a nation, but a religious community." And as the members of a religious community, the framers of the Pittsburgh Platform hastened to add, they had no expectation whatever of a return to Zion. Half a century later, when the leaders of the Reform movement drew up a new set of principles in the Columbus Platform of 1937, significant shifts had occurred. There was now positive language about the virtues of Jewish group loyalty, and a new note of Zionist affirmation, in a vein associated with the theorist Ahad Ha'am (the importance of the Jewish settlement in Palestine was not only its function as a refuge but as a "center of Jewish culture and spiritual life"). In these respects, and in certain others which I shall try to indicate, the new commentary completes a process that was still in a transitional stage at the time of the Columbus Platform.

PEOPLEHOOD, or even nationhood, not just "group loyalty," is repeatedly and proudly affirmed in the commentary. "The covenant at Sinai," Rabbi Plaut writes, "became the permanent incursion of God into the lives of a nation that pledged its faith to Him. The Children of Israel did it then and, despite lapses of commitment and practice, have continued to acknowledge the binding nature of the compact." All the key terms of this formulation are antithetical to the thinking of classical Reform. God here is not an elevated ethical idea but a dynamic presence that effects an "incursion," and a permanent one, to boot, into the life of Israel. The central idea of covenant, which has had strong appeal for modern Orthodox and Conservative theologians as well, would have caused discomfort in bygone Pittsburgh and Columbus because, as the commentary here goes on to make clear, it implies binding commitment and it implies a nation as the party to the covenant with God.

The original Reform position, of course, was to distinguish between eternal verities, always ethical in character, that might be derived from the biblical text, and practical and ritual laws governing the ancient Jewish Commonwealth which could be readily discarded now that Jews were no longer a nation. Thus, the Pittsburgh Platform: "We accept as binding only its [the Mosaic legislation's] moral laws, and maintain only such ceremonies as elevate and sanctify our lives, but reject all such as are not adapted to the views and habits of modern

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civilization." By 1937, Reform leaders had become considerably less dismissive of Jewish law and ritual. The Columbus Platform affirms the Torah "both written and oral" and speaks of the importance of the Sabbath and the festivals, but it remains concessive toward the body of practice that Jewish tradition considered to be obligatory, allowing only "such customs, symbols, and ceremonies as possess inspirational value."

The Plaut commentary, no longer pretending to the dubious criterion of inspirational value, sees in the covenant at Sinai the compelling logic of a way of life that conforms with Halakhah, Jewish religious law. "For to Israel the Presence of the Word implied specific commands, laws that shaped its society then and thereafter. In biblical and post-biblical history, revelation meant divine command and covenant the existence of law." What it seems to me the new commentary is arguing for here and elsewhere is not so much the Halakhah as "halakhism," the need for Judaism to operate in some way as a legal system and not purely as a voluntary or "inspirational" arrangement. Rabbi Plaut speaks with great respect of the Halakhah, though he also notes that in recent centuries it has lost its resilience as an adaptive process. Reform Judaism, he concedes, generally broke with the Halakhah, but he observes hopefully that "There has also been a turn toward a greater incorporation of halakhic principles within the Reform movement, albeit on a basis that allows for individual decision within the framework of a *mitzvah* system."

Classical Reform sought to sever the connection between Judaism and law and peoplehood, and by so doing it also weakened the link between Judaism and history. For without the vehicle of peoplehood welded together with law, the Jewish role in history was reduced to the vague, implausible, and finally pseudo-historic mission of disseminating ethical monotheism among the nations. In polar contrast, the new commentary firmly puts back together the triad of people, law, and history. Thus Rabbi Plaut remarks on "I am the Lord your God, Who brought you out of Egypt": "The first commandment establishes at once that Israel's is a historical religion, anchored in the people's experience and validated by their free acceptance of the divine will. ["The people's experience," it might be observed, is a key phrase throughout the commentary.] It is a religion directed to the individual—note the singular *elohekha**—as part of a people in history."

As THE Torah itself repeatedly reminds us, a people needs a land in order to sustain itself, and the new commentary confronts the connection between ancient promises of the Land and the modern reclaiming of it in the most forthright unapologetic fashion. Abraham's purchase of the Machpelah burial ground from the Hittites is taken as an occasion to invoke the "dunam-by-dunam" policy of Zionist settlement, to stress the central place of the Land of Israel in Jewish aspirations, and to affirm the terrestrial, historical nature of Jewish faith: "Judaism has always been more than mere hope, or fulfillment postponed, and has always looked to some this-worldly expression of progress toward its long-range hopes." The Zionism that informs the commentary is, quite appropriately, a religious Zionism; and so in reflecting on the issue of Jewish singularity raised by the words of Balaam's prophecy, "A people that dwells apart," Rabbi Plaut envisages a more portentous national destiny than the realization of mere "normalization": "Yet both in Israel and in the Diaspora there remains the overwhelming conviction that political nationhood is only a device for security and survival and that the fate of the people of Israel in all their habitations is ultimately tied to the mysteries of a suprahistoric will."

The fact remains, of course, that the leading impulse of modern Zionism has been secular in character, often associated with an explicit rebellion against religious authority, and today religious Zionism is only one element—in some of its manifestations, a highly problematic element—of the Jewish national revival. Rabbi Plaut is keenly aware of this situation, and he is able as a religious Zionist to accommodate the secularists without condescension. It is one of the most crucial reflections of that sense of *klal yisrael*, of Jewish peoplehood, which undergirds the whole commentary, and it shows how far Reform Judaism has come from its restrictive definition of the Jews as members of a religious confession. Here is an exemplary instance, the concluding paragraph of the comment on the promise of the Land to Abraham in Genesis 13:

> In the course of centuries, and especially in modern times, many Jews came to feel that God's role no longer needed to be considered in their relationship to the land. They were satisfied that history had forged an indissoluble bond between land and people and that as homeland and as the cultural and political center of Jewry it remained the focus of the age-old dreams. Thus, religion and history became intertwined for Zion's children: believers and nonbelievers alike took the land to heart in their own way and made it the object of their hopes.

The key emphasis on the Torah as a record of the experience of the Jewish people provides a bridge of sorts between believer and nonbeliever. The Torah, as the commentary puts it at one point, is an authentic expression of "internal history"—the account of God's acts and wonders, His promises and commands, as they were seen and understood by the people of Israel, or by the leaders who shaped its consciousness. Until modern times, the overwhelming consensus of the

* In Hebrew characters in the original.

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people saw and understood and cherished what the founding generations had seen and understood, through the eyes of belief. Now there are many who believe in far less literal, more ambiguous ways. There are many others still who can no longer honestly affirm any version of the old beliefs. But neither group is obliged by the distance it has moved from the traditional religious outlook to renounce its sense of compelling connection with three millennia of Jewish experience. The commentary continuously assumes that the Torah, as the fountainhead of that experience, remains the special possession of the whole Jewish people, not only of those who believe it is the literal word of God.

There is a consequent double emphasis in the presentation of the Torah text here. It is firmly set in its original historical context as a document that reflects the concrete experience of the Israelite nation some three thousand years ago; and it is repeatedly seen overlaid by the fine laminations of subsequent commentary and practice—with pride of place accorded to the formative views of the early rabbis—because the commentary assumes that the Jewish people possesses the Torah by living in a constant, shifting dialectic relation with it.

I WOULD like to offer a final reflection on a possible link between the scrupulous effort of the commentary to restore the reality of the ancient setting and its central stress on peoplehood. The unembarrassed Zionism, the unsectarian affirmation of national existence and of the link between faith and political history, are all developments that had been immanently evolving within the Reform movement. Nevertheless, I am led to wonder whether such developments have not been reinforced and perhaps even accelerated in this remarkable exegetical project by the sharpened focus on ancient reality made possible through modern biblical research aided by burgeoning archeological inquiry.

The literal and figurative unearthing of fabled antiquity has clearly affected our relation as moderns to the past, our sense of historical time. No one has commented on this more brilliantly than Hugh Kenner in *The Pound Era,* where he notes the revolution in literary imagination brought about in part by the first flowering of modern archeology in the last decades of the 19th century and the early years of the 20th century. Until that point, Kenner observes, the general literary tendency had been to hold the past at a distance, representing it—for example, in the translation of Homer—in a conventionalized archaic literary English that kept the past under heavy glass, at a long remove from the contemporary world. Schliemann's digs at Troy, the discovery of the extraordinary cave drawings in southern France, and other archeological revelations of the early modern period, made such decorous distancing of the past increasingly difficult. A characteristic 19th-century sensibility, Kenner contends, was dissolved by "the growing awareness that since about 1870 men had held in their hands the actual objects Homer's sounding words name. A pin, a cup, which you can handle like a safety pin tends to resist being archaized." What resulted from this shock of discovery was a new sense of the present interpenetrated by different strata of the past, and, on a literary level, the collage-like techniques and the shuttling between times in the poetry of Eliot and Pound, the prose of Joyce.

There is something that puts one in mind of this analysis in the fine attention of the Plaut commentary to biblical weights and measures, implements and garments, architecture and geographical deployments. The Torah is now no longer seen by Reform as a repository of eternal ethical verities which are descried from afar and confidently discriminated from a hazy circumambience of "primitive" elements to be excluded from "the views and habits of modern civilization." Instead, there is a repeated effort to recover the concrete reality of Israelite life—material, verbal, and conceptual—in the 13th century B.C.E. and later. The monotheistic vision so conceived is not an edifying abstract idea but a binding compact carried into the treacherous medium of history by a living, quirky people with social institutions, material needs, and political as well as religious purposes.

It is a long road from the 19th-century ethical meliorism of classical Reform, with its sense that the formative past could be held at arm's length while wheat was separated from chaff, to this notion of the past stubbornly embedded in the present, challenging the present, inviting the present to imagine it in its complex vital density. With the publication of this commentary, American Reform Judaism has come fully of age, maintaining the independence of its own viewpoints but proffering an imagination of sacred text and national existence that invites the participation of all modern Jews.

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The Authentic Lionel Trilling

William Barrett

LIONEL TRILLING was a graceful man. I was reminded of the fact recently by happening upon an old publicity photograph that shows him bowling. I had never seen him bowl, and did not know that he indulged, but there in this unexpected setting the familiar and natural grace of the man seems to overflow the picture. For the public at large, this grace showed itself principally in his writing: he wrote possibly the best critical prose of his time—supple, flexible, fluent, yet firm. But the inherent gracefulness of the man came out also in a multitude of small ways. In a casual letter or note, for example, there would always be some distinctive touch of style, though never labored—the personal voice of the man without being affected, overassertive, or strident. He had style in the classic sense—*ars celare artem*—style that seemed to be second nature with the man himself.

This gracefulness was, I think, something of a moral quality, or at least allied to the moral character of the man. It is remarkable that in the circle of New York intellectuals centered on *Partisan Review* in the years following World War II, a circle much given to character analysis—or backbiting, if you prefer the blunter term—so little was said against Trilling. There were grumblings, of course, against his ideas, or what those ideas might imply, particularly if you pressed them in a certain direction; and there was the inevitable envy of the prestige he was beginning to enjoy in the 1940's and that would grow greater as time went on; but no rumors of scandal or personal defamation seemed ever to be whispered against him. The Trillings, Lionel and Diana, were thoroughly civilized people, and behaved as such: they arrived at parties in time, behaved affably without any touch of being there to carry on some private business or personal vendetta; and they left in time—before the small hours of the morning when too much has been drunk and the gathering that remains becomes loud and bathetic. They acted, in short, as if they had a life of their own to lead and were intent on living it without losing any more of it than they had to on the formless sprawl of an end-of-the-evening.

However, there was nothing tight or boxed-in about the man; throughout his many years as a professor of English at Columbia University, and also as a literary critic whose influence extended far beyond the academy, he gave of himself generously to younger people, and in consequence inspired a deep affection in many of them. At his funeral services in 1975 I was surprised and moved by the number of mourners and the sincerity of their grief: not only had he inspired devotion among a small band of followers, but he had touched the lives of many others with whom one might have thought he would make no contact. He was, to use the old-fashioned term, a virtuous man and, moreover, a virtuous man without any touch of the prig. And in the particular environment of New York in which we moved that was indeed an accomplishment.

Confronted with somebody like Trilling, Philip Rahv's "analytic exuberance"—his passion for dissecting character into its lowest possible motives—seemed to stand at bay. But as the editor of *Partisan Review*, Rahv would not have been Rahv if he had not found everything to worry over and grumble about in one of his contributors. And in this case, as the guardian of the magazine's revered idols of Marxism and modernism, he had good grounds to be uneasy about Trilling's position, or what that position might be if its implications were followed out. For on the subjects both of literature and of politics Trilling seemed headed in a more conservative direction than the magazine could endorse. Yet, despite such growing uneasiness, he remained personally on very cordial terms with Trilling.

The personal animosity came this time from the poet Delmore Schwartz (who along with me also served as an editor at *Partisan Review*), and the reasons for it throw some light on the tangled

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state of *his* psyche at this period. For some time Delmore had felt unhappy teaching at Harvard, particularly because he did not like living in Cambridge. If only he could move to New York, he felt, his personal problems would be easier to handle. (They were, in fact, to become drastically more difficult and his behavior more self-destructive.) Since he needed a job, he made overtures to the English Department at Columbia, and it appeared that he was under serious consideration. But the appointment did not come through, and he was convinced that Lionel Trilling had blocked it. Whether or not there were any objective reasons for this belief, I do not know, but the point was that Delmore himself felt absolutely sure that Trilling was the single one who had stood in his way.

Of course, his own paranoid imagination was at work here, and looking back now, I realize that this paranoia was more operative even at this early period than most of his close friends suspected. Delmore could joke at his own paranoid promptings, and this spontaneous and overflowing humor of his gave one to think that perhaps the psychological malady was not really there at all. Indeed, he himself seemed to think his neurosis was not so bad as long as he could make jokes about it: in one sense, he kidded himself into psychosis. To be able to joke about your symptoms may be some sign of health, but it is hardly evidence that the symptoms do not indicate something real. Still, there may have been some objective basis for his suspicions of Trilling's opposition. "Even a paranoid has enemies," to quote one of Delmore's own aphorisms; and the suspicions of a paranoid may sometimes correspond with reality. I do not know in this case. There would have been reason for Trilling's opposition: Delmore's behavior (which I saw in more casual and bohemian situations) had by this time become sufficiently eccentric that he might have been considered an unstable force in an academic department.

This animosity of Delmore's was all the more surprising because he had begun as an admirer of Trilling in the late 1930's. He had read Trilling's book on Matthew Arnold when it first appeared, and had been greatly impressed with it. Here was no run-of-the-mill professor but a genuine literary intelligence for whom the past of English literature was a living thing; and since for Delmore too that literature was a living whole, Trilling seemed a kindred spirit. The appearance of the book was all the more remarkable coming when it did in a period of debased Marxism with its plebeian emphasis upon "social consciousness" and proletarian literature. Now animosity and rancor overshadowed that earlier admiration. Not that he had totally switched and denied Trilling's abilities, but somehow his recognition of them, very real still, was buried under this other feeling. The change showed itself in the jibes he tossed off in conversation. He had once labeled Trilling "the Matthew Arnold of Morningside Heights" (the area of Columbia University), where the irony still had a certain gruff good humor. But now the jibe became grimmer simply by switching the location a few blocks: Trilling, Delmore now declared, was "the Matthew Arnold of Grant's tomb" —one of the dreariest and dullest monuments in all of New York City.

For Philip Rahv, however, there were good impersonal reasons for being uneasy at the direction of Trilling's ideas. *Partisan Review* had been founded as a magazine dedicated to the ideals of radicalism in politics and the avant-garde in art, and it had no intention of abjuring these twin articles of its faith. But here was Trilling calling attention to the value of class distinctions for the writer, speaking sympathetically, even when critically, of the middle class, and bringing forward a less audacious and experimental canon of authors to be admired. Where the intellectuals had been preoccupied with figures like Joyce or Proust, or Dostoevsky and Kafka, Trilling urged the case of more conventional novelists like E. M. Forster and Jane Austen. Almost single-handedly, in fact, he had brought the case of E. M. Forster before American readers, and had established Forster's permanent place. All of this was disquieting to the more austerely modernist tastes of the magazine.

One tiny incident seemed to bring all Rahv's uneasiness to a head. He had come into the office one day after running into the critic Harold Rosenberg, who, witty and waspish as ever, had asked where *Partisan Review* was headed when it kept printing somebody like Trilling, who was simply making a case for "bourgeois values." This last phrase of Rosenberg's had been the twist of the knife, and Rahv was now visibly shaken. Like the Catholic lady in Stendhal's novel who enjoys trysts with her lover until one day the word "adultery" crosses her mind and she is overwhelmed at the sinfulness of her act and the awful damnation she is incurring, so at the dread expression "bourgeois values" all Rahv's Marxist pieties were shaken to their depths. Bourgeois values! What a specter! And to think that he, as an editor, had been helping to promote them.

Yet Trilling had been close to the magazine from its very beginning, and the distinction of his performance, both literary and intellectual, made any contribution of his something to be coveted. What, then, was he up to? Could it be a case of what the Marxists called "boring from within"? Delmore Schwartz suggested an explanation that somewhat relieved Rahv: Trilling, he suggested, was using *Partisan Review* to "protect his Left flank." That is, by appearing in a left-wing magazine Trilling could hide from the world how conservative his real message was. Rahv liked this

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metaphor from military strategy, and he appropriated the phrase so that he came to use it as his own: Trilling, he declared, *needed* to appear in *Partisan Review* in order to protect his left flank. He seemed more satisfied when he gave the explanation this turn since it left the relation of dependence (Trilling upon the magazine for protection) in the proper order.

It was into this muddle that Delmore eventually jumped with both feet by launching a critical attack upon Trilling. Under the personal circumstances involved here, Rahv himself would not have ventured on a frontal assault; he preferred leaving that explicit act to his auxiliary forces. "Philip Rahv doesn't mind someone else going out on a limb for him," Delmore had once said, warning me against some foolish polemical project of my own. But this was one limb on which Delmore himself did not mind going out, for it enabled him to discharge some of his pent-up animosity against Trilling. As for the ideas at issue, however, there was nothing captious in Delmore's attitude: he had very serious objections to Trilling's position, and wished to make those objections known; if by the way he were to have some fun letting off a bit of personal steam, that was not to be taken to compromise the underlying seriousness of his intent. Indeed, these ideas had been long gestating with him, so that the piece, entitled "The Duchess's Red Shoes," did not appear until 1953. While the attack encompasses the whole of Trilling's position, it is directed principally against the latter's essay, "Manners, Morals, and the Novel" (reprinted now in *The Liberal Imagination*).

If the two—Trilling's original essay and Delmore's counterblast—are read together, they make extraordinary reading indeed, both as an illumination of their period and for their permanent interest. The matters they deal with are ones which we are far from clear about now, and they are considered here on an intellectual level hard to match today. Trilling's original essay had no directly polemical intent; but in the context I am supplying here, the two pieces take on the appearance of a confrontation, with all its various suggestions of personal drama.

One cannot forget, for example, in reading them together the extraordinary difference in personality of the two antagonists. Indeed, as human types they were almost opposites. Trilling was a successful man, *par excellence,* where that somewhat unfortunate adjective is not given any of its usual disparaging connotations; he was a success both in the academy and the world without, and, more remarkable still, which so few do, in negotiating both worlds at once. He led a tidy and constructive life, and enjoyed a long and devoted marriage of unassailable stability. Delmore, on the other hand, much as he was haunted and preoccupied with the idea of success, had almost a perverse will not to succeed: if he had friends, to break with them; if he had talents, to squander them; and where worldly opportunity presented itself, to step on the toes of those who would open its doors for him. There are the words of Yeats that the human intellect is forced to choose between "perfection of the life or of the work." Trilling—and perhaps this was another instance of his rejection of the extremism of modern writers—seemed to escape this dreadful antinomy by achieving both: he made the most of his talents and of himself as a human being. Delmore, in his pursuit of the one, destroyed both goals at once—and himself in the process. And yet, in this moment of confrontation between the two that we are imagining here, this solitary combat *mano a mano,* who is to say that the fallen and self-destructive angel does not at least hold his own?

To be sure, the attack is marred by a certain snide tone here and there. That much of his animosity Delmore could not keep back. Some few mollifying changes of expression had been suggested as the manuscript passed among us, but they were few, and fewer still were accepted. Wishing, for example, to say that Trilling was ambiguous, if not two-faced, on certain issues, Delmore had observed his great skill in writing on both sides of any question. This was emended to read that he showed great solicitude in writing on all sides of a question, which would directly convey Trilling's concern always for the qualifying circumstances of any intellectual thesis but somehow leave the original imputation of duplicity still there. Also, certain touches of comedy seemed off-key. By this time Delmore had begun taking the role of the buffoon, that mask of a later self that Saul Bellow was to record in his novel *Humboldt's Gift.* When in his cups, which was more and more often now, Delmore found it congenial to read Ring Lardner, and the latter's flatness of style began to creep into his own writing. As a result, he did get off some funny things, but their whimsical tone was inappropriate in a serious polemic against an opponent of Trilling's stature. But despite such lapses, Delmore at this time was still in possession of his critical faculties, which were naturally very sharp indeed; and this piece marks, I believe, the last occasion when he was able to bring all his intellectual energies into focus in any piece of prose exposition. Poetry was another matter; he was still to go on to write a few good poems.

The title, "The Duchess's Red Shoes," refers to that incident in Proust when Swann visits the Duchesse de Guermantes to tell her that he cannot go with her and the Duke to Italy because his doctor has told him he is dying and will soon be dead. Swann is a dear friend, and the Guermantes would like to stay and console him, but they are on their way to a dinner party to

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which they cannot be late. And to make even more poignant the contrast between the social ritual, with all its trivial and external compunctions, and the awful fact of death, the Duke notices as the Duchess is getting into the carriage that she is wearing the wrong shoes and he sends her back to change them.

What does the incident show? For Delmore, it reveals the callousness of the aristocratic and upper classes, involved as they are in their social rituals, to the most elementary human sympathies. And these are the aristocrats whose virtues Trilling seems to be extolling in his essay, "Manners, Morals, and the Novel." But was this really Trilling's point? He had recommended that manners are important to the novelist, and that he should be a careful observer of them, because it is through them that human beings reveal themselves, as here the trivial business of changing one's shoes for a party brings out the indifference to the death of others as a universal tendency in all of us, whether we be aristocrats or plebeians. This seems to me much more in line with Proust's actual intention. The virtues and vices in his novel are not distributed according to any political scheme of classes: the lower orders—his cooks, maids, menials, and elevator boys—are just as vicious and mean as his aristocrats. Perhaps without knowing it, Delmore was simply following in the path of Edmund Wilson's interpretation of Proust in *Axel's Castle*. Wilson, writing in the pervasive social-democratic atmosphere of the 1930's, had given a rather egalitarian slant to Proust's treatment of social classes. To be sure, Proust in part is writing about the decay of the aristocratic classes—that decline is a historic fact which he records—but he is not writing a socialist tract against those classes.

What was troubling Delmore (and the rest of us at that time) was what would happen if one carried over the argument from literature into life. Trilling writes with such enthusiasm about the virtues of class distinctions and the social manners that go with them as material for the writer that he seems to be recommending that they be kept as a desirable part of the good society. And it is against these possible anti-democratic implications that Delmore protests in words that sound almost threatening in their solemnity:

> He entertains social views (and social misgivings) which would be intolerable if they were presented nakedly, as social criticism of a political program, instead of being united with literary considerations.

And here we come upon such a tangle of questions, so much of their particular period, that we have to take a step backward and look at the controversy of our two antagonists within the context of Trilling's work as a whole in its time.

II

The Liberal Imagination—to my mind, still the most considerable of Trilling's works—appeared in 1950. The essays that make up the book were elaborated over the previous decade; and it strikes me, when I look back now, as something of a minor miracle that the book could have evolved from the background of that and the preceding decade. Trilling, as it turns out, was ahead of his time.

Nowadays one hears much of the phenomenon of "neoconservatism," but the public at large does not appear to be quite clear about this new doctrine. Some of the leading nonconservatives were once very close to Trilling, admired his mind and his writing, and virtually took him as a master. If their thinking on social matters is more explicit and goes farther than his, that does not cancel the fact of a certain derivation from him. Events themselves have moved farther; the evidence of the last thirty years makes us much more dubious about socialism and more questioning of the Marxist philosophy that begot it. We can no longer prevent ourselves from asking the questions we once shirked, nor can we postpone judgment while waiting for some miraculous transformation of the socialist societies. They have so obviously settled down into the grim realities they are that only internal revolutions can possibly liberate them. But apart from the limitations of this earlier situation in which he was writing, Trilling's own temperament did not lead him to push his questions farther, for at heart he was a dedicated liberal.

In *The Liberal Imagination* the audience he addresses himself to is the liberal, educated middle class—and a good deal of the book's persuasiveness derives from the fact that he includes himself among the readers he would instruct. In 1950 many in that audience would at one time have been Stalinists and fellow-travelers of the Communist line, or would have gone through such influences, perhaps even without being aware of them. They would also in large part be members of what is now called "the New Class"—a class of professionals and intellectuals who swing free of the ties of the corporations and of labor. The term did not exist then, but the class itself was in existence (though not so preponderantly as today), for it had emerged into the open with the New Deal; and its views then, as now, were always automatically of the liberal Left.

Trilling did not attack the political beliefs of his audience; he left that task to the more restricted political critics among his colleagues. In this sense, it was true that *Partisan Review* did protect his Left flank—or, perhaps more exactly, it waged war on the Left flank, where he was content to follow along as a more silent foot soldier. He had another job to do, and he was perhaps the one man in America uniquely qualified to do it:

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he was concerned with the sensibility, capacities of response, and general intelligence about literature of his liberal audience—which means, of course, their capacities for sensitive and intelligent response to life too. Here he had no particular doctrine to offer but only an attitude of mind, being in this respect a true heir of his master Matthew Arnold, but also with the consequent limitations of Arnold that though you could be sure of the critic's intelligence, you could not always be sure what specific conclusions that intelligence had reached.

TRILLING was concerned that the liberal democratic mind, as we now know it in America, might be becoming too doctrinaire in its views, too fixed and rigid in its outlook to perceive the complex and ambivalent situations in life on which it would pass peremptory judgment. He also urged the same point in his book on E. M. Forster: that it was necessary not only to know good from evil, but to be flexible enough to perceive the good-and-evil that are always so perplexingly mixed in the actual occasions of life. For this purpose, he suggested, liberals ought to listen carefully to the great conservatives of tradition; for only by appropriating something of the message of these conservatives could their own thinking become more concrete and adequate. In all of this he was speaking for himself, and addressing himself at the same time, as a liberal. For, despite his plea that the conservatives had a case, he himself remained a thoroughgoing liberal to the end: the cast of his mind was the rational, secular, and non-religious one of classical liberalism.

Yet at the heart of this liberalism of his there lurked a troubling question. The great works of modern literature—of Yeats or Eliot, Joyce or Lawrence—which we as cultivated readers admire and extol are not, to put it mildly, in accord with the liberal and democratic mentality to which we give our allegiance as citizens. How are we to account for this discrepancy? For someone like Trilling, whose life revolved around literature, the matter was a very serious one: it pointed to some cleft between the rationality of mind which we profess in our political beliefs and the deeper, more intractable regions of the spirit that these authors would seek to reach. The question never quite left Trilling throughout his life; he returned to it again and again, but I do not believe that he ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer to it.

At this earlier stage Trilling was fighting a battle against the residues of taste left by the 1930's. In the wake of the Great Depression and the vogue of Marxist or quasi-Marxist thought it fathered, the slogans of "social realism" still lingered, and they could, moreover, be allied with the older populist yearnings of our American inheritance. But in their actual performance the results of these literary tendencies were dismal: a literature that was dull and bathetic, stereotyped, and shallow in its portrayal of human beings. Why then—and this was only another aspect of his more basic question—should we eschew a literature of depth and complexity, or refinement and subtlety, in the name of the empty slogans of equality? So far as the past was concerned, there could be no doubt of the fact that writers had made rich use of class distinctions, and of the fine observation of manners and character that were possible within those distinctions. The characters they portrayed, who dwelt within their class and station, evidently seemed able to develop a rich personality within those constraints.

Well, the rejoinder might run, that might be all very well for the past, but would not do at all for the future we socialists envisaged. The past was aristocratic, it tolerated and even promoted a society of classes; but what our socialist and democratic conscience imagined for the future was *the* Classless Society.

But it was just here that Trilling might seduce us to think the unthinkable thought—or at least unthinkable by most of us at that time: might it not be that the conditions which led to a more interesting literature also produced a more satisfying life within society itself? If in the literature of the past we observe human personality developing its varied riches within the framework of class distinctions, might it not be that those distinctions permitted, and in their own way even promoted, the well-being of society? Trilling himself did not think this thought, at least not aloud, and at the time probably would have recoiled from it. But his writing could lead one that way, and this was the awful threat, the sin that dared not speak its name, to which Delmore Schwartz could only make a veiled allusion in the quotation above.

Thirty years have gone by since that time, years in which a good deal was to be learned, and some of us have found ourselves able to think the unthinkable thought after all, and find it not so dire as we had expected. The Classless Society looks more and more like a utopian illusion. The socialist countries develop a class structure of their own, which proceeds inevitably out of the apparatus of the state, and revolves around whichever group has a stronger grasp of the powers of the bureaucracy. With regard to their human qualities, such classes tend to become grim, faceless, and homogenized. Since we are bound, then, to have classes in any case, why not have them in the more organic, heterogeneous, and variegated fashion of the older free societies? Nor would the requirements of justice be violated in such a society. Indeed, a society that imposed a strict equality upon its citizens would be a thoroughly unjust one, since it would fail to recognize the differences among individuals in talent and character. For a class society to be humanly equitable it is required only that there be some means by which the exceptional

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individual can rise out of his class if he so desires, or that an entire group may be able, through its own proper efforts, to lift its level as a whole. It is just to get what is one's due, which is not necessarily an equal share.

And so far as literature is concerned, the advantage again seems to lie with the older class societies. After sixty years of Soviet rule, it seems clear that if the future is to be Marxist, then the future will be without a literature—at least a literature interesting enough to be comparable with the past. And here literature, or the absence of it, is indeed a good indication of life: a Marxist regime could not produce a literature because it imposes such a reign of regimented boredom and monotony that there is nothing interesting to write about—except, of course, the underground life of the dissenters or of the prison camps, as in the case of Solzhenitsyn.

III

As a poet, Delmore Schwartz did not give much time to thinking through social problems as such. He found Marxism ready to hand as a framework within which his imagination could operate. Others have done so without the excuse of being poets. How confining that framework really was we see only as we review these old debates among the intellectuals, all of whom during those decades were far less free in their thinking than they imagined. It was when Delmore moved to the areas of his own sensibility that his attack upon Trilling became more telling.

Society and class—we are bound within them indeed. But how much of the human spirit may transcend this framework must always be a concern of the novelist. Trilling had written so persuasively about the novelist's need to deal seriously with manners and social class that, carried away by his own enthusiasm, he wished to embrace even Dostoevsky in his prescription:

> The Russian novel, exploring the ultimate possibilities of the human spirit, must start and end in class—every situation in Dostoevsky, no matter how spiritual, starts with a point of social pride and a certain number of rubles.

Starts, we may say, but does not end there. And if the reference here is, as it seems to be, to *Crime and Punishment*, then we must doubt whether the hero's crime really starts with his impoverished social position and his need for a certain number of rubles. Those are the incidental facts with which Raskolnikov seeks to "normalize" his crime—to disguise it to himself as a run-of-the-mill murder for the sake of robbery, as if even here in his crime the unconscious of this self-isolated man was struggling to join the ranks of ordinary humanity, even if in this case it be criminal humanity. But the crime in fact is generated by an *idea* that has taken over his own febrile mind, as the criminal himself comes later to recognize. Dostoevsky understood that we are now in the Age of Ideology, when ideas beget crime and terror. Men kill out of a desperation of mind, and not necessarily because their social condition is desperate. The Nihilists in Dostoevsky emerge anywhere along the social scale; Stavrogin, in *The Possessed*, is affluent, but he finds in this affluence itself the temptation to desperate crime.

We are here in a very different world from the novels of Jane Austen. That exquisite writer offers us perhaps the last satisfying picture of a harmonious and self-contained world before the onslaught of the modern imagination takes over. To be sure, it is a very materialistic world; her people speak publicly and bluntly about matters of social position and money that most of us now would only dare whisper privately to a few chosen ears. And yet within the conditions of that small and closed world she has produced her own beautiful commentary on human nature. It is well that Trilling should have brought the case of Jane Austen again before the sensibility of American intellectuals. And it would have been well, too, had he pushed farther, and reminded those intellectuals of the importance of her social realities when one theorizes about society itself. But Jane Austen cannot be comprehended under the same critical formula as Dostoevsky, as Trilling in his enthusiasm recommends. Dostoevsky is writing about something different. He reaches into regions of the human spirit that are not to be found in Jane Austen.

What, then, are Dostoevsky's novels about? Delmore had answered:

> [These novels] are of permanent interest to all human beings not because they present the observation of the manners of a given society . . . but because they are about the innermost depths of all human beings.

"The innermost depths of all human beings"! That is a very vague phrase, and here one does indeed wish for something more specific. Since the confrontation of the two, Trilling and Schwartz, seems at this point to converge upon a single author and a particular work, *Crime and Punishment*, it may be worthwhile to pause here for a moment to sum this work up in its thematic simplicity.

A young student, Raskolnikov, becomes infected with a modern ideology. In this case, oddly enough, it is a British import, Utilitarianism. Odd because the British were the most conservative nation in the 19th century in holding fast against the ravages of radical thought. They seem to have launched Utilitarianism without being aware of how radical and nihilistic its implications were, simply because it sounded like business and commerce as usual. According to the Utilitarian doc-

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trine, an act is justified if it produces a greater balance of pleasures over pains. Raskolnikov happens to have dealings with an old woman pawnbroker, a miserable specimen of humanity, mean and spiteful to others and unhappy in herself, who might be better off dead than alive and whose death would make a great many of her clients happier. Furthermore, the money he would rob her of would pay for his own education, and since he is brilliant and gifted, would enable him to bring his gifts to the service of humankind generally. The balance of pleasures over pains is thus all on the side of the murder. There is required only the will and the daring on his part to assert himself as the exceptional individual who can transcend the ordinary and routine laws of morality for the benefit of himself and mankind. He murders the woman, but that is the beginning of a long nightmare from which he comes to learn more about life than from his flimsy reasonings. He learns, among other things, that his crime has been the product of a *deranged rationality*.

Why deranged? A certain spirit of calculation and objectivity has taken over human thinking. The pawnbroker is an object to be dissected into so many units of pain and pleasure, self-inflicted and inflicted upon others. Yet a single image breaks into this thinking. What reader can forget that moment in the novel when Raskolnikov raises the ax over the old woman's head? The gray-streaked head, its greasy hair plaited in a rat's tail held by a broken comb. How loathsome she is! How easily quantifiable into negative units! And yet not; for she too is a human life, a human soul, and the image of his victim at this moment will not leave the murderer. The individual human soul belongs to another order of phenomena than he calculated. He can take a life because in his thinking he had already cut himself off from life. The modern mind, in Dostoevsky's view, is threatened by just such a *deranged rationality*—deranged because reason has cut itself off from the deepest instincts of life, as these are embodied in the common feelings of humanity, and ultimately expressed in a religious faith. For Dostoevsky that faith was the Christian faith. For others it will be different, but in the end it will be a faith of some kind.

On the subject of faith Trilling is studiously silent. He remained an uncompromising rationalist to the end. It may seem strange to apply the adjective "uncompromising" to a writer who charms us by the luminous and flexible play of his intelligence, so that we are enlightened by that free play whether or not it arrives at any hard-and-fast conclusion. If he could be called doctrinaire about anything, it is in his adherence to Freudianism. Freud is the one fixed pillar of conviction to which he personally held. He had had a "successful" psychoanalysis, which seems to have come at a crucial period, and evidently remained one of the central and transforming experiences of his life. While in such happy cases a transference usually occurs between patient and doctor, here it had reached beyond the particular analyst to invest with a compelling glow the primal father-figure of psychoanalysis, Freud himself. When Freud's name is invoked by Trilling, it is nearly always bathed in something of a numinous glow.

Trilling's Freud, therefore, is a very selective and idealized Freud: a heroic figure, in his way a great poet who brings myth once again to the attention of modern readers and who urges upon the enlightened liberal mind the unpleasant reminder that it too is bound within the confines of our instinctive life. No doubt, there is a heroic side to Freud in the courage and stubbornness with which he fought to bring his ideas before the world; but admiration for the man should not lead us to overlook the persistently negative and reductive aspects of those ideas. Trilling once wrote about a threat now stalking our culture in words that are frequently quoted:

> A specter haunts our culture—it is that people will eventually be unable to say, "They fell in love and married," let alone understand the language of *Romeo and Juliet*, but will as a matter of course say, "Their libidinal impulses being reciprocal, they activated their individual erotic drives and integrated them within the same frame of reference."

He did not perceive, apparently, that these words could very well apply to Freud himself. To be sure, Freud is a stylist and would not put matters quite so crassly, but the deflating and reductive aspects of his systematic thought come to the same thing. But this was a side of Freud that Trilling chose not to see, and when he says, "The pleasure I have in responding to Freud I find very difficult to distinguish from the pleasure which is involved in responding to a satisfactory work of art," we are puzzled by what seems an extraordinary confusion of genres until we realize that Trilling is reading another Freud, a poem that he himself has created.

Time has passed, and the situation of Freud and psychoanalysis looks different to us today from the way it did in 1950. Trilling belonged to the generation for whom D. H. Lawrence and Freud were a challenge and a revelation. Since then, familiarity has rubbed away the sharp edge of shock. So many people have been through therapy, are under therapy, or are clamoring for therapy that we have to wonder what it is in this civilization that produces such a crying need. The needs seem clearly to lie beyond the purview of the original theory. The psychotherapist, even when he considers himself a Freudian, is usually operating in a domain of human problems quite beyond

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the confines of his theory. Freud's psychology, we now perceive, with its emphasis upon libido or sexuality as motive force, was tied too closely to the Victorian primness that surrounded the question of sex at the turn of the century. We have had the sexual revolution since, and it has brought some very different problems in its wake. Sexual liberation has turned into the sexual nihilism of Venice Beach, California, which in this respect is merely a concentration of attitudes that are dispersed throughout American life. The patient in treatment now is no longer your Victorian aunt who came to the doctor plagued by some nervous tic from the excessive repressiveness of her life; she is more likely to have gone through all the adventures of sex in an atmosphere of "anything goes," and is now confused about the sense of it all. What is it all about? What does it mean? In short, the questions of Nihilism again.

And for such perplexities Freud does not offer a philosophy of life or even an adequate theory of the human self. His tripartite map of the soul —ego, id, and superego—is an arid and artificial construction. The ego is so obviously the ego of Utilitarianism, calculating pleasures and pains. The id, the unconscious, is a morass of desires, to be drained away like the Zuyder Zee (one of Freud's most famous metaphors); it has little connection with the creative and revelatory unconscious of the Romantics, as Trilling tries to suggest. And the superego is the repressive voice of the parents, never the call of conscience that is able to stir our latent and unconscious energies. In short, a picture of bourgeois man according to the model of classical economic theory, but now in disarray and going to ruin, stirred by unruly desires, and his touted morality experienced only as an irksome restraint. What is lacking in the theory is any adequate conception of the unity of the self.

TRILLING was, in my view, the most intelligent man of his generation—or at least the most intelligent I knew. The reader will therefore understand, I hope, why we are trying to follow the workings of that intelligence here in some detail. It was also a very subtle and complex intelligence, far more so than the lucid and engaging surface of his prose would lead one to believe on first reading. Delmore Schwartz, in his hostility, found it devious; we could at least agree that it was sometimes labyrinthine. And nowhere is it more labyrinthine than when he is touching on a topic in any way religious, as in his well-known essay on Wordsworth's ode, "Intimations of Immortality." It is only on repeated reading that one becomes aware how uncompromisingly naturalistic and Freudian is Trilling's outlook, and how unwilling he is to entertain any knd of religious experience or belief in its own terms.

The essay also seems to me the only one of Trilling's where I find him deliberately at odds with his subject. When one disagrees with him elsewhere, it is usually a matter of tone, emphasis, fine shading, or for not pushing his point far enough, but never for being at variance with the plain sense of the text he is to expound. He begins, for example, by telling us that Wordsworth's ode is not about immortality at all. This would be news to poor Wordsworth unless he was altogether woolgathering when he gave the poem its title. But if not about immortality, then what is the poem "really" about? It really deals, says Trilling, with "optical" phenomena—the ways in which we look at nature. (The introduction of optics here is a touch of pseudo-technical contrivance in which literary critics so often indulge but from which Trilling himself is usually beautifully free.)

True enough, the poem is about the ways in which we see nature; but our vision of nature, for Wordsworth, is different as it is or is not accompanied by the sense of some encompassing presence within which we and our lives unfold. But this is the kind of idea into which Trilling cannot enter on its own terms; he must somehow incorporate his own aesthetic enjoyment of Wordsworth's poem into some more naturalistic position of his own. Thus Wordsworth's mysticism is to be understood in Freudian fashion as an extension of our infantile narcissism. Our adult sense of oneness with nature—what is usually called the mystical experience—is a carryover from the stage of early life when the infant cannot distinguish the stimuli of his own body from those of the external environment. When one thinks of the long history of mysticism, and the variety of cultures and human types in which it has been expressed, from Lao-tse to T. S. Eliot and Wittgenstein, this is a vast body of human culture and reflection to drop into the lap, or should we say crib, of infantile narcissism. It is surely a strange civilization we live in where such a view can become intellectually fashionable.

It happens also to be a reductive view which deflates not only Wordsworth's experience but the poetry he made out of it. If you keep the Freudian interpretation in the forefront of your mind, the sense and force of the poetry disappear. Even if you hold the Freudian view on other grounds, it is only when you forget it that you can have any satisfactory enjoyment of the poetry. Wordsworth himself would have preferred the interpretation of Kant, which he probably heard from Coleridge: that in our experience of the sublime and beautiful in nature the unknown depths of the self seem to respond to some unknown and supersensible depths of nature itself, and to be at one with the latter. In the modern parlance: this is one experience in which at last alienation is overcome. But this may be an experience which the modern intellectual, preferring his alienation, has chosen to abandon.

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IV

ALL ROADS lead to literature, especially for a literary review. *Partisan Review* had been conceived under the sign of the avant-garde, and it was dedicated to the tradition of modernist literature. In the late 40's and early 50's that tradition had to be guarded all the more zealously since no great new examples of this literature seemed to be springing up in the wake of the war, as we had expected. The more moribund they become, the more tenaciously traditions have to be guarded. It was therefore on this particular point that Trilling's impact would be sensitively felt. And it was here that Delmore's sharpest stroke fell—sharpest because directed at the personal sensibility of the man himself. Trilling, he said, did not really respond to the literature of the moderns toward which he made verbal gestures of admiration:

> He is much more drawn to Forster, James, Howells, and Keats, than to Joyce and Eliot; and he has the most serious misgivings about the extremism, the bias, and the methods of all modernist authors.

To put the charge in more blunt form: Trilling was a reincarnation of the Genteel Tradition, for whom modern literature was still too destructive and shocking to be accepted.

I think there is some justice to the accusation. Trilling had been trained in the literature of 19th-century England, which for the most part had escaped the deeper convulsions of literature on the continent; and by temperament he was not attracted to literary experimentation. We all remain tied to our profession; underneath his extraordinary alertness to modern issues, Trilling still retained the sensibility of a professor of English whose field was that of the 19th century.

We are not yet able to define the term "modern." Perhaps the next century will have some comprehensive grasp of its meaning, which is denied to us who are still floundering in the midst of the thing itself. Yet we are able to recognize the meaning of the word in particular instances, and perhaps this is how we must proceed. Dickens, for example, is a very great writer, but we should not say that he is "modern"—in a sense perfectly recognizable but yet to be determined—whereas Dostoevsky is a modern. Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* are almost contemporary, yet the former belongs to the modernist canon—it is in its way the progenitor of the modern novel—while Thackeray's work, despite his various touches of personal temperament, fits in with the conventional novel. No disparagement is intended by this, and indeed there are resources of expression available to Thackeray that Flaubert, in the purity of his detachment, cannot avail himself of. That detachment, as we shall see shortly, is one of the hallmarks of the modern consciousness.

To bring these comparisons to their sharpest point, we might turn to the genre of religious writing itself. England had one great religious writer in the 19th century—Newman—while his contemporary on the continent is Kierkegaard. Within the Christian fold there could hardly be a greater difference than between these two. Newman is encased in the tradition of the Church, and his quest is to seek out and embed himself in what he comes to believe is the deeper and more authentic stream of that tradition. Kierkegaard attacks the institution of the Danish Church ferociously; he gives us the naked individual facing the extreme and ultimate questions in their anguish and desperation, and does so with a boldness and inventiveness of mind that would have scandalized the Englishman. I am not recommending one of these writers to the exclusion of the other, and there are aspects of Newman which even the most devout Kierkegaardian must now take to heart. The point is that Newman is traditional, while Kierkegaard is a "modern"—again in a sense which I think we all perfectly recognize.

COMING as he did from this more conservative British literary background, Trilling did approach the moderns somewhat gingerly. Yet he could not rest easy with Delmore's accusation. It was an embarrassing position for him to be put in. He was not given to rapid-fire polemics, and to have answered directly would have dragged him down into an aimless personal squabble. Instead, he would meet the issue more slowly and deliberately. He had been accused of not being really responsive to modern literature, and of taking its name in vain whenever he spoke of it. Very well; it was a serious charge, and he would meet it, and meet it in the most appropriate way in which he as a professor could: he would give a course in the subject! And in the process he would expose himself to this alien element of modern literature. Thus his answer came almost ten years later in an essay, "The Modern Element in Modern Literature," which does not at all refer to Delmore's attack, though I believe the latter was the original propelling force. The essay is in good part an account of his experiences in giving the course, and of what he learned from it, and it is to my mind one of the most stimulating and fertile pieces that Trilling ever wrote.

What is "the modern element in modern literature"? The question may look like one of those remote and mandarin reflections in which our literary critics sometimes like to indulge. In fact, it is one of the most direct and urgent questions we can ask of ourselves at this time. For if we knew what was distinctively "modern" about our literature, we would know what lies at the heart of our own age, what makes us tick, what the

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human situation really is in which we find ourselves today. It would be enlightening, though too tedious here, to go through the authors one by one whom Trilling selected, his sometimes unexpected inclusions and exclusions (Kafka and Joyce, for example, are excluded, and Gide included), what he makes of each, and how he fits them into his general scheme. We may leave it to some scholarly Ph.D. to give us such a detailed anatomy of Trilling's mind. Here we confine ourselves to the blunt statement of his conclusions from that ten years' search.

What is modern about modern literature? Trilling's answer, as we should expect, falls within the Freudian pattern of his thinking. Modern literature is distinguished by its deliberate search into the unconscious psyche. It attempts not only to lay bare but, in a Dionysian spirit, to celebrate those unconscious forces. Trilling puts this in one of his more striking and memorable phrases:

> Nothing is more characteristic of modern literature than its discovery and canonization of the primal, non-ethical energies.

A second leading characteristic is the rebellion within this literature: the modern writer has taken on himself an "adversary role" against his civilization—a phrase that has become well-known by this time. But if an adversary, what then is he fighting? Writers in the past—satirists from Horace and Juvenal to Pope and Swift—have attacked one or another feature of their society, so that the adversary role as such would not be enough to distinguish the modernity of the modern writer. Trilling therefore specifies by pushing his point further: the modern writer has taken up an adversary role, not merely toward this or that feature of his own society, but toward civilization itself. Fittingly, he chose as a concluding text for the course and its grand summation Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents.*

One would not want to quarrel with either of these two points as such, but they seem to me radically incomplete as they stand. Psychologically, for example, the *detachment from feeling,* or the striving toward such detachment, that we find in modern literature is as momentous a fact as the plunge into the unconscious. Consider the case of *Madame Bovary* again. It is in its way the archetypal, the paradigmatic, work of modernism—at least in the novel. Read it again after many years and it becomes more shocking. Here is a work in which detachment and objectivity have been so rigorously and beautifully pursued that the world has become emptied of values altogether. The authorities at the time, shocked by the infidelities of its heroine, sought to censor the book. Today we find such "scandals" commonplace; but the instincts of the censors, without their knowing it, may have really been frightened by something else: the vision of a world stripped of value.

The mark of Flaubert is everywhere in subsequent literature. Sometimes this inability to feel takes on an overwhelming pathos of its own, as in Kafka and Beckett. This impulse toward detachment in literature is all the more momentous when we consider that the detachment from feeling is an accomplishment and outcome of the workings of modern society in its ever more intricate and impersonal structures. And, of course, this detachment finds its own ideological expressions. What, after all, was that specter Trilling found haunting modern culture—the deflation of love into libidinal impulses—but one more manifestation of the detachment from feeling?

But we are lacking still in our picture the large overriding pattern within which all the agitations of modernity fit. Whether it be Trilling's Freudian bias or his oversubtlety of mind, he seems to me to have missed the very plain figure in the carpet. I do not know what constitutes the essential modernity of modern literature, but I do know—and I think most students of intellectual history know—what is the large overriding framework within which this literature is written. It is the continuing secularization of our culture and the gradual withdrawal of God that have been going on in the West since the 17th century. For Nietzsche, this disappearance of God is the paramount event in Western history, indeed in the history of mankind, beside which all other events like wars and revolutions pale into relative insignificance. Matthew Arnold knew this, at least as a poet. As a critic, he himself had written an early essay, "The Modern Element in Modern Literature," from which Trilling deliberately borrowed his own title. There Arnold had spoken as a man of the Enlightenment and extolled the modern element in literature as the free play of reason and intelligence. But as a poet he knew that something deeper was afoot in the modern world:

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
> shore . . .
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.

But it is not merely a matter of ebbing faith. The whole intellect of Western man has been changed, if we look at it as mirrored in the progress of philosophy from Descartes to Kant into the varied forms of contemporary Positivism.

Alongside this withdrawal of God, there have been the vast social and political upheavals of modern history in the direction of equality. Unlike the momentary revolts of antiquity or the Middle Ages, the conflicts between rich and poor, nobles and serfs, which were sporadic and relatively local, the modern egalitarian process has been continuous, systematic, and worldwide. These two great

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movements—the retreat of God and the social revolution—have run parallel to each other, but their courses have been intricately linked in many ways. In a more external and obvious way, the egalitarian revolution had to begin by appropriating, where it could, the property of church and clergy. But the two are more subtly linked than that; the social revolution has been aided and abetted by technology and the technological organization of modern society, which in turn foster a thoroughly secular outlook. Where these two great historic tendencies will end, what future they may bring to humankind, we cannot now know. But we are not without our anxieties about the outcome, and these too are a part of the distinctively modern element of modern literature.

Writers have responded to these cataclysmic changes differently. Some have been greatly shaken by the death of God, and made heroic efforts to restore or compensate for the loss; some appear to be untouched and to go on as if nothing had happened. But I would not be too sure of this last. If something has departed from this world and we do not notice it, the world is still very different for us from what it was for human beings in the past; and sooner or later we find ourselves making unconscious adjustments. Liberals who had seemed secure and at ease within their own secular mind may be suddenly driven to find substitutes for religion in political causes and crusades, and to carry utopian hankerings into the field of politics. They may even aspire to bring about heaven on earth for the dream of heaven they have lost. Hence that very troubling and paradoxical phenomenon of our time: the liberals' susceptibility to totalitarianism.

Trilling, of course, was too chaste a mind ever to succumb to that temptation. His intelligence is too cool and cautious, forever balancing and qualifying its own judgments, to betray even for a moment a passing longing for the absolute. In this he departs from his idol and model, E. M. Forster, at least for one moment in the latter's career. Between the opposites of belief and non-belief there is a middle region where the mind, hanging loose, can permit itself the imagination that religion might be true in some way we cannot conceive. This imagination that religion might be true—and true in some way which we cannot grasp—might seem a small thing in comparison with the positive faith of the believer or the militant conviction of the non-believer; and yet it can make all the difference in reminding us how narrow and one-sided our rationalism can be. Forster has this imagination in his *A Passage to India*: the experience is so engulfing that it upsets the neat rationalism of the European mind. He had already rejected the prim and tidy Christianity he had been exposed to in his youth; but there is also a prim tidiness about the enlightened mind of Cambridge and Bloomsbury, which had formed him, that seems inadequate to the extremes of life, the depths and heights, he encounters in India: the dismal and nihilistic echoes of the Marabar caves against the affirmation and joy of the Hindu celebration of the birth of Shiva. Toward the end of the novel, the tough-minded and reasonable Fielding, who is Forster's spokesman throughout for sound common sense, declares: "There is a truth in religion that has not yet been sung." Trilling could not follow Forster that far.

It is to be wondered why a mind as sensitive as Lionel Trilling's should never have been visited by this imagination, or should have closed itself off from it if it ever came. There is the fact that he was educated at Columbia University at a time when John Dewey and F. J. Woodbridge, in their very different ways, had been powerful advocates of Naturalism, and had virtually fixed the naturalistic view as the orthodoxy of that campus. Trilling had a deep *pietas* toward his university, and considerable sensitivity toward its influences. There is also the fact, which we have already copiously noted, of his adherence to Freud, and the disparagement of religious experience that would inevitably bring with it. But beyond these two influences, there seems to me to be a third, which I advance here only very speculatively and tentatively; and this has to do with his Jewish inheritance and the position of his generation of Jews in American life.

He was of that generation whose parents had just made the transition, the great leap, by being assimilated into American life. To them "the old religion" meant earlocks, beards, prayer shawls, dark suits—a whole apparatus of life that would mean their exclusion and self-exile from this new world. Their children, for whom America and its opportunities were to open even more widely, grew up in this atmosphere, absorbed it unconsciously, and grew even farther apart from the old allegiances. For the first time in history, at least since the Exile, here in this American democracy the Jew was on his way to becoming an accepted member of the community. To be religious somehow implied a step backward in history, toward ghettos and the pale and the exclusion generally from American life. In this respect, though in other ways, they were radically different personalities, Trilling's case seems to me perhaps comparable with that of Walter Lippmann, who eschewed religious attachment lest it exclude him from the American mainstream.

V

Lionel Trilling died in 1975, a year after Philip Rahv. Funeral services were held in St. Paul's chapel on the campus of Columbia University. Both a rabbi and a minister presided; some psalms were read and there was a

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brief musical offering. The casket was then borne out and the mourners quietly left the church. All was in perfect taste, and perfectly appropriate to the person whom we mourned. It was as if the grace and modesty of the man himself somehow overflowed into the rites of death that were performed in his name.

Yet I remember being faintly troubled at the time; and as I reflect on those last rites I find myself more and more troubled by the perplexing questions they beget. Was the service religious or not? In some sense it was not completely secular—there was the chapel and there were the psalms. Suppose there had been a completely secular service. Imagine it taking place in one of those funeral parlors—they often dignify themselves by the name of chapels—farther down on Broadway. The mourners—or, more accurately, the invited guests—sit around on folding chairs; a meeting is assembled, there are speakers in eulogy, and the business of the session proceeds apace. Whatever solemn notes may be invoked, it is, after all, a business session of a kind, convened for the purpose of dispatching a corpse in some socially acceptable manner. Even the imagination of such a service seems shocking and inappropriate for a man like Trilling. It was fitting that there should be a chapel and those psalms.

Death is the one part of life where a thoroughly secular attitude seems to hit us as crudely inadequate. Whatever our sophistication, in the death of someone close to us we are thrown back into the same emotions as primitive man. Death thrusts us into the great darkness, the mystery that envelops all that is, and we have to reach back for the language with which men could once address themselves to those matters. Hence the psalms.

But here the nagging question. We, as moderns, may still feel the aesthetic need for this archaic language at such times. But how many generations before its use as an aesthetic adornment for a funeral service begins to lose its force, and becomes a routine gesture? And when we are at last fully conscious that it is mere routine, what then? Then we have sunk—or risen, according to some minds—to the purely secular level where we are merely dispatching a corpse, in some socially approved way, into the ground or the crematorium, as the case may be. And if that archaic language does become at last routine, what would be required for its renewal?

These are unpleasant thoughts, and perhaps it is ungracious to raise them in the case of this particular funeral. But Trilling was an exemplary figure—perhaps the best example of the civilized humanist our period has had to offer—and he is worthy therefore of the most searching questions we can ask. For in pressing these questions, we place ourselves and our whole culture in question along with him.

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God & Man at Yale—Again

Robert William Kagan

In a speech to the freshmen this past September, President A. Bartlett Giamatti of Yale warned of a new and powerful evil in America, a "storm that blows across the landscape." With all the eloquence at his command, Giamatti exhorted the freshmen to fight for the values—liberal, pluralistic, enlightened—that are threatened with "spiritual violence" by this new evil, which goes under the name of the Moral Majority:

> A self-proclaimed "Moral Majority" and its satellite or client groups, cunning in the use of a native blend of old intimidation and new technology, threaten the values I have named. Angry at change, rigid in the application of chauvinistic slogans, absolutistic in morality, they threaten through political pressure or public denunciation whoever dares to disagree with their authoritarian positions. Using television, direct mail, and economic boycott, they would sweep before them anyone who holds a different opinion.
>
> Those voices of coercion speak not for liberty but for license, the license to divide in the name of patriotism, the license to deny in the name of Christianity. And they have licensed a new meanness of spirit in our land, a resurgent bigotry that manifests itself in racist and discriminating postures; in threats of political retaliation; in injunctions to censorship; in acts of violence.

Giamatti went on to cite increases in "anti-Semitic episodes" and the renewed strength of the Ku Klux Klan as examples of what the "new coercion" has done in America.

Giamatti's depiction of the Moral Majority as racists and inciters to violence was not wasted on the national press. The New York *Times* covered the speech on its front page. *Time* magazine printed excerpts from it in the middle of an article on Senator Jesse Helms, under the caption "A Humanist Hits Back." Enemies of the Reagan administration have cited Giamatti to support their own attacks on the ideas of the Moral Majority, which supposedly coincide with aspects of the administration's thinking.

That Giamatti's speech received so much attention was not surprising. What was surprising, at least to some, was that Giamatti made the speech at all. His attack may have fit nicely into a national debate, but it was an absurdity on the Yale campus, where Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority has yet to penetrate. When he first sets foot on that venerable campus, a Yale freshman may join all sorts of organizations: the Citizens Party, the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, the Women's Caucus, the Campaign Against the Draft, the Yalesbians, some of which are not run by students. But he cannot sign up for the Moral Majority, and there is no Falwell Fan Club. As one prominent Yale alumnus, William F. Buckley, Jr., put it: "To be lectured against the perils of the Moral Majority on entering Yale is on the order of being lectured on the danger of bedbugs on entering a brothel."

Why then the attack? Why shake a fist at a lobbying group whose supposed power, however great it may be over congressional campaigns, has not affected in the least those who dwell in Ivy League cloisters? A cynic might impute to Giamatti a desire for national fame, or more specifically a desire for recognition and approval in those Eastern circles in and around which Giamatti has moved so successfully since his days at Andover, Princeton, and Yale. In the early 1970's, after all, one of Giamatti's predecessors as president of Yale, Kingman Brewster, spoiled a rather commendable record by publicly expressing his doubt that Bobby Seale of the Black Panthers or any black could receive a fair trial in this country. That, too, was well-received in the right places.

But this explanation is less than satisfactory. Giamatti's record at Yale has not been one of accommodating public fashions but, often, of fighting them. In particular, while many of his colleagues have scurried for the bunkers to ward off government charges of discrimination or inequity in their academic procedures, Giamatti has more than once raised a challenge to those who would interfere with the private university's privacy or its right to adhere to its own traditions and standards.

In all probability, pandering to fashion was not what lay behind Giamatti's attack on the Moral Majority. A better clue, per-

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haps, may be found in a new collection of his speeches and essays, *The University and the Public Interest.** What emerges from this book is a more or less coherent philosophy of politics and education woven out of somewhat disparate strands of thought. Giamatti is not always careful or precise in his logic, but the general pattern of his thought does shed some light both on his Moral Majority speech and on the world view of universities like Yale.

Three words which recur in Giamatti's writings are "commonality," "civility," and "balance." To him these values are high among the goals of society, and hence, of a liberal education. In a critique of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Giamatti writes: "I lay at Emerson's cottage door the encouragement to instability that is one of America's real afflictions. . . . To Emerson we owe that spirit of Puritan America that has survived to today, the smug, abstract moralism that is distrustful of accommodation, that is always certain of its righteousness because it is merely self-regarding, that is scornful of any flexibility of spirit because it has never looked over its shoulder." Accommodation and flexibility are important virtues for Giamatti; what he fears most in America is what Madison called faction, the special-interest group whose concerns are private, not public, and that often recognizes no middle ground.

For Madison, faction was a given of human nature, which had to be taken into account in building a healthy government. For Giamatti it is a barbarity, a corruption of human nature that must be cured:

> The political system, where competing needs must be recognized and assessed, cannot function when every need presents itself as an Absolute Imperative and thus refuses to recognize that other claims could possibly compete. Such a spirit of absolutism renders the political system incapable of the civilizing flexibility that a democracy needs.

Giamatti's perception of the ideal political system, with men of moderation engaged in reasoned argument, each understanding and accommodating the needs of others, unfortunately bears small resemblance to real society, where men are passionate, often unreasonable, and where issues exist that cannot be happily resolved. Abortion is just such an issue. In his speech to the freshmen, Giamatti vilified members of the Moral Majority for wishing to make abortion illegal. He called them "absolutistic" and "authoritarian" because they would try to tell others how to live their lives. "From the maw of this 'morality,' " he asserted, "come spilling those who presume to know what God alone knows, which is when human life begins. . . . There is no debate, no discussion, no dissent."

Yet the problem with the abortion issue, as Giamatti might have been expected to know, is that there *is* no happy compromise. The people who want to make abortion illegal believe that it is murder. Given that belief—and who can prove that it is wrong?—they have a duty to act as they have done; otherwise murder will continue, and that is no compromise, it is surrender. God alone may know when life begins, but men will have to write the law. If that law will have to forge a compromise where none is really possible, a compromise that will somehow reflect the varied opinions of the American people, it is nevertheless unreasonable in the extreme to ask the Moral Majority to abandon its principles in advance, in the name of the "civilizing flexibility" that Giamatti values so highly.

GIAMATTI's view of how society ought to settle these issues greatly favors proponents of today's status quo. In this sense, Giamatti is a conservative. He abhors upheaval, he fears rapid change. But in supporting stability, Giamatti actually supports only the most recent victors. Issues like abortion have cycles of action and reaction, which is why they are rarely "settled." Not long ago the people who now comprise the Moral Majority watched as their morality and their values were being trampled underneath in the mad rush toward sexual freedom and ethical relativism. Then the powerful lobbying groups were all on the other side; it may be that Giamatti deplored their behavior, too, but it was they who nevertheless won the day. Now the Moral Majority is fighting back, for which Giamatti calls them "malicious." Yet as one who has reinstituted more stringent course requirements at Yale, Giamatti ought to know that past changes often need to be undone. If the methods he employs to restore his university to some status quo ante are not quite so unyielding as the Moral Majority's, that is because he is the president and his only opposition consists of students.

The system of government created by Madison and the Founders presumed that many opposing factions, equally strident, equally uncompromising in their positions, could fight their battles in an open arena with a beneficial result to the nation. Giamatti seems to have little faith in this essential premise of American government. His attack on the Moral Majority's right to make its case in the most persuasive manner it can, undermines the very pluralism and freedom which he claims to uphold. Indeed, his speech was little more than a blow struck for the Moral Majority's enemies. In the end he was merely serving one faction against another.

The faction which Giamatti's speech served was that of the liberal intellectuals among whom he was raised and educated, and whose ideological dominance on the Yale campus has not abated for a moment since Buckley complained about it thirty years ago in *God and Man at Yale.* The fact is that the greatest threat to pluralism, to

* Atheneum, 184 pp., $12.95.

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academic freedom, and to the values of a liberal education at Yale have always come from the Left, not from the Right or the New Right. The status quo which Giamatti has been trying to preserve against the destabilizing efforts of groups like the Moral Majority is quite secure within Yale's gates. Preserving it, however, may not necessarily be in the best interests of the university.

ONE Yale story needs retelling in this connection, especially now that Giamatti has ascended the pulpit to defend the "free market of ideas" against the New Right book-burners. It has none of the glamor and news appeal of abortion or prayer in the schools, but in the world of academia its implications are far-reaching. It is a story of the failure of Yale, and of Giamatti, to protect academic freedom and pluralism on one of the rare occasions when they had an opportunity to do so. It is also a story of the way in which the real majority at Yale (and at many other American campuses) manages to suppress the views of those who oppose it.

A little over three years ago a young scholar named Thomas Pangle came up for tenure at Yale in the field of political philosophy.* Pangle is an intellectual disciple of the late Leo Strauss, whose "conservative" ideas have long been the scourge of modern political science. Strauss believed that political philosophers throughout the centuries have stood in a relationship of tension with the fundamental political, moral, and religious beliefs of their society. In the past, they muted or concealed their true opinions in their published writings. (It is a common characteristic of Straussian scholars that they read the original texts of great philosophers with an extremely critical eye, in order to divine the "real" meaning behind the words.) Modern thinkers, skeptical of the basic ideals of society but reluctant to challenge them in an open fashion, have hidden behind the mask of social-scientific analysis, with its pretense of being "value-free." In Strauss's view, a critical examination of the assumptions of modern political philosophy would reveal an unacknowledged bias in favor of liberal and egalitarian values and against traditional, hierarchical ideals (ideals which, he believed, have much to teach us). It is easy to see why Strauss's views, and his disciples, have not been welcomed by liberal political scientists.

Yale's political science department is hardly an exception, as the Pangle case showed. After a lengthy review, the ad hoc committee appointed by the department to consider Pangle for tenure decided to deny him promotion. Their decision sparked a controversy, for Pangle had a strong reputation as an outstanding teacher (he taught more than half of all students taking courses in political science at Yale) and as a promising young scholar. Pangle immediately petitioned the dean of Yale College for a "remedy of injustice." He claimed that "unfairness, procedural impropriety, and violations of academic freedom" had marred his tenure review. He insisted that the department had not judged him on the merits, but had been "decisively influenced by considerations of my purported political views, personal associations, and supposed adherence to or representation of a particular school of thought—the so-called 'Straussian school.'"

The case he presented was powerful. The department review had contained some extraordinary procedural irregularities. Originally the ad hoc committee had sent evaluation letters to eighteen professors at other universities, asking them to judge Pangle's work and to compare him with "other scholars of roughly the same age group and experience in the field." The responses were very favorable, so much so that in its report the committee later admitted that on the basis of the letters alone it would have given Pangle his promotion. Under ordinary circumstances, in other words, these evaluations would have settled the matter.

But the matter was not settled. More than two months after the letters were sent out, Professors Charles Lindblom and Douglas Rae of the review committee filed a majority report recommending that Pangle be denied tenure. They claimed that, although the evaluation letters had made a "strong case for tenured appointment," they were "less than useful." Later it was discovered that, in the midst of the review, the committee had decided to change the terms by which Pangle was to be judged. He was now to be compared with *all* scholars in the field, regardless of age, experience, or availability. The department could disregard the evaluation letters because, in this new light, they had asked the wrong question.

The committee's decision to deny Pangle tenure, it turned out, rested solely on private "investigations" by Professor Lindblom, who employed a hitherto unheard-of method for evaluating a candidate for promotion. Without informing the chairman of the committee, Lindblom made five phone calls to professors in the field. Two were Straussians, three were not, and in fact were anti-Straussian. He asked each to evaluate a list of 50 to 60 candidates. Not surprisingly, the Straussians rated Pangle highly; the anti-Straussians did not in every case recommend him. One consultant said he was not qualified to judge Pangle's work. Four of the five were themselves under consideration for the same position. It was with these interviews as evidence, and with no written record of the conversations, that Lindblom persuaded the committee to deny Pangle tenure.

IT WAS clear from the start of the review that Lindblom and his like-minded colleagues would have gone to almost any length to

* The facts on the Pangle case are derived from an article in the *Yale Political Monthly* by Craig Gilbert, September 1979.

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keep Pangle out of their department. Their bias was deeply ingrained. Lindblom told Pangle even before the review that "fear of Straussians" would have a serious effect on his evaluation. Many professors, he asserted, felt that any disciple of Leo Strauss was "necessarily 'tainted with certain specific vices' which made him 'unacceptable as a tenured colleague.' " For one professor in particular, Straussians deviated too far "from the mainstream of contemporary political theory." Professor Rae, a member of Pangle's review committee, was quoted as saying, "Academic freedom is one thing. But there are two types who should never be allowed to teach here—Leninists and Straussians."

This last statement makes clear the real issue in the Pangle case: Yale's political science department was simply not going to give tenure to a purported conservative. The claim that Straussians are not in the "mainstream" of their field was just a cover, or excuse; in fact it is an embarrassingly incorrect statement. Prominent Straussians of the past few years have included Walter Berns, Allan Bloom, Harvey Mansfield, and the late Martin Diamond. Berns and Bloom, in fact, were both, at one time or another, in the Yale political science department. Neither of them received a tenure spot, and both had to move on to pursue their enormously successful careers elsewhere.

In response to Pangle's request for a new review, Giamatti appointed a committee of investigation, chaired by the distinguished American historian Edmund Morgan. This committee decided to overturn the department's orignal decision. It recommended the appointment of a new review committee that would begin consideration for the position all over again.

The report issued by the Morgan committee, however, was a whitewash. It mentioned no evidence of prejudice. Its decision to overturn the department's verdict was based solely on Professor Rae's improper statement about Leninists and Straussians (yet the report also declared that Professor Rae's conduct throughout the review had been blameless). No mention was made of the evaluation letters which the department had ignored; no mention was made of Professor Lindblom's phone calls; and, most significantly, no mention was made of the political bias that had clearly been at the root of the department's original decision. In short, the Morgan report offered no grounds according to which a future review committee might reverse the original decision. Pangle wisely did not wait for this second review to be completed.

As for the Giamatti administration, while appearing to overrule the political science department, it also made it clear that it would stand by whatever the department decided to do. When it was pointed out to Giamatti that the department's decision (approved by the Morgan committee) to compare Pangle with all scholars in the field regardless of age and availability stood in contradiction to the guidelines Giamatti himself had set forth for tenure review a few months earlier, he denied any conflicts. "That's not news," he said.

True, the Pangle case was not news. Unlike Giamatti's attack on the Moral Majority, reports on the injustice done to Pangle were buried in a couple of brief, uninformative notes in the back pages of the New York *Times* and a short article in the *National Review*. That is how it often goes with stories involving the inner workings of universities. They are complicated and subtle. The effect of tenure decisions can be felt only over a long period of time. Even at Yale few people understood the facts of the case. The predictably ugly effects of the Morgan report were that Pangle came to be viewed by many as an ingrate and as someone who just could not make the grade. Such rumors can often stifle a career, perhaps even an entire point of view.

If Pangle had been a Marxist (not a "Leninist," of course) instead of a Straussian, it is safe to say that things would have gone differently. Indeed, a while before Pangle was reviewed for tenure, an American Marxist historian, Herbert Aptheker, came up for a position as visiting lecturer at Yale. The history department turned him down because the quality of his scholarship was unacceptable; in particular it cited his irresponsible account of slave rebellions in the South and his biased editing of the papers of W.E.B. Du Bois. But the political science department promptly offered him an appointment, even though he was plainly a historian and not a political scientist. He was given his lectureship; not a sound was heard from the Yale administration.

At Yale, it seems, whether academic freedom and pluralism are upheld depends on who the candidate is and what the ideology he represents. It was at Yale, after all, that William Shockley, George Wallace, and William Westmoreland were shouted down when they tried to express views unpopular on the campus. This suggests that at President Giamatti's institution, the "free market of ideas" is in greater peril from the well-entrenched orthodoxies of contemporary liberalism than from the external threat, such as it may be, of the Moral Majority. To many who have held the new Yale president in high regard, and thought that they had found in him a passionate believer in the value of liberal education in a democratic society, all this has come as a deep disappointment.

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Observations

The Scandal of Cambodia

Martin F. Herz

THE occupation of Cambodia (Kampuchea) by the Vietnamese, who invaded it in 1978 and installed a puppet government that remains in power today, is fully comparable to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Why then has it received so much less public attention?

One reason is that in spite of its imperialist and colonialist aspects, the Vietnamese conquest relieved Cambodia of an even more oppressive Communist regime, that of the Khmer Rouge (at one time headed by Pol Pot) which, in the period from 1975 to 1978, probably managed to kill between one and two million of Cambodia's population. Compared with the genocidal psychopaths of the Khmer Rouge, the Vietnamese-imposed regime looks not so bad. By any other standard, however, the situation in Cambodia is a tragedy of immense proportions.

The terms "imperialist" and "colonialist" are strictly applicable to the occupation. Vietnam has a history of eating Cambodia, chunk by chunk. Most of what used to be known as South Vietnam was at one time Cambodian territory—not just Cambodian-administered but territory inhabited by Cambodians. The Vietnamese-imposed regime of Heng Samrin, even if it is less terrible than that of its predecessor, is therefore abhorred by the Cambodians who have hated and feared the Vietnamese for centuries. That hatred and fear, as a matter of fact, were at the root of the deposition in 1970 of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, whose collusion with the Vietnamese Communists had become a public scandal.

There are four contenders for power in Cambodia at present: (1) the Vietnamese, who keep Heng Samrin in power with 200,000 occupation troops and who have the full support of the Soviet Union in their rape of Cambodia; (2) the remnants of the genocidal Khmer Rouge, who are on the Thai-Cambodian border and enjoy the support of the Chinese People's Republic; (3) the discredited Prince Sihanouk, at one time widely regarded as a true neutralist but who finished himself in Cambodia when he consented to be used by the Khmer Rouge in their drive for power in 1970—even though later he became their prisoner and still later denounced his former allies and jailors; (4) the anti-Communist Khmer National Liberation Front of Son Sann, also located on the Thai-Cambodian border, with troops in the field that are still small in comparison with those of the Khmer Rouge, but with a vast reservoir of good will and support in Cambodia.

It is said, correctly, that if the Cambodians were given the choice between a return of the Khmer Rouge and a continuation of the present foreign-imposed Heng Samrin regime, they would very likely choose the latter. But why should they be forced to make such a hideous choice?

Many observers believe that if Son Sann were given support in arms and money, he would draw to himself all those who want to rid his country of the Vietnamese. It is probable that even some of the Khmer Rouge troops would come over to him.

This being so, one would think that the West—not only the United States but all countries concerned for freedom and self-determination in Southeast Asia—would help Son Sann. Yet no such help (except in the "humanitarian" domain, which unfortunately does not translate into political or military power or influence) is being provided. Indeed, every time the question of the Cambodian delegation comes up in the United Nations, the U.S.—together with the West Europeans, the non-Communist Southeast Asians in ASEAN, and a majority of the remaining countries—hold their noses and vote for the Khmer Rouge ("Democratic Kampuchea") in order not to legitimate the Vietnamese aggression and occupation.

All this stands in scandalous contrast to the sympathy and support being given to Son Sann's counterparts in Afghanistan. Of course, there is one very important difference between Cambodia and Afghanistan. In the latter country, where the objective is to force the Russians out, Chinese and Western interests appear to coincide. In the case of Cambodia, however, the Chinese, in opposing the Soviet-backed Vietnamese, are stuck (or seem to think they are stuck) with the Khmer Rouge.

In Afghanistan, Chinese opposition to Soviet imperialism has not led to support for a Communist faction. It is possible that in time and with appropriate encouragement the Chinese could be brought

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to a similar position in Cambodia. Such encouragement would have to include Western support for the forces of Son Sann. Ironically the Chinese themselves are beginning to help Son Sann a little—but they are careful to give him considerably less than they give the Khmer Rouge.

THE tragedy of the Cambodian liberation movement is that at the very time when it has an excellent chance of lighting a fire under the Vietnamese colonial occupation, Son Sann is being weakened through an association with the Khmer Rouge forced on him by the ASEAN countries and the U.S.

Thus in late November 1981, at the suggestion of Singapore and with the support of Thailand, a "loose coalition government" for Cambodia was worked out in Bangkok which would have a President (presumbaly Sihanouk), a Prime Minister (presumably Son Sann), a Vice Premier (Khmer Rouge), but in which, according to the press statement, "each faction would retain its identity and be free to propagate its own distinctive political program and philosophy for the future of Cambodia." Son Sann, in order not to be accused of ruining any chances for ASEAN support, agreed in principle. Sihanouk's representative said the Prince would go along with anything the others could agree on. The Khmer Rouge said they would give their response later.

The agreement is of course unworkable—but if it goes into effect, it would be a hunting license for the various contenders to secure the foreign aid they need in order to drive the Vietnamese out of their country, after which the agreement contemplates "free elections conducted by the United Nations."

Everything now depends on whether the non-Communist resistance led by Son Sann can get the kind of assistance that will enable it to compete on at least even terms with the China-backed Khmer Rouge. (Prince Sihanouk, while he confuses the political equation, is not a major factor now.) Singapore and Malaysia have made oblique and elliptical statements perhaps indicating that if the coalition government really came to pass, and if Son Sann were a "prime minister" rather than just the leader of a liberation movement, they would find ways of helping the nationalists—or of transmitting help to them.

IN this situation the position of the United States may become crucial. Public statements so far indicate that the U.S. will continue to provide "humanitarian" aid to Son Sann. But humanitarian aid alone will not enable him to compete with the murderous Khmer Rouge; and unless Son Sann can show that the agreement has opened the way to concrete aid for the anti-Communist cause, he risks being accused by his supporters of having been outmaneuvered by the Communists. As he once put it in a characteristically Cambodian metaphor: "I am a buffalo and the Khmer Rouge are a tiger. You want to put us under the same yoke to pull the Cambodian cart out of the mud together. All right, I will go under the yoke with them—but then you will have to make me into a tiger. Otherwise what will happen to me is what happens when a buffalo tries to cooperate with a tiger."

The issue is not whether American forces are to be committed; that question is a red herring. The issue is whether, after all the misfortunes that Cambodia has suffered—including its abandonment by the United States in 1975—we have a right to turn our backs on people who are struggling for freedom and who only ask to be given as much support from the West as the Chinese are giving their own protégés.

Nobody can tell how the situation will come out if we help the forces fighting for the liberation of Cambodia. But it can be predicted with mathematical certainty that if no such aid is given, if the Khmer Rouge remain the principal resistance, Cambodia will be slowly and methodically digested by Vietnam and will eventually disappear as an independent country. Having abandoned Cambodia once in 1975, the United States would have abandoned it yet another time, when only a small effort might have given that country at least a fighting chance to regain its independence.

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Poland on Film

Richard Grenier

POLAND's Andrzej Wajda is by far the best known film-maker from the Communist world, and the one most honored in the West. In Western Europe, Wajda is ranked along with Bergman, Fellini, and Kurosawa as one of the "greats."

All these directors bear the indelible marks of their national cultures, but Wajda's career, in addition, has been tied directly to the history of Poland—and most particularly its recent history, that of the period during and following World War II. His latest film, *Man of Iron*, which carried off the top award at the latest Cannes Film Festival and was chosen to honor the closing night of the recent Film Festival in New York, is entirely and passionately devoted to Poland's Solidarity movement.

WAJDA burst on the international film scene in 1957 with *Kanal*, a story of the great rising of the Polish Home Army in Warsaw in the summer and fall of 1944 against the German Wehrmacht. The movie was widely admired in the West for its directorial skill, its excellent acting, its romantic patriotism—and also the heroism of its characters. Most Western film critics, however, were never very clear as to just who these Poles were who rose so fearlessly against the Germans.

The Home Army was the fully armed anti-Nazi resistance movement under the command of Stanislaus Mikolajczyk of the "London Poles," the wartime Polish government in exile. The army, hypernationalist and also anti-Communist, had only five years earlier fought the Red Army from Warsaw when Soviet troops had invaded Poland from the east. After the end of World War II, which saw the installation of a Moscow-directed Communist regime in Poland, and up until the events of 1956 (the Hungarian revolution, de-Stalinization in Moscow, the rise of Gomulka in Poland), the Home Army was invariably characterized by Polish Communist authorities as so much fascist scum. Thus the release of a brilliant and powerful film in which the soldiers of the Home Army had suddenly been converted into patriots and heroes set off a shock wave in Poland that is hard to imagine abroad.

For although the movie was about a rising against the Nazis, it posed the question of the Russians. The Warsaw uprising had been timed to take advantage of the advance of the Red Army from the east; Soviet troops were reaching the Vistula, on the opposite bank from Warsaw, just as the rising began. But the Russians had no wish to deal with a free Polish government, or a Warsaw which had liberated itself, and they did not move from their positions—just a few hundred yards away—during the entire battle. The RAF, flying all the way from Britain, did its best to support the rising with airdrops, but for three months the Russians sent not a man, not a bullet, not a loaf of bread, merely watching from the other bank of the Vistula while the Germans killed an estimated 370,000 Poles and left, of Warsaw, hardly a stone upon a stone.

The story of *Kanal* is of a platoon of soldiers of the Home Army who fight, descending into the Warsaw sewers (hence the title), and, one by one, all die. The Russians are never mentioned. Naively I once asked a roomful of Poles in Warsaw if Poles today were aware of where Soviet troops had stopped while the Home Army was locked in its last, doomed struggle with the Wehrmacht. My question was greeted with stunned silence. One Pole answered: "There is not a Pole alive who does not know where the Russians were during the Warsaw rising." Meaning, on the other bank of the river, watching the Poles die.

Wajda did not stop there. His next film, *Ashes and Diamonds*, equally brilliant, equally emotional, went even further. Its hero is a wartime anti-Communist guerrilla who actually fights the regime being put in place in Poland by Moscow, assassinating a Communist Party Secretary on V-E Day. This hero was played by Poland's leading film star, the extraordinarily gifted and appealing Zbigniew Cybulski (later to die in a tragic accident). The film owes much to the peculiar romantic magnetism of Cybulski himself, but his character, to say the least, is hardly treated unsympathetically. At worst he is a misguided patriot, but courageous, idealistic, fighting against great odds—for Poland.

Even a glancing summary of these two films gives an idea of the intense nationalism which infuses Wajda's work. But it should be pointed out that making them did not really entail acts of personal bravery on Wajda's part. The simplest way of putting the case is that the line had changed, and Wajda was taking advantage of it.

From the point of view of the Soviet ideology of 1956, the concessions made to Poland in that year of crisis were extensive. The collectivization of agriculture was halted, even reversed, leaving over 80 percent of the land in private hands. Small private business enter-

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prises were authorized (with a limitation on the number of workers). Gomulka, a "right-wing deviationist," was released from prison, to the cheering of vast crowds, to become First Secretary of the Polish Communist party and the new national leader. Compared to what had happened in Budapest, and how close the situation had been in Poznan and Warsaw, Soviet leaders must have felt that allowing the Poles to make movies honoring their national heroes—even movies tinged with Russophobia—was a small price to pay to assure Poland's tranquility, and would even provide an emotional escape valve. This was a way of thinking markedly different from that obtaining in the USSR itself, but Moscow had decided that countries like Hungary and Poland had different cultural backgrounds and, within limits, were to be allowed vagaries which would never be tolerated in the Soviet Union.

BUT whatever the special circumstances that allowed Wajda to make *Kanal* and *Ashes and Diamonds*, there can be no mistaking, either in them or in his later work, the extraordinary degree to which he encompasses within himself so many of his country's most distinctive cultural traits. It is a historical fact, for instance, that the first great wave of industralization in Poland at the end of the 19th century, when most of Poland was still under Russian rule, was carried out mainly by Germans and Jews. With their captains of industry largely foreign (for the Jews, with their own culture and language, were not considered Poles), the Polish people retained, for lack of a "national" industrial and commercial class, what has been called a clear case of feudal "aristocracy identification," placing inordinate importance on the military virtues of valor, patriotism, honor, sacrifice, manliness.

For another thing, during the century and a half preceding 1918, when Poland was not a sovereign state, it was often referred to by Polish writers as "the Christ of nations"—a phrase not to be forgotten in considering the case of Wajda. It is an eccentricity of Communist education in Poland today that schoolchildren are still taught about the victories of the formidable Polish Legions which fought for Napoleon, who—it was their understanding—had promised them a free Poland. In some of Napoleon's campaigns a full third of his troops were Polish. Polish units were a large part of the French army that took Moscow. They fought desperately at Waterloo.

All these things are contained in the films of Andrzej Wajda: intense nationalism, exaltation of valor even to the point of martyrdom, aristocracy identification (one of Wajda's wives was a countess of the *ancien régime*), disdain for materialism and the bourgeoisie, and even, I find, a hint of anti-Semitism. This is a configuration of temperament, it will be noted, encountered more often on the nationalist Right than on either the socialist Left or at the democratic Center. I should add that Andrzej Wajda is from a military family, the son of a career officer of the pre-war Polish Army, killed in combat in World War II.

OF THE some twenty films Wajda has made for theatrical release since he became an international figure I have been able to see eighteen. In *Ashes* (1965, not to be confused with *Ashes and Diamonds*) he tells the story of Polish cavalrymen who fight for Napoleon from the bleak stone ridge of Somo-Sierra in Spain to the white snows of Russia. The title (the film is based on a celebrated novel) symbolizes what these valiant Polish troops were left with after Napoleon's defeat: all that bravery, all that sacrifice, only to return to a Poland still ruled by foreign powers. *Lotna* (1959) is the almost incredible tale of the last great charge of the Polish cavalry—against German tanks in 1939. Although the slaughter was frightful, this battle too is memorialized by Wajda with fierce pride. Indeed, all four of his great war films (*Kanal, Ashes and Diamonds, Ashes,* and *Lotna*) end in defeat, death, and martyrdom, and while there is no question that Wajda is among the most ardent celebrants of military courage in movie history, his films also put one in mind of the romantic infatuation with death. The Polish language has a word, *zal*, which means a kind of longing sorrow, with something in it of the nobility of tragedy. There is much *zal* in Wajda.

He has made some films concerning Jews. *Land of Promise* (1974) shows the early industrialization of Poland at the turn of the century, mainly by German and Jewish capitalists. The exploited workers, of course, are 100-percent Polish (no Jews here), so the film, although nominally Marxist in theme, is not without a strain of xenophobia. The movie's anti-Semitism, if such it be, lies not so much in the mere fact that the Jews in the picture are "capitalists," but in the manner of their depiction: all are dressed in the Orthodox manner, with *yarmulkes* and side-curls, and all are wheedling, grasping, fawning, devious, avaricious. Rich though they are (and hence, one would have thought, appreciably acculturated), they speak Polish with heavy Yiddish accents, and use elaborate and somehow repellent gestures. The German capitalists, by contrast, are harsh but dignified, and far more flatteringly portrayed. I have no doubt that modern Poles, viewing the Jews in Wajda's movie, would find them repugnant. For whatever it is worth, I, personally, cringed. The film was made a mere five years after the opening of a campaign of officially instigated anti-Semitism in Poland, generally attributed to the then state security chief, Mieczyslaw Moczar.

For all I know, Wajda has a completely clear conscience about *Land of Promise*, having made (seven years before Moczar's campaign) a film that he considers firmly pro-Jewish, *Samson*. It is the story of a young Jew (handsome), facing the anti-Semitism of both pre-war Poland and then the Nazis. He flees the Germans in a fearful, furtive, and cowardly manner, but finally in a last redeeming act he overcomes his fear and destroys both a German military post and himself, even as Samson in the temple. Here are no blood-sucking moneylenders, no capitalist exploit-

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ers. In fact, here is a pious cipher, a figure principally of pathos. I once remarked to Wajda that until the last, redeeming act of heroism the Jew in this film had been deprived of all traits other than weakness and a cringing helplessness. Mildly surprised, he answered, "But that's the way the Jews are." Had he known any Jews? I asked. "No," he said pleasantly.*

So Wajda's range of Jews runs from the pathetic cipher of *Samson* to the capitalist oppressors of *Land of Promise*. Readers will have no difficulty in recognizing that these two modes of conceiving Jews, in varying circumstances, can exist in the same mind. I mention Wajda's attitude not from a desire to discredit him but to give the proper dimensions to his nationalism, which may be the most profound strain in his nature.

Some recent visitors to Poland have been distressed to find vestiges of the anti-Semitism endemic to the region; it would be comforting to be able to report that anti-Communism, the love of freedom, and passionate Polish nationalism had instantly expunged all evidence of anti-Semitism from the Polish people. Alas, it is not so. Be that as it may, it was spokesmen of General Jaruzelski's "State of War" junta who, two days after the military crackdown of December 13, calculatingly encouraged anti-Semitism by warning of the "Jewish" influence in KOR and Solidarity.

AWAY from his favorite nationalistic and martial themes, Wajda, in my opinion, has always lost much of his vitality. *The Innocent Sorcerers*, his reflections on the decaying moral values of the young, had none of Wajda's intensity and could have been made by any number of other directors. *Hunting Flies*, a toothless satire of Poland's new elite, was equally undistinguished. In fact, until his rediscovery of the heroism of the Polish soul in *Man of Marble* and the brand-new *Man of Iron*, Wajda was sinking into a film-maker of little distinction. His recent *The Young Girls of Wilko* and *The Orchestra Conductor* (made, as it happens, between *Man of Marble* and *Man of Iron*), are, in turn, bland and psychologically hackneyed. In the latter film John Gielgud plays a great and long-time expatriate Polish symphony conductor who returns at last for a grand triumphal tour of his native Poland. His death in the last sequence, peaceful, happy, in his native land, waiting on the sidewalk among the throngs of young Poles lining up to buy tickets to watch him conduct, is of a quite unusual sentimentality. (Gielgud himself is of Polish descent—indeed, I am told, of Polish-Jewish descent—but how this might have colored Wajda's view of the story I would have no idea.)

With Wajda no longer the point man of "political" Polish cinema, his position had come to be taken by others. Krzysztof Zanussi's bitter attacks on the spiritual corruption of Poland's new, highly affluent privileged class (*Camouflage*, *The Constant Factor*, *Contract*) are worth an essay in themselves, and have given him a reputation as the most compelling director in Poland today. Jerzy Kawalerowicz, who first came to world attention in the early 60's with *Mother Joan of the Angels*, a reinterpretation in a Polish setting of Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*, withdrew for many years into administrative functions but returned in the mid-70's with *Death of a President*, the story of the assassination of a socialist Polish president in 1922. The immense sympathy shown for a social-democratic political figure is certainly interesting, but perhaps the most fascinating feature of the film is the enigmatic role assigned to the near-mythic Jozef Pilsudski—the hero of World War I, proclaimer of Poland's independence in 1918, in the period depicted in the movie a man out of power, biding his time, powerful, inscrutable.

The Polish Communist state had consistently vilified Pilsudski as a fascist tyrant. (He staged a coup d'état in 1926, establishing a military dictatorship.) But on November 11, 1981, for the first time under the Communist regime—and one month before the military crackdown—Warsaw celebrated the anniversary of Pilsudski's 1918 proclamation of an independent Poland. Radios blared the marching song of Pilsudski's legions, which had fought under Austrian auspices against Russia during World War I. Men paraded with photographs of Pilsudski pinned to their lapels as badges. A figure from the mythic past, Pilsudski suddenly appeared on Polish television in clips of pre-war independence celebrations. And—there can be no greater honor—on November 11 workers in a shipyard in Gdansk announced that they were changing the name of their yard to the Jozef Pilsudski Shipyard. In view of such a tidal wave of adulation, with his photograph enshrined in many Polish homes, it would seem that Jozef Pilsudski has not been forgotten by his fellow Poles, any more than they have forgotten where the Red Army halted during the Warsaw rising of 1944.

As Polish movies advanced into the 70's, the "cinema of moral dissent" (as it is called in Poland) became progressively concerned with contemporary themes, but one great piece of the past, the Stalinism of the early 50's, remained unexamined. Wajda had been trying to get permission from the authorities to make a film on the subject since 1962. Almost a decade and a half later he got the go-ahead, and in 1977 brought out *Man of Marble*. Once again Wajda had an overnight sensation on his hands. Tickets were being scalped at several times face value. In less than three months three million Poles had seen the film—this was more people, proportionately, than in America were to see *Superman*, or *Grease*, or *Kramer vs. Kramer*. It was common knowledge that the movie had been censored. Great numbers of people had even heard which scene had been cut. But special guidelines were issued to the press on just what could be written about the film.

It will no doubt strike outsiders as strange that a movie-maker who had been allowed to glorify Po-

* This was a curious answer in itself, since Wajda had been close for many years to a number of Poles of Jewish or at least partly Jewish descent. I can only assume that since none of them seemed in any way weak or cringingly helpless—rather the contrary—Wajda did not think of them as Jews.

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land's anti-Communist Home Army of World War II and even represent as a hero a man who guns down a Communist official should set off such an uproar by attacking the Stalinist "errors" of the early 50's—which the Russians themselves had already attacked and which were now universally acknowledged. But as the Yugoslav dissenter Milovan Djilas could explain, criticizing Stalinism from another Communist country can be a very tricky business. After all, the hero of *Ashes and Diamonds* could be viewed as a misguided idealist who had not yet seen the blessings which Communism would bring to his homeland. But in the 50's Stalinism was there, a foreign system forced with utter ruthlessness on an unwilling Polish people. This was what the Russians had brought.

Moreover, much had happened in Poland between 1962, when Wajda first submitted his screenplay, and 1977, when *Man of Marble* was released. No fewer than three times—in 1968, 1970, and 1976—dangerous waves of strikes, demonstrations, and violence had broken out; in 1970 such a wave had driven the government of Gomulka from power and replaced it with one led by Edward Gierek. *Man of Marble* was released mere months after the strikes of 1976 had uneasily subsided. Poland was a powder keg.

It is worth noting in this connection that *Angi Vera*, the most morally eloquent attack on Stalinism ever made in the cinema and a beautiful and moving film in its own right, was produced in Hungary, a country which has enjoyed uninterrupted domestic tranquility since 1956, has revamped its economy extensively—to a degree, on Western models—and now has next to the highest level of material prosperity of any country in the Soviet bloc. After the first drastic concessions made following the 1956 crisis, none of this has been true of Poland, where orthodox, Soviet-style economic planning has been in place, and has been disastrous. *Angi Vera* is a superior film in every way to *Man of Marble*, but the impact of Wajda's film in Poland was prodigious, for it was the film Poland was waiting for.

When Andrzej Wajda was a student at the Cracow Academy of Fine Arts in 1948, the first movie to "deeply impress" him was Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane*, and in *Man of Marble* he used *Citizen Kane*'s key narrative technique as the central structural device. Agnieszka (Krystyna Janda), a young film student with a brash, self-important manner, has decided in the mid-1970's to reconstruct a true picture of the Stalinist past by making a television documentary retracing the life story of one Mateusz Birkut, a celebrated Stakhanovite worker of the first years of the Communist regime. Lauded, covered with honors, the subject of two hero-worshipping documentaries of the period, *Architects of Our Happiness* and *Birth of a City*, Birkut suddenly disappears from the public record in 1952. What happened?

In the *Citizen Kane* manner, Agnieszka goes about interviewing everyone who ever knew Birkut, his ex-wife, his former fellow workers, gradually piecing together his story, which is told in a series of flashbacks. The young Birkut is a peasant of most extraordinary idealism. Caught up in the industrialization program which was the centerpiece of Communist planning after the war, he becomes a champion bricklayer, inventing new techniques, increasing output. As he sets new speed records and is honored as a Stakhanovite, he is warned by his buddy Witek that he may be making some enemies as well, but this somehow does not get through to the naive Birkut, who goes on setting ever faster records for bricklaying, happy to be "building socialism."

ONE of the themes of *Man of Marble* is that Stalinism destroyed many of the nation's most ardent idealists, but there is nevertheless something cloying and never-never-landish about Birkut's naiveté. It was a well known fact, after all, that Communist governments were using the achievements of the Stakhanovites to raise production work norms, and that for the average laborer this often resulted in less pay for the same work. Stakhanovites, presented by the state propaganda services in the manner of war heroes, were privately resented by fellow workers, often attacked physically, and on occasion, even in the Soviet Union, murdered. In Birkut's case, one day during an attempt to set still another speed record, his fellow bricklayers pass him two white-hot bricks, burning his hands hideously and maiming him.

But the Stakhanovite system is not criticized itself—even by this "daring" movie. Instead, in the next plot turn, Witek, Birkut's best friend, is accused of sabotage for having passed him the hot bricks (which he certainly did not do). During a melodramatic, rigged "show" trial, Birkut is called upon to give false evidence against his friend but, in a turgid scene, refuses, and both are sent to prison. In 1956, Birkut, Witek, and thousands of others are released, but whereas Witek—with the best of political credentials now—uses his connections to rise in the world, becoming a major construction executive, Birkut, permanently disillusioned, disappears.

It is at this point in her research that Agnieszka excitedly shows what material she has gathered to her professor at the television school—for she is just a student, remember. This documentary is to be her graduation thesis. The professor, presumably feeling that the material is politically too "sensitive," tells her that so far her footage is unsatisfactory and uninteresting. What's more, there is a hole in it you could drive a truck through. The film is all about Birkut, but she has not found Birkut. And not only has she not found him, but she knows nothing about him since he disappeared some twenty years before, has no idea what he himself thinks about all this. The professor tells Agnieszka that her cameraman and sound man are to be taken away and that she will be issued no more film stock. Her documentary is cancelled.

All along, Agnieszka's tone with her professor has been extremely self-righteous, but now she begins to hector him in a manner I am certain Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein of the Washington *Post* never used with their editor, and

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which seems quite lunatic in Poland. For Wajda not only took the mechanical structure of his film from *Citizen Kane,* he and his screenwriter, Aleksander Scibor-Rylski, were inspired by the utterly fanciful notion that Poland in this period of the mid-70's could have had something equivalent to American "investigative reporting." The American inspiration is acknowledged in the script when the professor brushes off Agnieszka during one of her earlier sanctimonious tirades with an impatient, "Enough of this America business!"

The story has its denouement, puzzling to some Western critics (what with the pervasive censorship and self-censorship), but clear to Polish audiences, clear enough to bring them to their feet singing the national anthem. Agnieszka, without camera or crew, continues her search for Mateusz Birkut and finally picks up his trail in the port city of Gdansk, now world-famous as the birthplace of the Solidarity free trade-union movement in 1980 but already famous to Poles as the scene of bloody riots ten years earlier which had brought down the government of Wladyslaw Gomulka, and during which police had killed scores—some say hundreds—of striking shipyard workers.

At the entrance to a shipyard where one of the bloodiest police actions had taken place in 1970, Agnieszka finally finds, not Mateusz Birkut, but his son Maciek (played by the same actor who plays the father). Maciek tells her somewhat cryptically that his father is dead, and at first refuses to help her further. But then we cut to the film's final shot, as Agnieszka, with Maciek firmly in tow, marches triumphantly down the corridor of Warsaw's television building on the way to her professor's office. The exuberance of her stride, and the stir created in the adjoining offices as the two pass, are unequivocal. The son of the celebrated Birkut has been found! The music swells. The truth about Mateusz Birkut, and about Stalinism, will finally be told. The film, in short, has a happy ending.

THE famous "censored scene" near the end of *Man of Marble* is worth comment. According to Wajda himself, it shows Agnieszka and Maciek looking in vain for a grave at the Gdansk cemetery. Not finding Mateusz Birkut's name on any tombstone, Agnieszka leaves a bouquet of flowers at the cemetery gates. It is an indication of how not only films but even authors' statements about their films are altered according to changing political circumstances in countries like Poland that Wajda, pre-Solidarity, could say quite clearly, "It was not my purpose to hint that [Birkut] might have died during the upheaval of 1970," while post-Solidarity we find him saying equally clearly about the same graveyard scene, "This, of course, means that Birkut was killed during the 1970 strikes in Gdansk." The latter, obviously, is the correct interpretation, as Wajda went on to explain: "Even those on my side in the ministry did not feel the film could be released with this scene in it. The scene was impossible for even them to accept."

And there was more to it than this. Various witnesses of public as well as private screenings of the film report versions in which we see tanks rumbling through the streets of Gdansk during the strikes of 1970; in which Agnieszka and Maciek actually find Birkut's tombstone with "Gdansk-1970" marked on it (some say with a specific date during the strikes); and, by contrast, one version in which the whole last reel is cut—not only the graveyard scene evoking 1970, but Gdansk, Maciek, the shipyard, the triumphal march through the corridor of the television building, the whole ending. In this version the film stops abruptly without ever picking up Birkut's trail after 1956.

In a country that had experienced three dangerous political upheavals in eight years, the extreme anxiety provoked by the suggestion that the Stalinist "errors" of the early 50's were not a closed book but were producing continuing disturbances can be inferred from the fact that with *Man of Marble* released in its present, comparatively mild, form, and a giant commercial success, the mere sight of the shipyards of Gdansk so horrified the 1977 Communist leadership that Poland's Vice Minister of Culture, the head of the country's film industry, was promptly dismissed. Shortly afterward his superior, the Minister of Culture himself, was moved to a less important position and expelled from the Politburo. All this because of a movie? The answer, it seems, is yes. (Nothing happened to Wajda, who, an "artist" and an international celebrity, was not held responsible.)

IT MAY BE unfair to single out one film critic, but Vincent Canby of the New York *Times* wrote in March 1979, on the occasion of a screening of *Man of Marble* during a Wajda Festival at New York: "In removing references to the workers' strike in the port of Gdansk in 1970, the Polish censors have—unintentionally, I asume—undercut and neutralized Mr. Wajda and made the movie seem far more bleak and pessimistic than he probably intended. The movie that we see is about a heroic life that failed." Canby wrote regretfully that inclusion of the missing scene recalling the Gdansk strike of 1970 "would have emphasized Mr. Wajda's concept of the continuing nature of the social struggle."

Passages like this make one realize how hard it is for many Americans to grasp the nature of a Communist society. Evidence of the "continuing nature of the social struggle," which would have cheered Vincent Canby up no end, could hardly have been expected to gladden the hearts of Communist officials when this struggle meant Polish workers fighting police and challenging the authority of the Communist party. One year after Canby wrote, such a movement, now under the name Solidarity, blasted Gierek from power, shook the Communist world to its foundations, and opened a crisis of giant proportions. Very heroic, all of this, very brave, but Edward Gierek was hardly pleased, and if it had been within his power he would certainly have prevented it. The feelings of General Wojciech Jaruzelski can be judged by his mid-December declaration of a State of War. It was obviously far easier for the Gierek of 1977 to admit bleakly to "heroic lives that failed" under Stalinism in the 50's than to acknowledge an active and continuing challenge to his

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own regime in the 70's. How could he have even entertained the notion of legitimizing such a challenge? (One also wonders, since Vincent Canby found *Man of Marble*'s portrait so gloomy, how he himself would characterize Poland under Stalinism. Heroic lives that succeeded?)

There are less thoughtful reviewers than Canby, however. When *Man of Marble* was finally released commercially in America in early 1981, some critics hailed it ecstatically as an explanation of Poland's Solidarity movement. In fact, with its happy ending, its upbeat, "truth will out" conclusion, all ending well in this imperfect but promising Poland of 1977, *Man of Marble* is so little an explanation of the Solidarity movement that Wajda was already rushing madly to make amends by completing a successor movie, *Man of Iron*.

Man of Iron could well be called "Everything You Wanted to Know about *Man of Marble* but Didn't Know Enough to Ask." Or, more flattering but also more apt, "Everything You Wanted to Know about *Man of Marble* but I Wasn't Allowed to Tell You Then." It must be something of an embarrassment to Vincent Canby, who, in 1979, had hailed the earlier movie as testifying to "the vitality of contemporary Polish life," called its hero "the unrelenting conscience of the revolution," and praised Wajda as "a humanist who refuses to restrict himself to the short view that sees only what is currently acceptable." (These remarks were omitted when Canby's review was reprinted in 1981.)

In the new film we have a reprise of the same triumphal march through the corridors of Warsaw's television building that gives *Man of Marble* its happy ending. Agnieszka enters the office of her boss-professor. She expects him to be pleased, bowled over. She has filled the hole! Now, via Birkut's son, they will be able to reconstruct the missing part of Birkut's life, what happened to him in the Poland of more recent times. But Agnieszka's professor isn't pleased at all. In fact, he is acutely displeased. He not only refuses to authorize a resumption of her documentary, but confiscates her press card, expels her from his school, and severs all her connections with Polish television. She is dismissed and jobless. So much for *Man of Marble*'s happy ending. So much for investigative reporting and "truth will out" in pre-Solidarity Poland.

The film opens at Gdansk on the Baltic coast in the summer of 1980. The historic shipyard strike, which will lead to the Solidarity free trade-union movement, is already well under way. "Who's ever seen our unions bucking management?" cries an angry striker. "Why don't they defend our interests?"

We cut back to Warsaw, where a malign machination is afoot. In the first movie the central character is a television journalist, in the second a television journalist once again. But whereas in the earlier film Agnieszka is the spirit of virtue, struggling for truth and justice, in the new film the TV man is the spirit of corruption, seeking to demean all that is good and honorable. Once an idealist himself, until broken by the system, Winkiel (Marian Opania) is now a weak, cynical, alcoholic hack. He is sent to Gdansk to do a series of interviews which will discredit this new trade-union movement, but is told to avoid the leading organizers (such as Lech Walesa himself), and instead to go after the people in the "second line." The target of opportunity is a young fellow named Maciek, which is to say Birkut's son, a man whom we conveniently already know.

Winkiel goes about interviewing Maciek's friends, colleagues, and old schoolmates, all of whom give the most glowing account of him, and finally finds Maciek's wife, who turns out to be none other than Agnieszka from *Man of Marble*. In the earlier film a smart dresser of the blue-denim school, she has now given up stylish clothes, journalism, and other vanities of this world to fight alongside her husband and Lech Walesa for the Polish workers.

As can be seen from this twist alone, *Man of Iron*, the new film, is strongly symbolic in nature, abandoning plausible realistic characters in order to cram in as much as possible of recent Polish history. As Winkiel proceeds with his interviews, we are given, as before, flashback after flashback, but this time illustrating Poland's recent convulsions. In 1968, influenced by the "Prague Spring" taking place right next door in Czechoslovakia, Polish students had staged massive demonstrations demanding liberal reforms. Polish workers, however, did not budge, and Birkut and his son (then a university student) have a heated confrontation when the father refuses to organize shipyard workers to support the students. In 1970, the shoe is on the other foot. The Gdansk shipyard workers strike and battle the police, but the students do not support them; this produces another father-son confrontation. Later in this same 1970 crisis the father is shot down by the police, which produces a seizure of guilt in his son, who leaves the university to work in the shipyards. (We are shown authentic news footage of the 1970 riots in Gdansk, with tanks in the streets and police clubbing strikers most savagely.) The next wave of anti-government riots are in 1976 at Radom, an engineering center, and at the Ursus tractor factory just outside Warsaw. This time even Gdansk does not move.

GDANSK. Warsaw. Radom. Ursus. I am not sure a viewer entirely unfamiliar with these events will be able to reconstruct a clear picture of the travails of Poland over the past dozen or so years merely from watching *Man of Iron*, but the burden of the film is plain enough. In fact it is spelled out in so many words: workers, students, all Poles everywhere, must join forces against a state which, although it governs in their name, does not represent them.

Man of Iron includes much news footage of events in Gdansk in 1980 and 1981. We see a gigantic open-air mass in front of the shipyards with a Catholic priest praying in Polish, "Hail, Mary, full of grace," and even Lech Walesa himself leading prayers devotedly, "Let us pray to Our Lady for the strikers, to give them unity, to give them strength and courage this day. . . . May God be with us."

They are tense and moving scenes. We also see Walesa in his-

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toric confrontations with leaders of the Communist party, and even as a bit actor in some small fictional sequences, notably as best man at the wedding of Maciek and Agnieszka.

But in contrast to the specious happy ending of *Man of Marble*, the new film ends grimly. Although the closing sequences show the acceptance by the new government of Solidarity's demands, and the acknowledgment of Solidarity's independence of the Communist party, there is a shot of an old-guard Communist official saying cynically of the new agreement, "It's just a piece of paper signed under duress." The implication could not be more clear. The Communist party is going to bide its time, waiting for the moment when it can strike back, destroy or emasculate Solidarity, and restore its position as the unique master of the state and of every institution of society. Unfortunately the events of last December appear to vindicate this grim view.

IN SUCH stirring and heroic circumstances it would be very agreeable to report that *Man of Marble* and *Man of Iron* are film masterpieces. They are not. In *Ashes and Diamonds*, Wajda told a sweeping tale permeated with a dark romanticism whose power for Western audiences was scarcely diminished by the fact that many of the film's political allusions must have escaped them. Wajda, moreover, had the services of Zbigniew Cybulski, the gifted young actor. He gave Cybulski his head, and *Ashes and Diamonds* was the result.

Man of Marble, the earlier of the *Man* films, is a horse of a different color. It is an exposé of Stalinism, a polemic melodrama; this is an artistic genre at which Wajda is less adept than, say, Costa-Gavras, whose own exposé of Stalinism, *The Confession*, made admittedly from the safety of France, is a far superior film. (It goes without saying that Costa-Gavras's and Wajda's purposes are quite different, as can be judged from the fact that, soon after *The Confession*, Costa-Gavras made *State of Siege*, a shameless hagiography of Uruguay's Tupamaro guerrillas.) And *Man of Marble* compares even less well with Hungary's *Angi Vera*, which is not a polemic melodrama at all but an astonishingly nuanced and realistic picture of the character changes and *crises de conscience* undergone by a group of young working women chosen to go to the Communist party school, and to be future officials of the Stalinist state, in the first days of Hungary's Communist regime.

In any event, huge as was the stir created by Wajda's *Man of Marble* in Poland, its impact in the West was bound to be far smaller, coming as it did not only after *Angi Vera* (in its commercial release in the U.S.), but, obviously, long after such literary works as Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*.

Although it might just be personal taste, I also find Jerzy Radziwilowicz, who plays both Birkut and his son, no more than earnest and competent. Admittedly, it is a tall order to make a plausible character out of the naive, idealistic goof of a young Birkut, who cannot even seem to understand why his fellow bricklayers should resent him. As for Krystyna Janda, who plays the bumptious, investigative documentarist Agnieszka, I find her whole characterization grating as well as misconceived, and think she would have done well to study the performances of Robert Redford and, particularly, Dustin Hoffman in *All the President's Men* to see how much wheedling and cajoling even Woodward and Bernstein had to do. And that was America.

Man of Iron, the new film, is something else again. All that documentary footage. Catholic priests praying for the workers of Solidarity. Walesa and his troops. Walesa as a bit player. The newsreel footage (formerly closely guarded) of the bloody riots of 1970. This is compelling stuff. And then there is the fictional framework with all its walking symbols, allegory, ideological debate, appeals for unity. Wajda has never before made a film anything like this, and I am not certain *Man of Iron* is a feature film in the conventional sense. It is like some kind of pedagogical pageant, or Polish passion play. But I agree wholeheartedly with Peter Osnos, a former Eastern Europe correspondent, now national editor of the Washington *Post*, when he writes (in the *New Republic*) that *Man of Iron* should be seen "for what it is—an unparalleled opportunity for outsiders to glimpse the sensibilities behind the headline-making events in Poland."

WAJDA is a curious case. Romantic to the core, a fervent nationalist, through all the rigors of life in a Communist state he has always remained in his secret soul an aesthete. He has lived for his art. The givens of life in a Communist society must have seemed immutable to him—the state, art defined as the servant of the state, censorship, the state controlling all facets of society—but within these stringent limits his art was what counted. When the upheaval of the last year and a half annihilated many of these limits, and Wajda for the first time in his life was gulping the intoxicating air of freedom, his whole approach to the cinema, by his own testimony, was thrown for a loop. His great films have been celebrations of his nation's heroism—seen from an "aesthetic" distance, of course—films actually made when his nation was in a miserable condition living under the control of an alien conqueror. But when Polish heroism burst forth again under his very eyes, Wajda seemed swept by such storms of emotion as to leave him clutching desperately for an appropriate form to express himself. Life, for Andrzej Wajda, had suddenly transcended art.

His reaction, perhaps only temporary, was to devalue his craft. "Not the most important thing in the world," he said of the cinema. He would like to run for office in the Solidarity movement, he said, play a role in the history of the new Poland. In the high emotions of the times, he underwent another kind of conversion as well. He suddenly attached much of his romantic ardor to the "working class." "When we learned Marxism [in Poland] we were taught that the working class was the most important," he said, "But no one believed it. And now they do. For 26 years I felt I was alone. . . . And now, since last year, I feel connected to an enormous movement of ten mil-

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lion members (Solidarity). I am truly conscious that what I do will make only a minimal difference, and that it is a great movement that will decide my life." Such feelings of mystic union are often unstable. How Wajda's allegiance to Solidarity will weather the present events in Poland is far from clear.

And there is something else. It is not widely known that in 1976, the year of the riots at Radom and Ursus, while he was making *Man of Marble*, Wajda was approached to sign a petition protesting an official move to write the leading role of the Communist party into the Polish constitution. Wajda refused to sign. "I was wrong," he said later with deep feeling. "I can never forgive myself." But that was when Solidarity was at its height.

Some men are born to be heroes, others merely to sing their praises. It is no great insult to Wajda to wonder if he might not be a member of the second group, celebrants who live out their heroism vicariously, when there are no tanks in the streets.

Music

The Miseducation of Musicians

Samuel Lipman

EVERY time is crisis time for those who live in a world of annually revised budgets. This is, in a special way, the lot of the large group of people who teach music in our schools and universities and who make up the faculties of instruction in our professional colleges of music. Yet the present anxiety felt in the world of music education is something special, tied only in part to the current controversy over government funding levels in education and culture. What is going on in the working lives of music educators is nothing less than a calling into question, by the spirit of the age, of their very justification for existence as artists and educators.

We may begin with the crisis in music itself, at the heart of which is the lack of widely accepted contemporary compositions. This is a new situation in our musical history. Bach wrote music for weekly use; what his audiences heard from his pen was as a rule what he had just written. Mozart, despite ill health, economic privation, and often self-inflicted personal difficulties, was a famous and admired figure of his time. Beethoven's patrons possessed a complete awareness of their protégé's standing among the immortals, and this despite his personal touchiness; his compositions were eagerly awaited, for the most part enthusiastically received, and widely circulated in both authorized and pirated editions.

The situation of new music in the high romantic era, from Schumann and Chopin to Brahms and Wagner, and even for some time after, was also one of vibrant health. The most advanced composers were heroes of the age, international celebrities, darlings of the aristocracies of taste and money. Verdi was a national symbol of Italian unification. Even Mahler, less successful as a composer than he might have hoped, was the subject of newspaper bulletins as he lay dying in Vienna. As late as the 1920's, the first performances of the operas of Richard Strauss were the occasion for trainloads of opera lovers to come from all over Europe to pay homage to the master.

In our own time, things are vastly different. Our greatest orchestras, our largest opera companies, our most distinguished music schools are elegant and capacious museums, preserving musical antiquities as if they had come freshly off the compositional press. Our most exciting performers, intellectually, are those who go back to original texts, original instruments, and original conventions. A performance of a "new" old *bel canto* opera causes all the excitement of an original discovery; the completion of a hitherto unfinished Mahler symphony or Berg opera dwarfs in importance the premiere of any conceivable new composition.

Exceptions to this rule of ancestor worship are few, marginal, and distinguished more by laudable motives than by any long-term musical influence. Concerts of contemporary music are ill-attended, except if they offer works which can be plugged into the drug-oriented popular culture. When, from time to time, famous soloists perform new

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or newish works, they do so with the air of Jack Horner discovering his virtue. For musicians older or younger, audiences sophisticated or new, administrators of series large or small, critics and teachers, the desirable repertory is just about the same. Give us the famous names of the past, they all cry; let us hear the great music from Bach to Mahler, the music that sounds as music should. What is new is disqualified even before it is heard, and once it is heard the invariable reaction is: nevermore.

Side by side with the fixation on the past there has been in recent years a redefinition of what the word music itself means to serious people. To our forebears, the word conjured up a refined, elite art, a product of man's intelligence at its most highly civilized and most highly disciplined. In the past, too, music was seen as the opposite of everything ugly, everything primitive, everything merely temporal. It was rather an expression of the sublime, the beautiful, and the eternal. If it made use of folk elements, and it did, these were transmuted into universal and timeless forms.

Now this conception of music itself has been challenged as limited, insular, arrogant, and irrelevant. In formerly polite musical society, an unlimited amount of folk music stands on an equal footing alongside the once carefully delimited greats; this folk music is the product of myriad cultures and societies, usually non-Western and in most cases in either early or blocked processes of growth. Deriving inspiration from this mass of material is a constantly expanding body of overwhelmingly commercial popular music that speaks to and for a broad and unsophisticated audience.

Thus, in the world at large, serious music has been swamped by demotic musics, to the extent that it has taken on the character of a *recherché* amusement for the few. Moreover, this "amusement" has lost much of its legitimacy as a higher or more refined or more intellectually demanding and rewarding enterprise. So thoroughly have the boundaries of taste been crossed that even the new, gigantic edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, the ultimate arbiter of what belongs to the musical family, treats folk and pop music as no less deserving of our respectful consideration than the products of the so-called classical tradition.

IF THERE is a crisis in serious music, there is also a crisis, at once similar and different, in education. The similarity lies in the widespread loss of faith in our educational present; the difference lies in the fact that education, because it serves so many needs and busies so many bodies, is now as always the recipient of numerous well-funded and well-intentioned schemes for improvement.

The last happy period in American education seems to have been the halcyon decades between 1945 and 1965. Expansion was then the order of the day, in both secondary and college programs and facilities. The postwar baby boom and the flood of returning soldiers from both World War II and Korea guaranteed a long-term academic constituency. The peacetime expansion of the domestic economy promised jobs for graduates. America's new standing in the world provided an atmosphere of confidence and optimism for our various educational endeavors.

But even during this era of good spirits, the issues which were later to rack the entire system were already making themselves felt. In 1954 the decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, that racial separation in education was unequal and illegal, served to insure that all public schools (and especially those in and around the big cities) would be drawn into the unsolved race problem in American society. In 1957 and 1958 our initial failures in the space competition with the Soviet Union brought demands, soon accepted, for concentration on scientific, mathematical, and technical curricula across the entire education board. The rise of college-student disaffection, first publicly marked in the 1962 activities of Students for a Democratic Society, then exploding in the Berkeley riots of 1964, suggested that the population of our schools could no longer be considered malleable clay in the academic potter's hand.

These developments, hardly inclusive of all that was going on at this time, may nonetheless stand for the changes which overtook our educational system and which have produced our present condition. To say this is not to disparage the civil-rights drive for equal treatment under law, or to deny the need for scientific education in a world increasingly formed by technology, or to deprecate the complaints of students cast adrift on a sea of professional indifference. But however we may sympathize with these causes and those who put them forward, candor requires that we acknowledge some of their effects on the realities of present-day education.

The broadest effect here has been in the humanities and the study of the humanities. No matter how the precise content of the humanities is defined, *study* of the humanities presupposes a certain level of cultural literacy; yet it became increasingly apparent in the years of educational expansion that new school populations, the children of parents badly served by schools in the past, did not possess the requisite literacy and could not be efficiently accommodated by traditional curricula drawn from an elite culture. Moreover, given the fixed number of school hours in a day, the increased attention given to scientific and technical education had to mean a diminution in the time devoted to other, presumably "softer" subjects: i.e., the humanities. Finally, when large numbers of bright students, alienated from the polity and the society, took to primitivism and irrationality, the study of a body of material based on the norms of Western civilization and the quiet pursuit of reason could not help degenerating.

The resulting state of affairs has been almost universally recognized as dismal. Unfortunately, the remedies prescribed have been so many nostrums, patent medicine for the anxious and the gullible. Open classrooms; the new math; programmed instruction; the trimester system; student participation in academic governance; alternate schools; pass-fail grading—the best that can be said of these quack products is that many of them have already been mercifully for-

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gotten. For where these remedies were tried, they often made a bad situation worse. By further weakening an already precarious academic discipline and administrative routine, in many cases they brought learning almost to a halt. Indeed, much of the college cohort of the decade between 1965 and 1975 now resembles something of a lost academic generation.

IN the humanities, the traditional understanding of what is meant by a liberal-arts education has been eviscerated, but no new definition has achieved any kind of consensual support. The classical definition of humanistic education sees it as more than a procedure, based on words, for amassing knowledge and gaining analytic skills. The humanities are not just an approach or a method, a way of establishing critical distance. The humanities are based first and foremost on content, and that content is the great works of our own Western tradition, what T.S. Eliot in *Notes towards the Definition of Culture* so nicely calls "the legacy of Greece, Rome, and Israel." The skills needed for the study of the humanities are not special but general; the humanities demand literacy, rationality, orderly thought, hard work, memory, and—love. The rewards of the humanities are, however, rather more special. For what they teach is value, or rather the set of values which has built and integrates our otherwise pluralistic societies.

It was to instill these values that the humanities *used* to be studied; now, the situation is quite different. To see just how different, we may look briefly at three recent events in the field of education.

The first of these events was the 1980 publication of *The Humanities in American Life*, the report of the Rockefeller Commission on the Humanities.* Here a collection of notables, giving short shrift to questions of content, addresses rather the condition of the job market for humanists. The report finds this market in poor shape, and recommends a spate of measures to improve school enrollments and hence academic employment. Most of the proposed measures, though misguided, seem fairly benign. But underneath the tone of sweet persuasion is a deeper suggestion: that programs in the humanities be *mandated*, that curricula be prescribed, that government, educators, and large business enterprises get together to keep these programs funded and rolling along. As for the reasons all this is to take place, here the report falls back on dreary invocations to the benefits of a critical habit of mind and the need to learn about other cultures. Of positive content, besides a nod to Shakespeare and a pious summoning up of Melville, there is nothing.

THE Rockefeller report at least wears the trappings of highmindedness. By contrast, an article that appeared last March in the New York *Times* reveals just what the humanities look like at the level of daily educational activity. The article begins with a bow to Harvard's then two-year-old program in general education. It quotes Dean Henry Rosovsky, who diagnosed the problem for which this program was intended to provide a cure as the "breakdown of common discourse" among educated men and women. The *Times* notes that what is put into question here is the very definition of an educated person. At Florida A&M, for instance, the new general-education program includes:

> Courses in nutrition and the benefits of lifelong participation in sports.
>
> "We give students an opportunity to succeed and get them into the mainstream," said Eva C. Wanton, the director of general education. "That's our definition of an educated person."

And the *Times* goes on:

> Some schools are using required course lists to expand their students' understanding of other cultures. At Mount Holyoke College . . . the faculty has voted to require each student to take a course in "some aspect of Africa, Asia, Latin America, the Middle East, or the nonwhite peoples of North America."

And still more:

> . . . under the guidance of Herbert Simon, a Nobel Laureate in economics, Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh has adopted a new core curriculum designed to give students a sampling of high-level skills rather than expertise in one field.

Finally the article describes one basic reaction to the very notion of general education today:

> At Indiana University, distribution and other requirements were recently tightened, but the faculty committee that proposed the changes rejected a core curriculum, saying that that "elitist idea dominated education throughout the 50's and ignored the Far East, blacks, Latinos, and other cultures."

Thus by easy stages we are led back, in the name of general education, to that very "breakdown of common discourse" which general education is supposed to combat.

THE third recent event in the continuing debate over the humanities was the release last September of a policy statement from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, entitled *The New Liberal Arts*. The policy advocated by the Sloan Foundation is that liberal-arts students be required to devote greatly increased attention to applied mathematics, computers, and technology, disciplines which the report finds to be the cornerstones of late 20th-century life. After the policy itself has been described, the document goes on to offer responses to it by prominent figures in American education; with the exception of a troubled rejection by Jacques Barzun, the responses are favorable. Indeed, the final contribution, by President Richard Warch of Lawrence University, is positively enthusiastic, and amounts to an embrace of the prospective technocratic takeover of American education. For President Warch, ". . . we must create and offer courses that help students to develop habits of thought that will permit them to think ultimately in computerizable ways."

Before pasing from the subject of education proper, let me cite a brief passage from an article in the Summer 1981 *Daedalus*, an issue devoted to "American Schools: Public

* See my review in COMMENTARY, April 1981.

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and Private." One particularly interesting article in this issue discusses explicitly the competence and dedication of those who will be teaching in the years to come. Here J. Myron Atkin, dean of the Stanford School of Education, makes some disturbing observations:

> Today's college freshman is less likely to aim toward a career in teaching than his counterpart at any time during the last thirty years. Furthermore, the intellectual ability of those who intend to teach, as measured by standardized tests, is markedly lower than that of college majors in every other field except ethnic studies.

Although Dean Atkin's remarks are directed specifically at high-school teaching, one feels that they are of significance for education across the board.

GIVEN the crisis in music and given the crisis of values and content in education, what, then, is the present status of music education? To be blunt, it is that of a musical generation coming out of school half-educated, unsure of any future course, and all too inclined to substitute career advancement and security for musical satisfaction and commitment.

Wherever one looks one sees graduates narrowly trained in professional skills, ignorant both of music as a whole and of the wider body of learning and culture of which music is but a constituent part. There has been a decline in the morale of college music faculties, combined with an excessive preoccupation with departmental rivalries. Students tend to have a low regard for the teachings of music as a worthwhile goal, and an excessive regard for careers in performance. There is also a disturbing tendency to devalue the study of music as a serious enterprise, and to promote instead a notion of music as ego therapy for the socially disadvantaged, or as a tool for democratizing elite values.

Before considering these charges further, let us concede that there may well have been, over the last generation, something of a rise in the *average* technical proficiency of young music students. In the area of the piano, for instance, more students are playing more difficult pieces more or less accurately than they could ever have done before. Yet however fast the fingers fly, what is lacking is musical involvement; to ask students about what they have played, or about music other than what they have practiced, or have heard stars perform, is to be met with stares of resentful bewilderment.

On a more general level than that of the most talented, the level of potential elementary- and secondary-school teachers of music, and of the musical audience in general, one wonders how much blame for the present low state of musical literacy should be laid at the door of those blessings of technology and automation which go by the name of programmed instruction and, in music, group study. It is certainly hard to believe that the apathetic young faces staring into television monitors or listening through earphones to a master's voice are engaged in anything having to do with the humanities or with art; in particular, it may be doubted that learning a musical instrument as if one were doing calisthenics in a stadium can produce more for the student than a brute facility (unless one counts a heightened sense of personal alienation as an educational gain). Indeed, wherever there have been attempts to utilize technology and so-called modern teaching methods in music, the result has been of value mostly to the firms selling the necessary hardware and software.

Not only new music but all music not written for their own personal instruments is for today's students *terra incognita*. It is not just students in small towns who have never seen a major opera performance or heard a great symphony orchestra in adequate acoustical surroundings. Students who have come to New York at great cost for the express purpose of studying music seem rarely to go to concerts, and when they do go it is generally for the purpose of checking out real or fancied competition.

The low level of general culture among music students is alarming. At the Aspen Music Festival, where I give lectures and master classes every summer, I find little or no comprehension of literary or generally non-musical references. Last summer, for example, an audience of 100 students and auditors at a lecture on Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz* seemed to include no one who knew the vague outlines of the Faust legend, not to mention Lenau's or Goethe's or Thomas Mann's treatment of it. Piano teachers are well familiar with the unpleasant experience of trying to teach Debussy and Ravel to students who have no mental image of French painting to help inspire their musical understanding.

As for the junior faculty who teach music in our colleges, they are badly underpaid and beset by the paucity of opportunities for advancement and the oversupply of applicants for the few positions available. For young white males entering the job market, Max Weber's advice in 1918, offered to Jewish students wishing to become scientists, seems particularly apt: the words Weber quoted were Dante's, *Lasciate ogni speranza*, abandon all hope. Naturally, with the conditions of promotion so gloomy, the academic pecking order assumes a greater importance than the hierarchy of musical angels in heaven, and mere survival, achieved at the cost of no matter how much intrigue, becomes a triumph in itself.

For talented students and graduates, teaching is now a distant second choice. The most meager performing opportunities are seen as vastly more meaningful than the prospect of teaching any but the most brilliant and gifted pupils. Not even the inherent greatness of the subject matter—once a point of special pride—serves any longer as a justification for the teaching of music. For that greatness has been systematically devalued by the same processes that have reduced the study of the humanities to the lowest common denominator of self-expression and self-diversion.

JUST as the humanities have their Rockefeller report, so arts education has its own. Quaintly titled *Coming To Our Senses*, it is the work of a panel chaired by David Rockefeller, Jr., and sponsored by

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the American Council for the Arts in Education. In broad outline, this report states a familiar message: art is everything, and everything is art. The arts are "ideal vehicles for training our senses, for enriching our emotional selves, and for organizing our environment." Arts education is

> making art, knowing artists, and using art as a general tool of learning. . . . Direct creative and recreative experience—learning *in* the arts—is of unique educational value . . . learning *about* the arts is learning about the rich world of sensation, emotion, and personal expression surrounding us each day . . . learning *through* the arts has the potential to enhance one's general motivation to learn and develop one's respect for a disciplined approach to learning.

What *kind* of art, one is tempted to ask, can have a place in this rich catalogue of fashionable goals? One of the report's recommendations, headed "Beyond 'Music and Art,' " asks for an end to "rigid definitions of the medium, time of creation, or culture from which the art emerges." With what, then, are we left? In music, the report's melody is clear. Out of 334 pages, exactly three clauses—not even sentences—are concerned with the great composers. The report's approval is directed, rather, toward such "innovative" programs as "early-morning jazz, rock, and soul sessions; and after-school piano and guitar classes." One assumes the piano classes will be properly "innovative" too, indiscriminately including everything from Bach to the Beatles, from Beethoven to Bacharach.

This report is only a symptom of a strong tendency in music education today: the treatment of all subject matters as equal, and non-elite subject matters as more equal than others. The emphasis on self-expression, for which read individual, unsophisticated, mock-artistic creation, renders impossible either the maintenance of standards or the imparting of objective information. Finally, the attempt to use art to achieve extra-artistic goals ("organizing our environment") represents merely one more effort, like those of the 1960's and 1970's, to bring about social change by other means.

WHAT is to be done? The era of expansion in both music and education is over. Music cannot long expand unless there are successful creations of permanent value, accepted as such by sophisticated taste. In serious music few such works are currently to be heard (in popular music, what is successful is also meretricious and transient). In education generally, the great need of the day is for basic verbal and computational skills, to be mastered not by means of advanced technology but simply with books, pencils, and paper. Yet funds for education are tight, and in constant dollars actually declining. In addition, lower birth rates mean lower student populations and hence still lower levels of funding.

Where expansion seems impossible, contraction is just around the corner. It is contraction that music educators will have to accept, and turn into an opportunity to raise standards, sharpen their concentration on quality and content, and redefine their purpose. That purpose is teaching music not as a form of self-expression or as leisure-time activity, but as part of the great tradition of learning and culture. The goal is training audiences, not just —and perhaps not even primarily —musicians; training and honoring music lovers and teachers of music, not just—and definitely not primarily—performers.

The arts are necessary to our lives as citizens. But without an educated citizenry the arts will never prosper. Here is where the Rockefeller reports, with their vacuous celebrations of the unique educational value of the arts (and the humanities), have things precisely backward. Educational fads and quack remedies, the neglect or denigration of the values of elite civilization, the breaking down of intellectual standards—all these cut off the limbs on which both artists and educators sit. Before there can be any significant reform of music education, there must first be a readiness to take serious music seriously and to relearn the proper ends of education.

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Books in Review

IQ

THE MISMEASURE OF MAN. By STEPHEN JAY GOULD. *Norton. 353 pp. $14.95.*

Reviewed by DIANE RAVITCH

SINCE mental tests of all varieties have been under attack for more than a decade, it is scarcely surprising that Stephen Jay Gould's *The Mismeasure of Man* has been received in some quarters as a devastating critique of testing. At a time when the National Education Association and Ralph Nader, among others, are allied in a campaign to ban standardized tests, a history which portrays the racism of the forefathers of testing offers a useful weapon in the ideological battle. The potential misuse of Gould's arguments ironically emphasizes one of his major themes, which is the appropriation of allegedly scientific ideas to meet the requirements of a particular political climate and to reinforce fashionable dogma.

Gould's purpose is to debunk biological determinism, and most especially, to discredit the idea that intelligence can be represented as a single entity, a number, which can be used to rank individuals and groups. *The Mismeasure of Man,* as Gould points out repeatedly, is not a cautionary tale of bad hereditarians against good environmentalists; it is, rather, a fascinating story of the use and misuse of knowledge in the service of social theory. The book's implicit warning is not against intelligence testing, but against "experts" armed with statistics who want to remake society according to their findings.

In Gould's review of the history of "scientific racism," the leading thinkers typically found evidence in their studies for their own biases. He traces the earliest debate about the differential intelligence of races to the pre-revolutionary period, when polygenists argued that the races were different species, descended from multiple Adams, while monogenists claimed that all men had a single origin, but that some races had declined more than others. Darwin's evolutionary theory lent itself to the interpretation of the polygenists, who could claim the support of science for their racist views. One of the more picturesque polygenists was Samuel George Morton, an early 19th-century physician, who collected more than 1,000 skulls. To prove his hypothesis that races could be ranked according to the size of the brain, Morton measured skulls and found that the cranial cavity of whites was larger than that of non-white races. Gould nicely demolishes Morton's findings by showing that when cranium size is related to body structure, racial differences disappear.

The *idée fixe* of the craniometricians, here and in Europe, was that brain size determined intelligence, and that races differed by brain size. Eminent men of science were urged to donate their brains for study, and Gould reports that "the dissection of dead colleagues became something of a cottage industry among 19th-century craniometricians." The average European brain was established as weighing 1,300 to 1,400 grams. One great scientist weighed in at 1,830, and Turgenev apparently topped the scale at 2,000; however, Walt Whitman was only a meager 1,282, and Anatole France an embarrassing 1,017. So many factors contribute to brain size, Gould notes, including age at death and presence of degenerative disease, and so many inexplicable exceptions developed in the course of these studies—for example, the fact that some criminals had unusually large brains—that the speculations proved worthless, despite the elaborate calculations and tables of the craniometricians.

Then came Cesare Lombroso, the Italian criminal anthropologist, with his biological theories about the criminal man, the "born criminal," the "evolutionary throwback" who can be recognized (sometimes) by anatomical stigmata. Lombroso argued that the punishment should fit the criminal, not the crime. The modern system of parole, early release, and indeterminate sentencing, Gould holds, relies at least in part on Lombroso's claim that the penal system should treat "born" and "occasional" criminals differently. Lombroso and his followers were not "proto-fascists" or even conservatives; they were liberals and socialists who argued against the traditional belief that all individuals should be held responsible for their actions. Lombroso contributed the counter-belief that the criminal was not only "savage" but "sick," and that the state had the right and the duty, not to punish his crime, but to monitor his moods, attitudes, and behavior for an indefinite time.

IN a leap so adroit that it is scarcely noticeable, Gould shifts, in one simple sentence, from the patently absurd practices of the craniometricians to 20th-century intelligence testing. When he says that "the crudities of the cranial index have given way to the complexity of intelligence testing," it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he is suggesting an equivalence between the crackpot theories of the skull-assayers and the psychometricians of today. In fact, he is and he isn't. Gould does believe that mental testing has value, but he decries the misuses to which it has been put. Unfortunately, he is far more explicit and concerned about the misuses of tests than about the ways in which they can be of value. Gould clearly agrees with Alfred Binet, the French creator of the first intelligence test, who wanted his scales to be used to identify children who needed special help in school, but feared that they might be used to label children and limit

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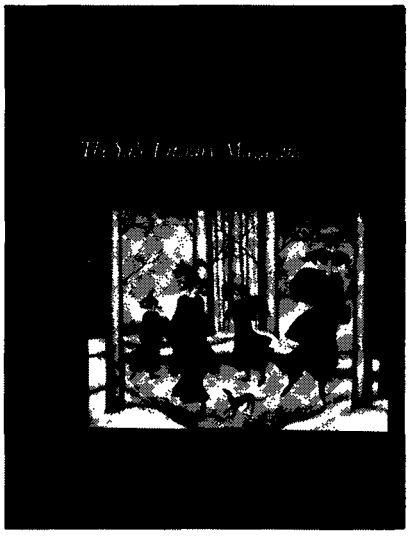

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their future. Gould appears to believe, with Binet, that mental testing could be used to enhance the learning of all children. And Gould further points out that "tests of the IQ type were helpful in the proper diagnosis of my own learning-disabled son. His average score, the IQ itself, meant nothing, for it was only an amalgam of some very high and very low scores; but the pattern of low values indicated his areas of deficit."

Unfortunately, Binet's scale crossed the ocean in the period before World War I, when racism, eugenics, and rigid hereditarianism were in full cry, along with a sometimes oddly misplaced lust to perfect society. The first use of the Binet scale was by H. H. Goddard, research director of a school for feeble-minded children, who screened incoming immigrants at Ellis Island in 1912 and 1913 and found that about 80 percent of Jews, Hungarians, Italians, and Russians were feeble-minded. The Binet scale was later refined and popularized by Lewis Terman of Stanford, who believed that its mass use would have vast and beneficial social benefits, by placing "tens of thousands" of "high-grade defectives under the surveillance and protection of society" and by eliminating crime, pauperism, and industrial inefficiency.

Binet had hoped his test would be used to improve the education of those who needed help; in Terman's hands, however, the IQ test became a method to determine which children could *not* benefit from more education. After administering an intelligence test, Terman wrote: "The forty-minute test has told more about the mental ability of this boy than the intelligent mother had been able to learn in eleven years of daily and hourly observation. For X is feeble-minded; he will never complete the grammar school; he will never be an efficient worker or a responsible citizen." We would say today, rightly I think, that a forty-minute test cannot show the limits of X's educability, but that it might suggest the areas in which he needs help in order to become an efficient worker and a responsible citizen.

When World War I began, a Harvard psychologist, Robert M. Yerkes, persuaded the United States Army to permit him to create a mass-testing program for its recruits. There was the Alpha test for the literate, and the Beta test for the illiterate. Despite massive snafus and barely grudging cooperation from the Army, nearly two million men were tested. The summaries of the test data compared races and nationalities by IQ and concluded that there were distinct differences among these groups; that the average mental age of white American males was thirteen; that immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe were less intelligent than those from Northern and Western Europe; that Jews were not highly intelligent, as had been previously believed. The tests also revealed that "intelligence" grew with length of residence in the country or with years of schooling and that Northern blacks received higher scores than Southern whites; but hereditarian bias prevented the testers from recognizing the effect of acculturation on intelligence and led them to conclude inferior races and nationalities were inundating the nation.

These data stoked the fires of eugenicists, who warned about the threat to American stock posed by continued immigration of lesser nationalities and by racial miscegenation. The Army test data were cited in congressional debates about immigration restriction; the decision to enact nationality quotas to keep out Southern and Eastern Europeans, Gould says, "might never have been implemented, or even considered, without the army data and eugenicist propaganda." Further, Gould claims, the quota system kept out Jewish refugees in the 1930's and prevented the immigration of millions who might have otherwise sought refuge here. Ergo, IQ test data facilitated the Holocaust.

THE story has been told before, though rarely so engagingly and rarely by a teller with the training to scrutinize and refute the original raw data of the mismeasurers. While Gould's ostensible purpose is to challenge those who believe that man can be measured and ranked by a single number representing his "intelligence," the most telling case he makes is against the men who manipulate ideas and numbers and data to change society in the name of "science." It is a puzzlement that he refers to these men as "scientists," since all those he discusses are in fact social scientists. Part of their motivation he attributes to "physics envy," the desire to make such "soft" sciences as psychology, sociology, and organismic biology as scientific as physics. What comes through most strongly, however, is the theme of the misuse of knowledge in the quest for power. Curiously, many of his "scientists" thought of themselves as "liberals" and "reformers." Paul Broca, who insisted that brain size determined intelligence, believed in the possibility of brain growth; Lombrosian criminologists thought of themselves as liberal modernists and reformers, sweeping away the discredited doctrines of individual responsibility and free will; even the hereditarian Cyril Burt believed that the British "eleven-plus" examination opened the class system to the talented poor.

Since we do not normally associate social scientists with an urge for power, Gould's recitation demonstrates how purportedly neutral investigations, dressed up in the trappings of science, can suit political ends. Our own jurists, who have taken the social sciences at face value, might be instructed by the skepticism of Italian judges and lawyers toward Lombroso's theories.

Though all of his targets are hereditarians, Gould does not dispute the importance of hereditability; what he does stress is the difficulty of knowing the difference between what is inherited and what is the result of environment. Apparently without disagreeing, he quotes L. L. Thurstone, the University of Chicago psychologist who advanced the idea that intelligence consists of several "primary mental abilities":

> Inheritance plays an important part in determining mental performance. It is my own conviction that the arguments of the environmentalists are too much based on sentimentalism. They are often even fanatic on this

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subject. If the facts support the genetic interpretation, then the accusation of being undemocratic must not be hurled at the biologists. If anyone is undemocratic on this issue, it must be Mother Nature. To the question whether the mental abilities can be trained, the affirmative answer seems to be the only one that makes sense. On the other hand, if two boys who differ markedly in visualizing ability, for example, are given the same amount of training with this type of thinking, I am afraid that they will differ even more at the end of the training than they did at the start.

INTERESTING as Gould's story is, it presents a distorted perspective on American history by not explaining that the ideas he criticizes became unfashionable long ago; in the present climate, he is beating a dead horse. Nor does he demonstrate either the real-world effects of those ideas or the reasons for their ultimate failure. Unfortunately, Gould is more rigorous in his requirements of scientific evidence than in his requirements of historical proof. After all, we did not follow the advice of scientific racists to exterminate lesser beings. Nor did we follow the European example of rigidly separating children into academic and vocational lines at age eleven or so; instead, our educational institutions prided themselves on keeping as many children as possible in school as long as possible. To say, as Gould does, that Goddard's work led to the exclusion of feeble-minded immigrants is to ignore the fact that Congress had barred feeble-minded immigrants before Goddard began to write. To say that immigration would not have been restricted by nationality quotas had there been no Army IQ test data is to ignore such facts as: the recommendation of the Immigration Commission in 1911, which proposed "racial" limitation based on a percentage of that race already in the United States; the preexistent, nearly total exclusion of Orientals; the clamor in successive Congresses for a literacy test (vetoed three times by different Presidents) and other devices intended to screen out the undesired immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe; and the existence of a vast literature, some of it by leading scholars, arguing the necessity of excluding these inferior nationalities. In other words, the political, cultural, and social climate favored quota legislation after the war; the Army IQ data were simply icing on an already well-formed cake, not the principal ingredient.

Nor is it historically justifiable to blame IQ test data for America's indifference to European Jewry; if the United States (or any other country) had wanted to save the Jews, test scores and restrictive quotas would not have stood in the way. There is more than ample reason to believe that IQ tests were not the sole or even a major cause of the restriction of immigration on a national-origin basis, nor were they solely or principally responsible for America's failure to rescue European Jewry from Hitler; such reasoning attributes too much blame to the testers, and too little to the men who were in power at the time.

Similarly, we gain only the barest hint from Gould of the contemporary arguments against racist interpretations of IQ data, nor does he reveal that environmentalist ideas have been in the ascendancy for the past forty years. Instead, the historical picture he provides is one of nearly unremitting racism and social bias. If his intellectual history were a full portrait of American social-scientific thought, we would expect such policies as sterilization of the mentally incompetent to be nationwide and accepted, rather than aberrational and abhorrent, and we would expect Americans to have erected gas chambers for groups and individuals considered inferior, instead of fighting those who did. This is, in short, a severely truncated and unfair view of American intellectual history, for Gould provides no sense of the vigorous combat between exponents of nature and nurture, nor of the changing context in which the debates took place.

THE reader puts down *The Mismeasure of Man* uncertain as to whether intelligence is one thing or many things, measurable or not measurable. In part, the problem

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lies in Gould's ambivalence. Initially he stresses that it is fallacious to "reify" intelligence, to assume that it exists simply because we have given it a name; "intelligence" is so diverse, he argues, that it simply cannot be adequately defined, let alone measured on a single test. Or as he writes:

> We recognize the importance of mentality in our lives and wish to characterize it, in part so that we can make the divisions and distinctions among people that our cultural and political systems dictate. We therefore give the word "intelligence" to this wondrously complex and multifaceted set of human capabilities. This shorthand symbol is then reified and intelligence achieves its dubious status as a unitary thing.

So the concept of "intelligence" is a cultural invention to permit us to rank people by race, sex, and social class. But later, he concludes that "Human uniqueness resides primarily in our brains. It is expressed in the culture built upon our intelligence and the power it gives us to manipulate the world." Through man's intelligence, he has invented "the railroad, the automobile, radio and television, the atom bomb, the computer, the airplane and spaceship."

What are we to make of this? Our culture is built on our "intelligence," and our intelligence gives us the power to "manipulate the world," but the lesson of Gould's work is that we must not try to identify, name, or measure this elusive thing or things called "intelligence," which makes us uniquely human.

Where the book is ultimately most disappointing is in its implications for the present political discussion. Having exposed the shabby intellectual roots of mental measurement, Gould makes no effort to suggest under what circumstances mental testing might be valid. He might have said, afer knocking the testers off their nonexistent pedestals, that tests can be used to identify the gifted and talented; or to identify children with specific learning disorders; or to identify children who need additional instruction. It would be unfortunate if his work became ammunition for those who think that children are best served when there are no measures of what they have learned and no way to determine, as Stephen Jay Gould did for his own son, that some children need extra help.

The Peace Process: I Israel

BREAKTHROUGH. By MOSHE DAYAN. *Knopf. 359 pp. $15.00.*

THE BATTLE FOR PEACE. By EZER WEIZMAN. *Bantam. 395 pp. $15.95.*

DESTINATION PEACE: THREE DECADES OF ISRAELI FOREIGN POLICY. By GIDEON RAFAEL. *Stein & Day. 403 pp. $16.95.*

Reviewed by HILLEL HALKIN

DESPITE the great differences of personality between them, the late Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman had much in common. Both were Palestinian-born, came of age toward the end of the period of the British Mandate, and received their first military training under the British. Both rose quickly to the top of the Israeli army (Dayan as Chief-of-Staff, Weizman as Commander of the Air Force), and subsequently, on the basis of their military reputations, were "parachuted" into high political positions (Dayan as Minister of Agriculture under Ben-Gurion in the late 1950's, Weizman as second-in-command of Begin's Likud in the early 1970's). Both were for a time the darlings of the Israeli press and public (Dayan after the 1967 war, Weizman after the 1977 elections), both held the powerful post of Minister of Defense, and both were looked upon as likely candidates for the Prime Ministry.

Neither got that far—and for similar reasons. Both were too individualistic, too outspoken, too impatient with the give-and-take of the political process and too openly contemptuous of their fellow politicians who practiced it, and each lacked the application, or perhaps simply the desire, to build himself a personal power base. More than once each erred by assuming that his popularity with the public could offset his lack of organized party support, and more than once each paid dearly for his error (Weizman most damagingly when he greatly overestimated the impact of his quitting Begin's cabinet in May 1980, Dayan most tragically when, shortly before his death last year, he disastrously headed an independent list of his own in the 1981 elections).

Both Dayan and Weizman were also of course key figures in the lengthy negotiations between Israel and Egypt that culminated in the Camp David peace treaty, both later resigned from office in protest over their own government's implementation of that agreement, and both wrote books about their role in achieving it. And while both of these books concentrate on the negotiations themselves, and deal only perfunctorily with the personal crises that followed, each comprises in its way a detailed, if sometimes veiled, indictment of the Begin government and of the manner in which it conducted the peace talks.

This is not to say that *Breakthrough* and *The Battle for Peace* always agree in their account of the dramatic period of half-conspiratorial, half-theatrical diplomacy that began before Sadat's bold visit to Jerusalem in November 1977 and ended festively on the lawn of the White House in March 1979. There are differences of emphasis between Dayan and Weizman, and even some muted, although always respectful, criticism of one by the other. Thus, Weizman, according to Dayan, although a valuable asset to the peace process by virtue of his optimism and ebullient bonhomie, was not a skilled negotiator and had little of practical substance to contribute to the actual nitty-gritty of the talks; while Dayan, Weizman writes, underestimated the human factor in dealing with the Egyptians, to whose feelings and aspirations he was not always sufficiently sensitive. In addition, the two men were at odds over at least one fundamental issue of policy, for whereas Dayan sought from the outset to maximize American involvement in the negotiations, which he did not believe

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could succeed without outside arbitration and guarantees, Weizman was for exclusively bilateral talks, and felt that the more Israel and Egypt dealt with each other directly, the more quickly they might find common ground.

For the most part, however, *Breakthrough* and *The Battle for Peace* tell mutually corroboratory stories, and the picture presented in them of Prime Minister Begin and his government is not a flattering one. Both Dayan and Weizman (the former more guardedly, the latter with at times scathing anger) portray their Prime Minister as a moody, vain, and rigid leader who reacted to Sadat's peace overture with a series of hasty improvisations, made costly blunders—often in an impulsive and impromptu manner—from which he later tried unsuccessfully to backtrack (most notably, his opening concession to the Egyptians of all of Sinai), based his negotiating stance on a West Bank autonomy plan whose implications were never seriously thought through, nearly torpedoed the peace talks several times over relatively trivial issues, and exasperated not only Presidents Carter and Sadat but his own closest associates with his sermonizing. As for his cabinet, both men dismiss it as a quarrelsome cabal of petty politicians who had little faith in the prospect of peace to begin with, preferred bickering among themselves to reaching an agreement with the Egyptians, and let their personal animosities toward the negotiators imperil the whole delicate process. Indeed, the two points that Dayan and Weizman are most agreed upon are, first, that if not for the two of them peace would not have been achieved, and second, that had their advice been listened to more often, it could have been achieved more quickly, on better terms for Israel, and with fewer recriminations all around.

But though the fact that *Breakthrough* and *The Battle for Peace* are self-justifying documents need not in itself impugn their veracity —*on the contrary, more objective* studies of the Israel-Egyptian negotiations, such as a recent book in Hebrew by the Israeli journalist Uzi Binyamin, have tended to confirm the essentials of their accounts —both books do strike one at times as being disingenuously less than candid. Both Dayan and Weizman concur, for example, that if any one person was Begin's confidant in the crucial months before and after Sadat's Jerusalem visit, that person was Dayan; yet the latter, though voluble about other matters, is curiously silent when it comes to relating whom Begin consulted before making his decision to concede all of Sinai, or with whose help he drew up his autonomy plan. Weizman, for his part, is critical of both these gambits, which he considers to have been grave mistakes; nowhere, however, does he suggest what a realistic alternative to them might have been, or what else the Egyptians might have settled for.

In fact, despite the flexibility, imaginativeness, and willingness to gamble that distinguished them from their fellow cabinet members and enabled them to deal successfully with the Egyptians, neither Dayan nor Weizman seems to have entered the peace negotiations, or for that matter to have emerged from them, with a more coherent strategy for an overall Arab-Israeli settlement than did Begin himself. This is particularly true with regard to the West Bank, which was the thorniest issue in the original Israeli-Egyptian talks, and continues to be an unresolved, and to all appearances unresolvable, problem today. Writing in *Breakthrough*, Dayan expressed the belief, consistently held by him since 1967, that Arabs and Jews must learn to coexist on the West Bank without either of them being sovereign over it; yet his opinions on the subject fail to extend beyond generalities, and it is far from clear by what mututally acceptable mechanism he envisaged such an arrangement taking place. Weizman in turn speaks equally strongly about the right to a Jewish presence on the West Bank, while implying that this could be

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realized under Arab sovereignty, but he too rejects the idea of a Palestinian state and does not appear to take the "Jordanian option" seriously. What future he sees for the area remains, at least in *The Battle for Peace*, a mystery.

STILL, though Dayan is now dead, and Weizman has retired to his villa in Caesaria for what promises to be a long and possibly permanent separation from politics, it would be unfair to regard either man's book as a political last will and testament that should then be criticized for being a poor one. Both *Breakthrough* and *The Battle for Peace* were written under the fresh impact of momentous events, both belong to that category of instant history that has the advantage of timeliness and the drawback of superficiality and haste, and both often tell us more about their authors as men than about them as political animals. Indeed, some of the most interesting, not to say moving, passages in both books involve the sort of personal confessions not often found in political memoirs, as when Dayan poignantly relates a dream about struggling up a hillside above his native village of Nahalal so that he might find rest in a cave by the cemetery there, or when Weizman humorously describes his inner conflict over whether or not to doff his overcoat as a gesture of identification with a freezing honor guard mustered to welcome him at Washington airport on a sleety winter day. At such moments it is easy to see why, in a country that is generally apathetic toward its politicians, these two men were considered such refreshing exceptions.

But their human charms could also be their political weaknesses—which is precisely why, for Israelis who did admire both Dayan and Weizman and pinned hopes on their ability to find novel solutions beyond the ken of their more conventional colleagues, it is hard to forgive them the political misjudgments that, springing from the same sources as their flamboyance and flair, cost them influence and power. One can only speculate, of course, but who is to say that, after Camp David, had Dayan accepted Begin's offer that he head the Israeli negotiating team in the autonomy talks with the Egyptians, rather than piquedly declining it because of his dislike for the cabinet members it meant working with, the talks themselves might not have gone more successfully? And how many Israelis who applauded Weizman's courage in resigning his cabinet post over disapproval of Begin's policies would not feel better about their country's future today had he grinned and borne it instead, so that he, rather than Ariel Sharon, would now be Begin's heir apparent? Personal independence and esprit are an asset to a politician, but so is the ability to restrain them when necessary, and it was their country's loss that neither Weizman nor Dayan always found the ideal balance between the two.

THAT the lack of a coherent approach toward the Arab world in general, and specifically, toward the territories occupied in the Six-Day War, has been a failing not only of the Begin regime but also of every Israeli government that preceded it since 1967, is amply documented by Gideon Rafael's *Destination Peace*, an autobiographical record of thirty years spent in the Israeli diplomatic corps, where the author served for extended periods with the Israeli mission to the United Nations, as an ambassador to several European countries, and occasionally as a free-ranging troubleshooter.

Troubles there were in abundance. Yet although ambassadors are not strictly required by law to hold only the opinions officially espoused by their governments, they are expected to behave as though they were, and as Rafael has observed this rule in his book no less than he did in his career, readers hoping to find in it an independent-minded critique of Israeli foreign policy are in for a disappointment. What they will encounter is an entertaining, wittily anecdotal, but by no means deeply reflective account of one diplomat's attempt to represent his country abroad with grace and good humor while dodging the brickbats of an increasingly unfriendly world. On the evidence of his book this is a job that Gideon Rafael performed well, and after three trying decades of it his retirement was well-earned.

Rafael lays no blame on his own government for any of its difficulties and certainly merits none himself. Yet as one reads his tale of intricate diplomatic maneuvers designed to forestall confrontation after confrontation and avert crisis after crisis, one has the recurrent sense of an Israeli foreign policy that is all tactics and no strategy—or, to put it differenty, of a series of Israeli governments that know very well what they do not want in the short run but have little conception of what they do want in the long run, so that they are nearly always reacting defensively to the moves of others and rarely taking meaningful initiatives themselves. Perhaps Ben-Gurion was the one Israeli leader to have had a clear sense of where he was steering his country and of how he intended to get there—but then Ben-Gurion stepped down before the victory of the Six-Day War, that Pandora's box whose dilemmas he was one of the first to foresee.

OF course, knowing what one wants is not the same as getting it, in diplomacy any more than in private life, especially when one's position is as difficult and vulnerable as Israel's. But it is a step in the right direction. In the years since the Six-Day War, most of which are covered in Rafael's book, the issue of the West Bank has effectively paralyzed one Israeli government after another, despite the frenetic activity often conducted in the area itself. Inclined to absorb Judea and Samaria yet unable to digest them, alternately liberal and repressive toward their Arab inhabitants, craving security while fearing demography, caught between historical-religious feelings and political realities, eager for a settlement with the Arabs and deeply skeptical of its possibility, sincere in the desire for peace yet fearful of what peace may cost, the governments of Levi Eshkol, Golda Meir, and Yitzhak Rabin preferred to let things drift indecisively wherever possible, were pulled and pushed about by conflicting internal and

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external forces, and left it to professional diplomats like Gideon Rafael to try and explain their behavior to the world.

If anything, in his attitude toward the occupied territories Menahem Begin has been more consistent than his predecessors, though hardly to the point of seeming to know where he is heading. Most discouragingly, nowhere on the current Israeli political scene can one discern a single figure of stature who seems capable of making the hard decisions that must eventually be made and winning a mandate from the public to make them. Of all Israeli politicians in recent years, Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman alone seemed to possess the character needed to fill such a role, and both are now gone from the stage.

The Peace Process: II
The Arabs

THE ARAB STATES AND THE PALESTINE CONFLICT. By BARRY RUBIN. *Syracuse University Press. 298 pp. $22.00.*

Reviewed by DANIEL PIPES

RARELY does anyone stop to ask just how the Palestine problem became so important. At base, it concerns two small people fighting for control over a sliver of territory. There is nothing in this struggle to capture the world's attention; how, then, did it grow from a minor clash into the most persistent international problem of our time?

One reason is that both sides, the Jews and the Arabs of Palestine, draw support (if unequally) from a hinterland. While the Jews receive financial and political help from their co-religionists around the world, the Arabs get financial, political, and military aid from the Arab states. More than anything else, indeed, it was the early involvement of independent Arab states that transformed the Palestine conflict into a dispute with seemingly unending repercussions.

We now take for granted Iraqi, Egyptian, and even Libyan participation in the conflict, but the independent Arab states (of which there were five in the 1930's, and now over twenty) could have remained aloof, just as Turkey has done. The fact that Syrians, for example, speak the same language as Palestinian Arabs does not mean that the fate of Palestine must become—as it did—a matter of obsessive concern in Damascus.

Barry Rubin, in this fine study, has set out to show "how the Arab states entered the battle in the first place" by tracing their policies from 1929, when Arab riots in Palestine first brought the region's problems to the attention of Arab leaders, until 1948, when Arab-state participation culminated in the military invasions of Palestine. In 1929, Palestine was of only minor interest to the Arab kings in Cairo, Riyadh, Amman, and Baghdad—although it had long been a matter of intense political and ideological concern to non-governmental movements and individuals, as is documented in Neville J. Mandel's study, *The Arabs and Zionism Before World War I* (University of California Press, 1976). By 1948, it had become central to these kings and to Arab leaders in Damascus and Beirut as well. By 1967, the issue involved all the Arabic-speaking countries and in 1973 it spread even to non-Arabic-speaking Muslims.

Rubin emphasizes that the Arab states involved themselves in Palestinian affairs for disparate and sometimes contradictory reasons. "The interests of each Arab state differed with its size, domestic politics, ambitions, geopolitical needs, and proximity to Palestine." Yet their interests "remained surprisingly consistent" over a period of decades; even today, the reasons which impelled involvement in the 1930's are still operative, "transcending coups, revolutions, ideologies, and vastly different personalities."

DANIEL PIPES *is a Middle East and Islamic specialist at the University of Chicago. His* Slave Soldiers and Islam *was published by Yale University Press in 1981.*

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One early and ardent participant was Iraq, which for fifty years has "never allowed itself to be outflanked by anyone in taking a hardline stand" against Zionism. From the Islamic conference on Jerusalem in December 1931 to the anti-Camp David group of today, Baghdad has consistently pursued extreme policies against the Jews in Palestine. Two structural facts about Iraq go far to explain this behavior. First, the country has three major ethnic groups (Shi'i Arabs, Sunni Arabs, Sunni Kurds), each of whom shows primary loyalty not to the Iraqi nation but to its co-ethnics both inside Iraq and outside that country's arbitrary borders. Second, one group, the Sunni Arabs, has controlled the central government for centuries, although it makes up only one-quarter of the population. Sunni Arabs employ the ideology of pan-Arabism (calling for the union of all Arabic-speakers) to bind Iraq to other Sunni Arab states, to exclude the Shi'is and Kurds, and to legitimize their own rule. The Palestine conflict is an emotion-laden vehicle for demonstrating pan-Arabist loyalties; intransigence on this issue helps to solidify a position in Iraqi politics.

Iraq once hoped to win control of Palestine, but this ambition faded long ago. Far more serious are the Syrian and Jordanian designs on the region. Even before Syria attained independence in 1945, the country's leaders were enthralled by a pan-Syrian ideology (calling for the incorporation of Lebanon, Jordan, and Palestine). Although pan-Syrianism has since given way in Damascus to a form of pan-Arabism, Syrians still deeply oppose the Jewish state and hope to eliminate it. Their leaders have long viewed the conflict with the Jews as a means both of expanding their territories and of winning undisputed leadership of the Arab world.

Jordan (known until 1950 as Transjordan) has treated Palestinian matters more directly and less ideologically than any other Arab state. King Abdallah and his grandson, the present King Hussein, both displayed a willingness to deal flexibly with the Jews and the Arabs of the region in order to further Jordanian interests. Abdallah signed a treaty accepting the Balfour Declaration; he offered to sell land in his country to the Jews so they would help in its development; and he put Hebrew on Jordan's currency to win their good will. But Abdallah's innumerable proposals to the Zionists all fell through; he aspired to rule them as subjects, while they insisted on independence. In Chaim Weizmann's words, the Zionists had not gone to Palestine "to exchange their German or Polish ghetto for an Arab one." Jordan controlled the West Bank for nineteen years (1948-67) and has since played a coy non-ideological game in the pursuit of winning it back.

Egypt's involvement with Palestine "always demonstrated more emotional and political distance than the other Arab states," Rubin writes. The country's size, homogeneity, and relative stability account for this moderation, as do Egyptian reservations concerning Arab identity (the Egyptian nationality signifies far more than does citizenship in any other Arab country). At the same time, successive governments have been concerned that Egypt's rivals might take control of Palestine, destabilizing its eastern frontiers. Egyptians, who have endured three-quarters of all Arab casualties fighting Israel, show the most reluctance to continue paying the price of involvement in the conflict.

For the Saudis, an ideology based on Islam justifies a special hatred for Zionism, a hatred which has for decades perplexed outsiders accustomed to the regime's otherwise cautious and moderate foreign policy. Ibn Saud (reigned 1902-53), founder of the modern Saudi state, displayed a virulent anti-Semitism which "approached the pathological" and which has been inherited by many of his successors. The Saudi leaders' feeling that, as keepers of Mecca and Medina, they must "uphold the Islamic cause against the Zionists" has added to their intense rhetorical aggressiveness. Furthermore, Rubin points out, unlike other Arab states, "the Saudis fought Israel to maintain Arab stability, not to set off regional revolution." Riyadh has consistently viewed the Palestine conflict more as a threat than as an opportunity.

As for Lebanon, the dominant Christian Maronite community has often been tempted to make common cause with the Jews against the Muslims. Though the possibility was broached on several occasions in the past, the Christians eventually opted for a "National Pact" with the Muslim Arabs. This required that the Christians identify with the Arab cause; despite their lack of interest in fighting the Jews, denouncing Zionism took on crucial importance in insuring the stability of the precarious Lebanese state. The Lebanese solution—"coupling strong rhetoric with inaction"—worked until the National Pact broke down in the mid-1970's. Since that time, some Christian groups have allied with Israel.

EACH state thus has distinct reasons for concern with Palestine: pan-Arabism (Iraq), pan-Syrianism (Syria), territorial expansion (Jordan), secure boundaries (Egypt), Islam (Saudi Arabia), national harmony (Lebanon). In each of these states, a "traditional quartet" of factors has established the context in which they have made choices: Islam, Arabism, domestic politics, and inter-Arab rivalries. Each state has its own mix of factors, each has joined in the fray with its own agenda.

The bulk of *The Palestine Conflict and the Arab States* details the Arab governments' growing involvement in Palestinian affairs through the 1930's and 1940's, drawing on newly available materials in American, British, and Israeli archives. The author occasionally loses his readers in the attempt to keep tabs on six Arab states, the Jews and Arabs of Palestine, and the great powers. The final chapter (on early U.S. relations with Nasser's regime) has almost no connection to the rest of the book. But these reservations aside, the book is well-organized, clear, and persuasive.

Reading about the development of these years gives one a sense of déjà vu; besides the lines of grand national policy, many of today's policies and dilemmas originated

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then. As early as 1939, the Palestinian leadership justified its refusal to accept compromise on the grounds that it was protecting "the revolution." In 1921, long before Germany or Russia had a Middle Eastern presence, an Arab envoy warned that his people might turn to them if dissatisfied with British support for the Arab cause—and indeed the Arabs did exactly that decades later. On the Jewish side, just as Israel's supporters today emphasize its value as a "strategic ally" of the West, so the Zionists during World War II used the same argument with Britain. But as Rubin notes, "it was precisely the *unreliable* nature of Arab support that forced British concessions" (emphasis added). Today, a similar uncertainty about Arab relations with the superpowers serves as a powerful bargaining chip for the Arabs.

In Washington, Congress and the State Department have differed consistently over the Palestine issue ever since it first arose. When, in 1944, Congress advocated the partition of Palestine, against Arab wishes, a State Department official noted that the Arabs were "bewildered and disillusioned by U.S. policy" and might turn elsewhere. Arab leaders, naturally, encouraged this concern with strong vocal blasts. Shortly before the climactic United Nations vote on the partition of Palestine in 1947, Ibn Saud told Washington that its decision to support the Zionists "will lead to a death-blow to American interests in Arab countries." Such threats have been heard many times since.

Rubin puts to rest one old notion —that Arab leaders have exploited the Palestine conflict to manipulate domestic politics. "The simplistic idea that Arab governments used Palestine to distract their constituents from problems closer to home reverses cause and effect." Rather, he believes, "it was precisely because of the sincerity of feeling over Palestine that it proved to be such a potent domestic issue in the Arab states." Indeed, had the Arab regimes been more democratic, their engagement in Palestine might have been even greater than it has been.

Despite the fact that the Palestine issue has "unique and remarkable characteristics" for the Arab states, it has also "functioned as part of the framework of politics, within and among . . . states. The struggles over power, leadership, identity, and economic policy which characterized these relationships have determined the framework for coping with the conflict." In other words, turmoil within and among Arab countries gave the Palestine conflict its special importance, not the other way around.

AND what of the future?

> The Palestine issue has often overpowered empirical national interests. To reverse this process, the rationale for giving up such strongly based traditional stands must be compelling indeed. Establishment of an independent Palestinian Arab state in the West Bank and Gaza might provide a way out for the Arab governments who have tired of the long struggle.

Unfortunately there is little evidence that most Arab governments are tiring of the struggle.

Science & Society

THE PHYSICISTS. By C.P. SNOW. *Little, Brown. 192 pp. $15.95.*

Reviewed by JEFFREY MARSH

THIS book, lavishly illustrated, is actually a first draft, dictated in haste from memory, of a longer work the late C.P. Snow planned to write, and this is reflected in the brevity of the text. Subtitled "A Generation that Changed the World," it attempts to put into context the men and ideas that shaped the revolution in modern physics. It is unfortunate that Snow did not live to complete it, for he was chronologically a member of that generation, a true child of the scientific revolution.

Charles Percy Snow was born in 1905. That year was notable for the publication by Albert Einstein,

JEFFREY MARSH *has written on science for* COMMENTARY *and other periodicals.*

Tradition—The Eastern European Jewish Experience

An On-Site Workshop: August 8–30, 1982

In recent years, many of us have begun to explore the connections between origins and identity. This summer, a Cornell University on-site workshop in Jewish studies will consider the culture, literature, history, and socio-anthropology of Eastern European Jewish communities, emphasizing the period from the renaissance of Yiddish in the mid-nineteenth century to the Holocaust. During the first week, an intensive on-campus survey, the influence of Eastern European Jewry on American culture will also be considered. This session will be followed by a two week field trip to several of the sites studied: Amsterdam, Prague, Theresienstadt, Kiev, Moscow, and Berlin. The trip also offers the group a chance to review the present status of Jewish life in Eastern Europe. On-site lectures by specialists in Jewish history and culture will be arranged. The Cornell faculty includes Sander L. Gilman, professor of modern European literature, professor of psychiatry, and co-director of the Jewish Studies Program; Chana Kronfeld, assistant professor of modern Hebrew and Yiddish literature; and Janet Belcove, department of anthropology.

Academic credit is available. Precise costs have not yet been set, but further information, including itinerary and application materials, may be obtained from: Tradition—The Eastern European Jewish Experience, Cornell University Summer Session, B12N Ives Hall, Ithaca, NY 14853.

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then still a young patent examiner in Zurich, of three papers dealing with esoteric problems of theoretical physics. One paper used statistical arguments to explain the phenomenon of Brownian motion; the second applied Max Planck's highly unorthodox quantum hypothesis, which had been put forward as an act of desperation several years earlier in another connection, to explain how light could eject electrons from metals; the third introduced the Special Theory of Relativity. Seemingly unrelated, the concepts and techniques introduced by Einstein in 1905 were to revolutionize both physics and the world we live in.

Snow grew up together with the unfolding of the new science. Experiments being carried out by Rutherford in Manchester and later Cambridge, and by the Curies in Paris, were producing new knowledge of the microscopic nature of matter. In 1913, Niels Bohr of Copenhagen took a giant step toward understanding the structure of the atom by making a still more daring extension of the quantum hypothesis. In 1916, Einstein formulated his General Theory of Relativity, providing a foundation for new cosmological theories which could explain the later, unexpected discovery that the universe was expanding. In the mid-1920's a new generation of young European physicists, including such men as de Broglie, Schrodinger, Born, and Heisenberg, produced a more sophisticated theory, quantum mechanics, that still provides us with our best description of the microscopic structure of the universe. Finally, in 1928, P.A.M. Dirac at Cambridge showed how relativity could be reconciled with quantum mechanics (in his theory of the electron). In that year, Snow entered Cambridge as a research student in physics.

THE bright son of a working-class family in Leicester, Snow, like so many future scientists, had become fascinated by popular works on science. After leaving school, he had worked as a laboratory technician until he won a scholarship to University College, Leicester, where he earned a bachelor's degree in chemistry. Intrigued by the new quantum theory, he had gone on to get a master's degree in physics before winning a place at Cambridge. There he was in the center of things when Rutherford and his students invented the subject of nuclear physics after discovering that the atomic nucleus itself could be transmuted by bombarding it with accelerated atomic particles.

Research there, in Paris by the Joliot-Curies, and in Rome by Fermi and his school led to the discovery that the heavy nucleus of uranium could be split by neutron bombardment into two more or less even parts. This observation was so unexpected that it was not interpreted correctly for a number of years, until the eve of the outbreak of World War II, when the true explanation was published by Otto Frisch and Lise Meitner, two refugee scientists from Germany. Because the nuclear-fission process released more neutrons than were required to initiate it, the possibility was obvious that a nuclear chain reaction could take place, releasing surplus energy with devastating explosive force. Small groups of physicists began research directed at establishing the feasibility of such chain reactions. In England and in Germany, in America and in Russia, governments were made aware of the potential of nuclear bombs, and physics became too important to be left to the physicists.

By then, Snow himself had moved away from pure research. Although still a Cambridge fellow, he had published several novels and begun his magnum opus, *Strangers and Brothers*, meanwhile serving (1938-40) as editor of the semi-popular science magazine *Discovery*. His wide range of contacts in the scientific world had led him to a place on a committee, set up in 1939, to study means of integrating scientists into the war effort. In 1940 he joined the Ministry of Labor, was appointed director of Technical Personnel in 1942, and played a key role in mobilizing the scientists who took an unprecedented part in the war effort, not only in such traditional areas as munitions research, but also as practitioners of the new discipline of operations research, and, most important of all, as developers of radar and the atomic bomb.

AS IT happened, the atomic bomb was first produced in the United States. The British were too hard-pressed in wartime to devote the necessary resources to the task, and transferred their expertise to the U.S. and to Canada. The German efforts got nowhere, because of some faulty early experimental results and a surfeit of intellectual arrogance. It is not known how far Soviet research advanced during the desperate war years, although their espionage did achieve a considerable measure of success.

After the war, while most scientists returned to peaceful pursuits, some continued full time in weapons research. A number combined both activities, as Soviet belligerence continued to require a high level of military preparedness in the West. Advances in electronics achieved during wartime led to a blossoming of the new science of radio-astronomy, which resulted in the discovery of unforeseen phenomena such as quasars and pulsars. Ever larger particle accelerators allowed experimenters to delve deeper into the structure of the nucleus and gave theoreticians ample opportunity to apply more sophisticated versions of quantum mechanics and relativity to the development of far-reaching hypotheses concerning the nature of matter. The application of the tools and ideas of modern physics to biological research resulted in a new knowledge of the mechanism of life, as the DNA molecule was unraveled and the microscopic basis of genetics explored. The development of solid-state electronics enabled computers to become both far more powerful and much smaller, and their uses expanded from mere calculating machines to essential elements of the workplace, the marketplace, and even the amusement arcade, while their potential for handling vast amounts of detailed information presaged unpredictable changes in social organization.

SNOW was an informed and concerned observer of this immense intellectual and social flux. Rewarded for his wartime efforts by

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being made a Commander of the British Empire, in 1945 he was appointed a Civil Service Commissioner. He took only a part-time appointment so he could devote attention to his other interests, which encompassed not only his literary activities but also a directorship of the English Electric Company. He achieved fame with his novels, was knighted in 1957, delivered the famous Rede lecture, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, in 1959, and in 1964 was made a Life Peer by the new Labor government. As Baron Snow of Leicester he served as parliamentary secretary to the Ministry of Science, where he would have played a major role in Harold Wilson's white-hot technological revolution had it turned out to be more than a damp fizzle. He completed *Strangers and Brothers* in 1970, wrote several other novels, a critical study of Anthony Trollope, and several collections of essays, and garnered a variety of academic honors.

With this unique background—as an active participant in the heroic era of modern physics, a central figure in the wartime mobilization of British science, and high-level administrator in the postwar era—and with his highly honed skills of character evaluation, Snow was ideally qualified to present a perspective on the role of scientists in our century. Unfortunately, *The Physicists* misses this target by a wide margin. The story of the romantic beginnings of modern physics as an intellectual adventure, its subsequent conscription to the uses of war, and the postwar battle over development of the hydrogen bomb has been told in numerous popular books, almost all of them richer in detail than *The Physicists*.

As a historical account, the book is a failure, its few pages full of trivial errors. As a popular account, it lacks the anecdotal detail found in books like Robert Jungk's twenty-five-year-old *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns*, Nuel Pharr Davis's *Lawrence and Oppenheimer*, or any of the first-hand accounts which veterans of Los Alamos have recently been producing. Even as a vehicle for Snow's impressions of the great figures with whom he came into contact, it is inferior to his own fifteen-year-old collection of biographical essays, *Variety of Men*. If all these faults are found in the parts of the book dealing with what Snow knew best, the chapters concerning more recent developments are totally inadequate, acclaiming as "the younger masters" a number of leading physicists who are now in many cases closer to elder statesmen. Of the truly younger generation, which includes such leading figures as Snow's countrymen Brian Josephson and Stephen Hawking, who have already been publishing important work for around twenty years, there is not a hint.

The fact that this book was written at all, considering Snow's seriously ill health in his last years, is a tribute to his courage and fortitude, but the book itself suggests nothing so much as the ruminations of an elderly clubman with a slightly failing memory, though still possessed of sharp wits and a keen eye. Perhaps the best memorial to Snow in *The Physicists* is the appendix, which reprints an editorial he wrote for *Discovery* in September 1939, where he foresaw the atomic bomb and reflected on the awful possibilities it would bring to mankind. What aroused Snow's anxiety then, and later as well, was the knowledge—which he possessed to a keen degree—that scientists, however rational and objective in their professional activities, are, no less than other mortals, given to irrationality and subjectivity when they enter the worlds of politics and government. Curiously enough, this lesson has yet to be fully absorbed even by a public that has become skeptical of matters scientific, let alone by scientists themselves, who remain as eager as ever to dictate public policy.

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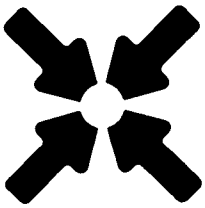

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The Happy Horseman

THE ULTIMATE RESOURCE. By JULIAN L. SIMON. *Princeton. 363 pp. $14.95.*

Reviewed by SAMUEL MCCRACKEN

THE Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse weren't the sort of fellows you'd want your sister to marry. It is perhaps because of this fact that apocalyptic literature is generally assumed to deal with revelations about how bad things are or about how bad they can be seen to be now that the veil has been torn off. Julian L. Simon's study reminds us that it is possible to be an optimistic apocalyptician. Considering that he is writing about natural resources and population growth, which for a decade have supplied the subject matter for an unrelieved diet of despair from other apocalypticians, this is no mean feat. Considering that he bases his work on a massive array of evidence from the widest distribution of sources, rather than on incantation, it is a feat without parallel.

Simon's good news consists in three claims that in the contemporary context are nothing short of sensational: that natural resources are virtually infinite; that food supplies have been increasing and can continue to increase faster than population; and that population, far from being merely a drain on resources, is a resource itself.

The bases for Simon's claim of an infinitude of resources are both empirical and theoretical. He begins by noting that despite our heavy use of many resources, reserves have been increasing to outstrip use. Between 1950 and 1970, for example, of our known reserves of tungsten, tin, manganese, zinc, lead, copper, bauxite, oil, chromite, iron, potash, and phosphates, only tungsten declined. The rest increased, in a range from 10 percent to 4430 percent. This situation is certainly not what one would have expected, given the claims of contemporary doomsayers.

Simon's resolution of this apparent paradox is persuasive. Technological forecasting, especially pop technological forecasting, tends to ignore the effect of demand on supply, an effect which operates through the price mechanism. The result of a perceived scarcity is a price increase that renders new ranges of resources economic, thus increasing supply. The doomsayers underestimate natural resources by confusing known reserves with total reserves. They also underestimate by confusing structure and function; that is, they ignore the phenomenon of substitutability. In a pioneering discussion of this question, Petr Beckmann as long ago as 1972 argued that non-renewability is not the same thing as non-replaceability.* Thus, even if the supply of copper is limited, that does not limit the supply of electric transmission cables, for in this use, aluminum can substitute for copper. The range of such replacements is extraordinarily wide. In a more recent discussion, Beckmann has noted that communications satellites substitute for immense amounts of copper by eliminating the need for communications lines strung out along the surface of the earth. His brilliant insight, an anticipation of Simon's most interesting argument, is that the resource here substituted for copper is human intelligence. The two factors—the influence upon supply of demand and substitution—explain, according to Simon, why the last major national study of the raw-material problem, the Paley Commission Report of 1952 [*sic*], should have proven to be so overly pessimistic.

Thus far, most careful readers will agree with Simon. He then proceeds to state a position that will lose many of them: his view that there is literally no reason to regard natural resources, taken as a whole, to be finite; that natural resources are, in fact, infinite.

Finitude, he accurately suggests, is a more complex concept than it looks. The concept is borrowed from mathematics, where the length

SAMUEL MCCRACKEN, *Assistant to the President of Boston University, is the author of* The War Against the Atom, *which Basic Books will be publishing this spring.*

* *Ecohysterics and the Technophobes,* Golem Press. This is a seminal work in articulating an intellectual defense of technology.

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of a line defined by two points is reasonably said to be finite: that's all there is, there isn't any more. But as Simon notes, the finite line contains an infinite number of points within its finite bounds. This, of course, is because these points can be considered to be infinitely small, a situation possible only in an abstract realm. In reality, though, not even atoms of hydrogen can be considered to be infinitely small, and the ocean can accordingly hold only so many of them.

Applying these abstractions to the realities of the earth, Simon says, is difficult because it is difficult to establish bounding points. Resources cannot be seen as finite in terms of economically recoverable supplies because price is an infinite quantity. Although we can all agree that there is only so much copper in the earth, even if we were to recover every atom of it, that would not impose a necessary limit because we can substitute for it and because there is copper in the rest of the universe; and to regard the size of the universe as finite is to make an assumption about it for which we have no warrant. Ergo, there is no limit on raw materials.

Moving on to a question that involves man's husbanding of natural resources, Simon argues that the world has been steadily becoming better fed; increases in food supply continue to outrace increases in population, and one more bugaboo in the armamentarium of the doomsayer can be seen to be fraudulent. In this connection, he cites an influential 1967 book by William and Paul Paddock, *Famine 1975*. This terrifying study applied the medical doctrine of triage to the problem of famine. Some countries, the Paddocks said, could achieve population stability and avert famine without help from the developed world. Others would be destroyed by famine no matter what was done from the outside. And still others could profit from food help from elsewhere. It was imperative to concentrate our aid on the salvageable cases. Among the hopeless cases, destined for devastation during the middle 1970's, were Egypt and India.

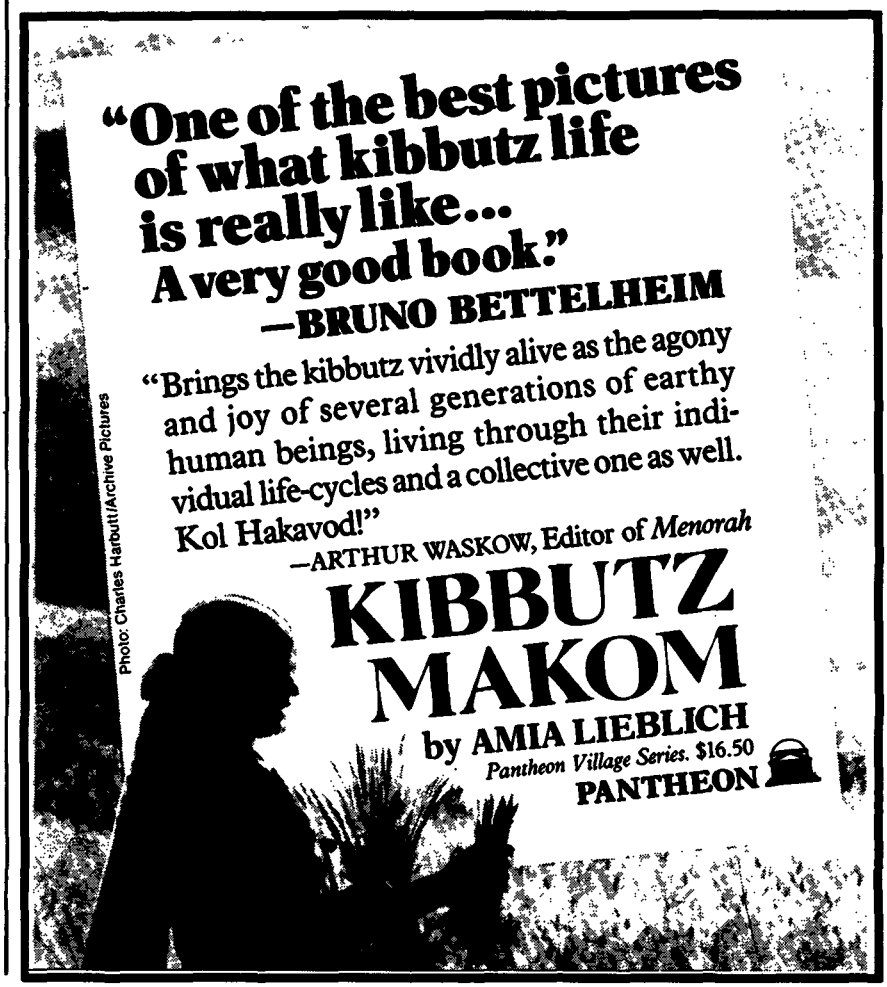
The fact is, as reported by the UN Food and Agriculture Organization, between 1948 and 1968 world food production per capita increased by 28 percent. There are, Simon points out, *no* data to contradict this. Simon makes a strong case that what famine remains is largely caused by inadequate distribution networks rather than actual shortages of food. That is, famine is now a disease of inadequate industrialization.

Simon gives an incisive analysis of our energy future, showing in great detail how previous pessimistic forecasters have invariably been wrong, and a wealth of detail showing why their contemporary avatars are no more accurate. Here he is somewhat less striking, if only because the energy debate has for some time been joined by other rational and informed people, and good sense in this area is consequently less rare than in others.

The most sensational of Simon's positions is certainly his view that population growth is part of the solution rather than part of the problem. His epigraph is from Sir William Petty, the founder of modern statistics: "As for the Arts of Delight and Ornament, they are best promoted by the greatest number of emulators. And it is more likely that one ingenious curious man may rather be found among 4 million than among 400 persons."

Before addressing this pregnant remark, Simon devastates the traditional Malthusian claim that population increases inexorably as sustenance increases. This is not hard to do, since the evidence from affluent countries directly contradicts Malthus. There are many data to show that prosperity eventually brings a comparatively stable population; there is nothing to show that a declining rate of population growth eventually leads to prosperity.

The effects of population growth,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Simon suggests, are far more complex than the neo-Malthusians, their eye intent on one simple formula, understand. To choose one of many cogent examples: sparse population makes transportation difficult, and difficult transportation is a barrier to the distribution of food. A rising population density leads to better transport and then to more efficient food distribution and generally improved nutrition. A rising population also leads to increases in arable land. Simon demonstrates persuasively that in this century the United States has increased its arable land and its recreational land as well as its population—this, despite the widely propagandized notion that our farms are being paved over for roads and shopping centers. And he notes that the greater proportion of the young in a growing population provides society with highly productive workers who are proportionately less well remunerated, a situation guaranteed to advance productive capacity and the standards of living.

These are a few arguments out of a great many. The case is complex, detailed, and not easy to summarize, but one by one Simon demolishes the common assumptions of the population controllers. Much of the demolition resides not in arcane reasoning or sophisticated research, but in simple citation of statistics that have been developing in the public eye for decades.

But it appears that the last thing that can discredit a popular prophet is being proven flatly wrong by the course of history. Recently a letter appeared in the Boston newspapers recalling the twentieth anniversary of a speech made by Bertrand Russell in Trafalgar Square. The letter, which presented Russell as a prophet well worth our attention in these troubled times, cited without comment his claim—made in November 1962—that nuclear war was inevitable within a few months.

IT IS hard to come to a final judgment on Simon's position that natural resources are infinite. It is certainly false if the universe is finite, but that is by no means certain. It is at best a commonsense suspicion that it is finite, and these notions can be terribly misleading. Even if it is not, Simon's notion of infinitude is bounded by a series of mechanical barriers: at the moment we are limited to the natural resources on the earth, and we know that they are finite. We are on the verge of exploiting the natural resources of the moon, and we know that they are finite. And so on to a possibly infinite universe. This is a grand prospect as long as there is no competition out there.

But in reality the resources we are likely to exploit *are* finite. Does this mean that Simon, as the blurb on his book jacket asks us, is a distributor of "Quackery? Foolishness? Lying Propaganda?" Hardly. Because even if we regard his views on finitude as ultimately erroneous, they are so much nearer to the truth than the conventional wisdom of the doomsayers as to be the functional equivalent of truth. Man has shown and continues to show an ability to develop known reserves in response to demand and to develop adequate substitutes when development ceases to be economical. He does this through human intelligence, a resource which, set down in records and available to the future, is no more or less infinite than the universe itself. That is the essential thing to learn from Julian Simon, and the book which contains his message is a document of the first importance.

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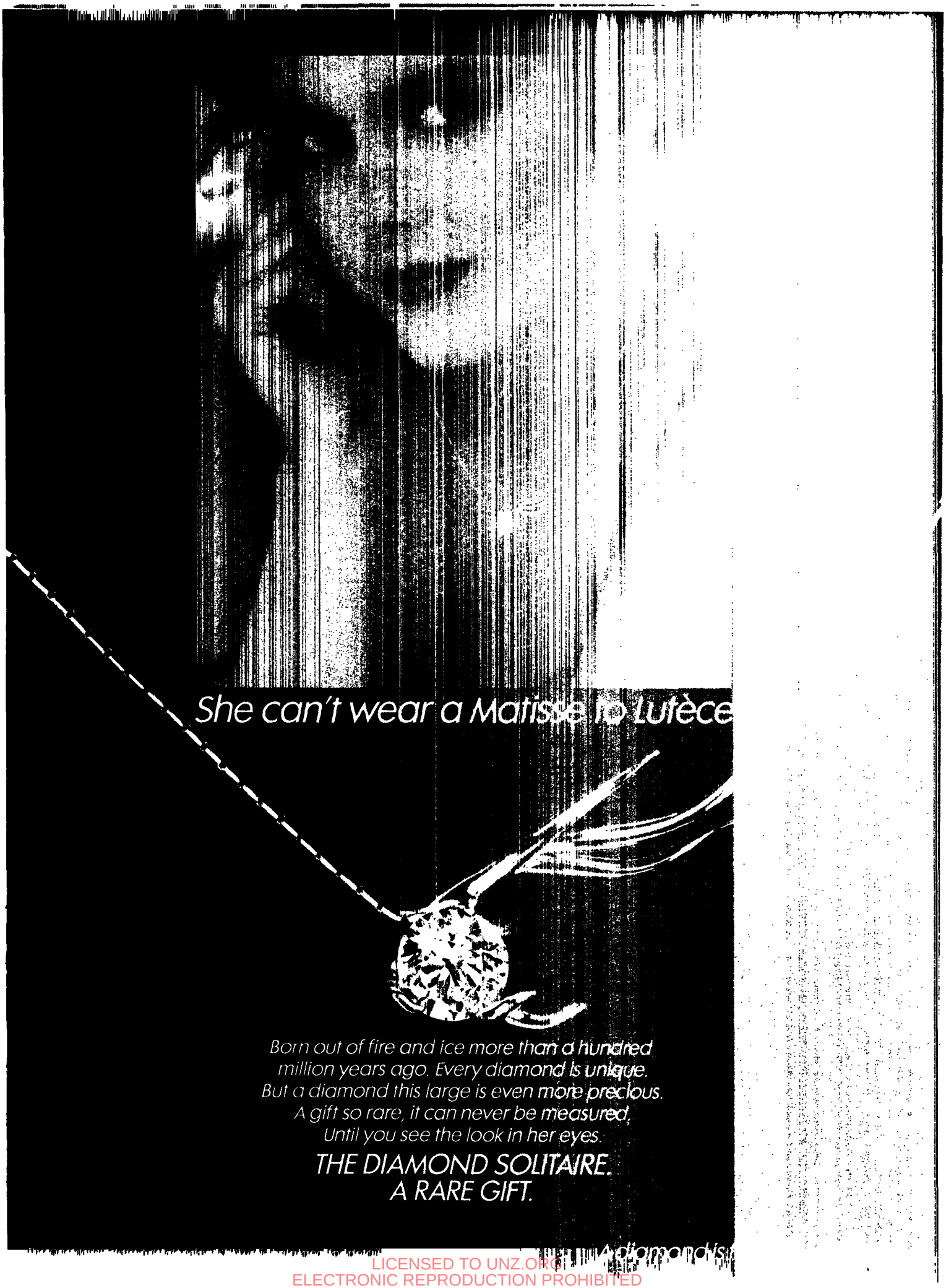
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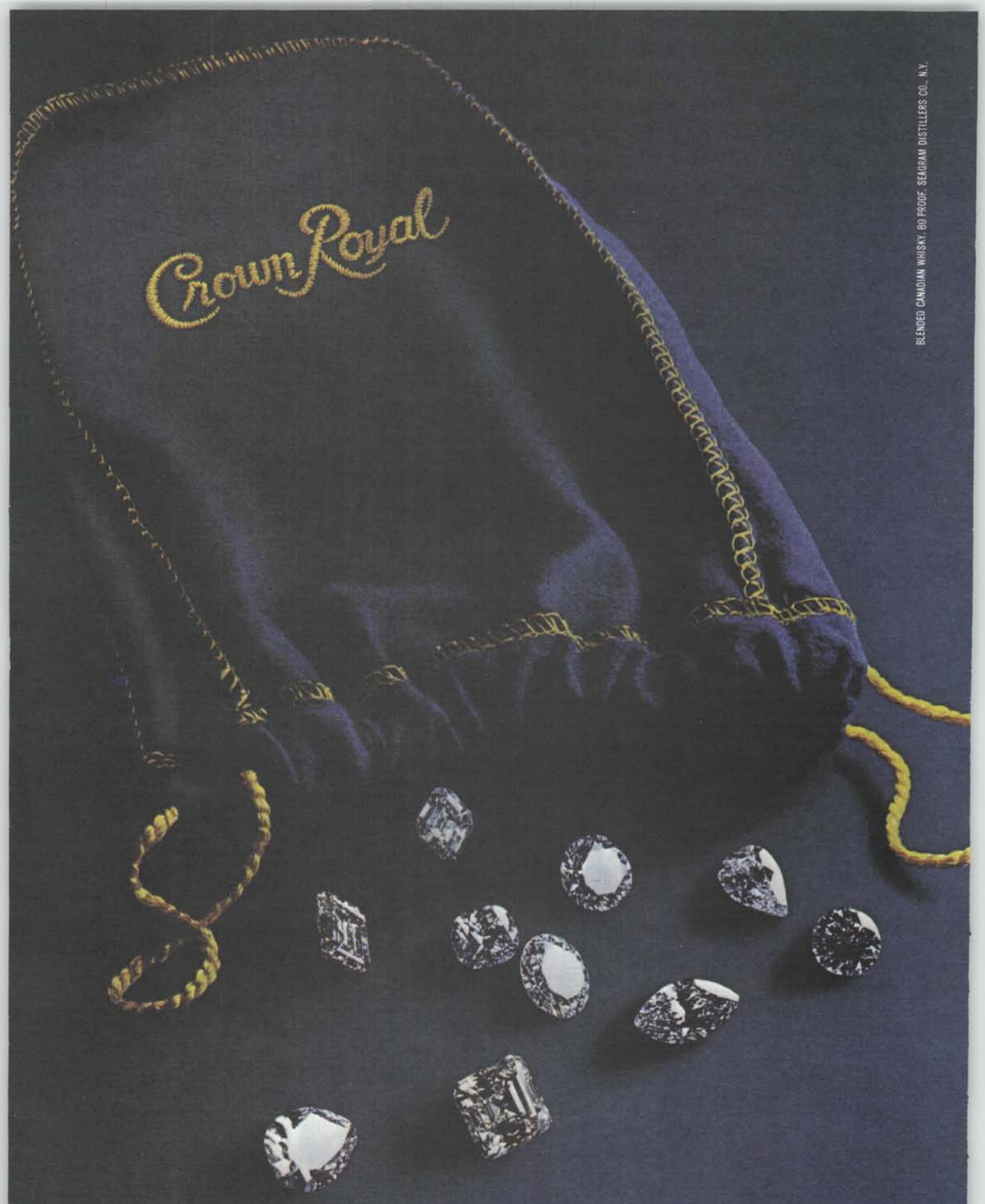

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